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A Keeper of Tradition

BY DON MARQUIS
Author of "The Old Soak," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY DE ALTON VALENTINE

"YOU could probably be sent to prison for life for what you've just done, in your careless fashion, and if it wasn't so hard to get waiters, I'd see as that happened to you. Not that you're really a waiter, or ever will be a waiter. When I'm dead, and one other man in this club, and five or six more in New York City, there won't be a waiter, as should be called a waiter, left in this here hemisphere. You bloody well ought to have your neck broke for what you just done—desecrating the shrine, so to speak, of the two greatest artists of any kind this country ever saw. Maybe I won't tell on you, and maybe I will tell on you; and maybe nobody will ever need to tell on you—maybe Fate will just take charge of you for what you've done, and curl you up into a horrible and poisonous ending, as will be a warning to a lot of brash young bolsheviks that call themselves waiters these days."

It was a sunny spring morning, and I was sitting on the back veranda of The Painters Club in New York City, eating a very late breakfast, when I heard this tirade uttered in a low, intense voice. Every one else had had his breakfast; it was too early for lunch; I was alone on the veranda. I moved my chair without noise, and peeped into the dining-room through the open window. The Oldest Waiter and the Youngest Waiter were polishing silverware at a serving-table just within the window. Horror was stamped upon the stern aquiline visage of the Oldest Waiter, as he looked alternately at a silver platter in his hands, and at the Youngest Waiter. And the face of the Youngest Waiter—a pimply, anæmic youth, whom I recognized as having been recently promoted from the position of hat-check boy—was a mask of terror.

"What I done that's so awful, John?" quavered the Youngest Waiter.

"Mr. Watson, please," said John. "What you have done, Herbert, is almost inexpressible; and if it was to be found out on you, you'd never leave this club alive. You'd leave here in sections, in the trash-cans, and no questions asked, and no satisfaction given to any family of yours that might inquire. And the city gover'ment and the Supreme Court of the United States would back the club up in not answering questions, for this club ain't any ordinary club, Herbert. You got to be in this club eight or ten years, either as a servant or a member, before you realize the influence this club has got, through its employees and members, on the fate of this country."

"But what have I done, Mr. Watson, please?" trembled Herbert, a gentle dew breaking out on his pallid features.

"I can't tell you what you've done so you would understand how terrible it is," said Old Watson, "without I tell you the true story of how this club got started. And you ain't got the intelligence ever to understand what this club stands for. But what you've done is a good deal

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worse than if you was to go down to Mt. Vernon on the Fourth of July and insult the tomb of George Washington. But I'll try and give you an idea so that, if what you done to-day don't get found out on you, and you don't suddenly disappear off the face of the earth, you will know how to conduct yourself around here in the future, and who to look to for guidance and instructions."

I settled myself, out of sight behind the angle of the window, to listen; and the Oldest Waiter continued:

The man who founded this club was the greatest oil-painter that ever lived, bar none, and it has been recognized and proved time and again. Put one of his paintings alongside one of Michael Angelo's or Rembrandt's, whether it is a human painting, or an ocean painting, or landscape with sheep in it, and all rivals pale and fade into insignificance. And as far as Whistler's Mother is concerned, when put beside his painting of his own Mother, she becomes just merely an old lady, and nothing more.

His painting of himself, in the library up-stairs, is the greatest painting of any kind ever painted in the world. The next time you are in that room just notice how the eyes follow you about, wherever you stand, and you will see what I mean. That painting in the library being the greatest painting of the greatest painter that ever lived, done by himself in the studio at the top of this very building, is priceless. This club has been offered untold sums of money for it, up toward a million dollars; but we wouldn't sell it for all the money in the world, and people come from all over the world just to get one look at it, and worship it. And the last Ladies Day here, there was a young woman who was a painter herself come into the club, and got one look at it, and expired; for it had been a lifelong ambition of hers just to look at it, and the excitement was too much for her. We carried her out through the kitchen, and got her into a cab, and her death was kept from the papers, for nothing as transpires in this club ever gets into any newspaper.

Young Herbert, what you have done to-day is worse, far worse, than if you was to take that world-famous painting out of its frame and burn it, in the face of all the membership of the club. And if it was to get out on you, even I could not save you from your fate, as much influence as I have got around these precincts.

This here great painter, I hope I don't need to tell you, was Mr. Henry Arlington, and there was five whole years of his life he would never have any hand but mine touch his Welsh rabbits.

"Cooks may come and cooks may go," he used often to say, "but John here is the greatest artist the world has ever known in making a Welsh rabbit."

And I never said to him that one great artist always recognizes another. For I know what is due, from me and to me, too well to ever get familiar with a member; or encourage one to get familiar with me, but nevertheless that is the truth, as you will know, Young Herbert, if you should be allowed to remain in this club, and hearken to the old employees.

Well, Mr. Arlington, he started painting young, and he kept at it hard, and when he was forty years old he was getting incredulous amounts of money every time he put his brush to the canvas. And all the world was worshipping at his feet, and kings and queens, and princes of Wales and other places, when they would come to this country incognito, would crave permission to have their pictures painted. And if his engagements was such as he couldn't receive them personal, he would say they could send him a photograph, and he would dash off something from that for a memento for them.

And when he was about forty, and had no more worlds to conquer, he says to himself he will found the most exclusive club in the world, where painters can meet up with other artists, such as writers and sculptors and architects and actors and playwrights, and a sprinkling of very wealthy gentlemen who would be patrons of the arts and interested in purchasing art works. And now and then he would let in a President of the United States, or a senator even, if he was truly a gentleman and not merely a politician, and once I think there was a mayor of New York got in as a member. But he never come here but once or twice, for he saw at a glance he was outclassed, and didn't feel comfortable. Well, Young Herbert, this is perhaps the most exclusive club that the world has ever seen that you have

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"... it had been a lifelong ambition of hers just to look at it, and the excitement was too much for her." —Page 132.

desecrated down to its foundation-stones to-day; and I don't know how you got in here, even as a hat-check boy; but times ain't what they was thirty years ago, among either servants or members. All the same, if I ever was to hear you or any other young waiter takin' advantage of the laxness of the times, and repeatin' any of the remarks you may hear from new members down in the billiard-room on certain wet evenings, out you would go. For the difference between a servant and a member is that the latter may forget himself at rare intervals and tell a yarn that wouldn't wash in a drawing-room, but a servant has got to be an example always.

Mr. Arlington, after he founded the club, lived in the top story, and had his studio there, and it was often my privilege to wait upon him. But the one who was his favorite servant was James Wilson;

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and outside of Mr. Arlington himself, the greatest man in the world, and the most gentlemanly gentleman, was James Wilson, and James Wilson, Young Herbert, was the best servant this club or any other club has ever seen, for a good servant in a club like this has to start with being a gentleman, and if he ain't it will bloody well show up on him sooner or later and he will be consigned to outer darkness.

James Wilson had the most remarkable life of any man that was ever known; even, in some ways, as remarkable as Mr. Arlington's himself. He come into the club when it was founded, and he wasn't no more than eighteen years old, which I take to be about your age now, Young Herbert, to judge from your pimples and your not having any sense or any background. And whether you'll ever survive to see nineteen or not, depends on whether I'll take pity on you for what you done to-day, and, in a measure, on how you conduct yourself to me personal.

James Wilson, at eighteen, was as quiet and respectable and gentlemanly as if he'd been born a servant; and he knew his place too well ever to let it be seen by one of the members that he was, himself, full of the makings of a great artist. But when he got to waiting on Mr. Arlington almost exclusive, it begun to come out, little by little, amongst an inner circle of us servants and members, that James Wilson had been imbibing art from his surroundings here. Four or five of us knew it, and we said nothing. It was getting into James Wilson through the pores of his skin, as you might say; and the only question was whether it would take the turn of his being a great painter, or a great actor, or a great writer, or a great sculptor. For something gets into the pores in this club, if you stay here long enough—which you, probably, will not, Young Herbert, unless I get one of my good-natured streaks and don't report you. There probably ain't an old employee in this club that don't know more about the arts, through imbibing the talk through his pores, than almost any other collection of human beings in the world. But with most of them, it makes critics of them. That is the turn it has taken with me. I could not rhyme poetry together, like some of the members, and I could not paint oil-paintings any better than these cubists, and I could not architect, but I am a critic. With Old Gaffney, the superintendent, what it has turned into is making him just like a patron of the arts; and since Mr. Arlington and James Wilson passed away there is no more cultured gentleman in the world than Old Gaffney.

Well, by the time he was twenty-five, James Wilson had become head waiter, and at twenty-seven he was superintendent; and Mr. Arlington and me, and two or three others of the charter members and charter servants, knew secretly that his art had now taken a final turn, and he was secretly a great painter, second in all the world only to Mr. Arlington himself. And more and more he was the personal servant of Mr. Arlington, and more and more he was the gentleman. You couldn't look at Mr. Arlington and James Wilson without realizing how much difference there was between ordinary men and them two.

Only Mr. Arlington, as president of the club, and an artist, had his moments when he was a Bohemian, too. But James Wilson, whilst he was a servant, never permitted himself to be a Bohemian.

One day Old Gaffney, who was Young Gaffney then, says to me: "Mr. Watson, I heard a remarkable conversation this morning."

"What was it, Mr. Gaffney?" I says to him.

"It was between our president and Mr. Wilson," he says. "Mr. Arlington says to him: 'James, you show more promise than any young painter I have ever known. The amount of work you have done on my recent canvases is something that would startle the public, if they knew of it. Why don't you resign as a servant, and join the club as a member?'

"'Mr. Henry,' says Mr. Wilson, 'I wouldn't consider it quite respectful to you, sir.'

Gaffney told me that Mr. Arlington pooh-poohed this, and coaxed James Wilson, but James Wilson was firm. He said that if he ever became a painter, publicly, it would have to be under an assumed name; and it would be also under an assumed name that he would join the club. He had too much respect for the club and the gentlemen in it, ever to come in under the name as he had been a servant under.

Well, it was three or four years after

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Drawn by De Alton Valentine.

Mr. Arlington and me, and two or three others of the charter members and charter servants, knew secretly that his art had now taken a final turn, and he was secretly a great painter.—Page 134.

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this that Mr. Henry Arlington made that fatal trip to the South Sea Islands, and was reputed to be lost forever, and was never heard of but once again here nor anywheres else.

James Wilson lingered on at the club for several years after Mr. Arlington disappeared, and the club was getting older then, and it was James Wilson, as superintendent, who established the traditions of it almost as much as the memory of Henry Arlington, the founder and first president. For it ain't like any other club, Young Herbert. All us older servants and older members has always kept those traditions alive, and sometimes it has been bloody hard work for us, too, what with younger members coming in as has no background to speak of socially, though competent in the arts, and what with you dam bolsheviks as is sent us to train from the employment agencies.

It was about five years after Mr. Arlington disappeared that James Wilson suddenly left, and Old Gaffney became superintendent, and has been ever since. And it come, I always thought, through Gaffney imbibing the ideas of a patron of the arts; whereas I would naturally have been superintendent myself now, instead of head waiter, if I had imbibed those ideas instead of becoming a critic. Well, the Board of Governors is the Board of Governors, and no human being in this world can kick against what they decide on, but there has been times when the rest of us was bloody well disgusted with Old Gaffney as superintendent. But if I ever hear you speak disrespectful of him, or to him, Young Herbert, my lips will unseal themselves about the crime you committed to-day.

It was about a year after James Wilson left that all us people at the art-centre of the country, which is right here, Young Herbert, begun to hear about a new painter who called himself Mr. Arlen Henderton; and we went to view his exhibitions, and we all says to each other that he has got to be a member of The Painters Club. For it was nothing short of genius that he showed. I says myself, one evening late, when I was serving a Welsh rabbit to Mr. De Casanova, the great art critic:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. De Casanova, but is it true, as I overheard some gentlemen saying at dinner to-night, that Mr. Arlen Henderton's work has the same wonderful touch as the late Mr. Henry Arlington's work?"

"It is true, John," says Mr. De Casanova.

Well, I hadn't heard any one say so; I had seen it in the work myself; but I wouldn't take the liberty to say so to a member. Nevertheless, I was glad Mr. De Casanova agreed with me.

It was only a year later that Mr. Arlen Henderton joined the club—and, as you would have guessed, Young Herbert, if you wasn't a born idiot, he was no less a person really than James Wilson. In his modest gentlemanly way he had thought it would be a tribute to our first president, the man from whom he had imbibed his painting, to take as near his name as he could on joining our club . . . being also, as he had said previously, determined not to join with his name as a servant. And I will say this for the gentlemanliness of this club, that neither member nor servant ever so far forgot himself as to call him James Wilson until a certain great day came when he himself requested that he be called that once more.

In a way of speaking, Mr. Arlen Henderton took the whole world by storm with his art, and he become more and more popular around the club; and now he permitted himself to be quite a little Bohemian at times, but never any more Bohemian than Mr. Arlington had been. And in five years more he had become the president of the club. And the day he was elected, he made a little talk to the club, and he says:

"Gentlemen, many of you have known for some years that my real name is James Wilson, and that I started in life as a hat-check boy in this club, of which to-day I become the president; and you have kept the secret well, as was to have been expected of you. You know my motives for concealing my real name. But last night it suddenly occurred to me that my modesty might be misconstrued as snobbishness, and I said to myself: 'If I am elected president to-morrow I will return to the real name under which my fellow members knew me as a servant.' I think, gentlemen, that Mr. Arlington himself would like it."

Well, the members liked it, anyhow;

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and they cheered, and some was seen to wipe away a tear; and one or two of us old servants well-nigh forgot ourselves—but not quite, Young Herbert, not quite.

And the next fifteen years after that James Wilson was president of this club, and they were the halligan days. Often us old servants and old members think back upon that time, and sigh and say to ourselves: 'Yes, those were the halligan days.' More and more traditions of culturedness and arts and letters and background and Bohemianism and gentlemanliness was built up around here in those days, Young Herbert, than a dam bolshevik like you could bloody well comprehend in a million years, and that might well apply to some of the new members, too. After all, it's us old servants that eases the new members into conformity with the customs and traditions; there's some of us in every room all the time, a pattern and a model to them of what they should be.

And then, one night, twelve years ago last Christmas Eve it was, there happened one of the most remarkable things even this club has ever seen. And it's a secret to the world yet; there was twenty newspaper editors present, but it never got into any paper; and if you was to breathe one word of it, inside this club or outside, it would get back to me within twenty-four hours, and you would never even be heard of again, Young Herbert. You never have seen a Christmas Eve in this club—and it ain't likely you ever will see one, for you may be in prison, if not in the electric chair, before next Christmas, for the sacrilege and bolshevism you have performed here to-day. Christmas Eve is our big night here; for it was on Christmas Eve that Mr. Arlington turned over the club to the members. There's always a big dinner, with the president and the Board of Governors at the head of the long table there, and there's always a ceremony, which I will not desecrate by describing to a bloody little guttersnipe like you, but which you may live to witness yourself if you manage to make your peace with me.

This night we was short of waiters, and an old fellow we had picked off the streets a couple of weeks before, and used as a scullion, was drafted in at the last minute to help at the big dinner, first having been taken and trimmed up as to his hair and beard, and stuck into a proper shirt and suit. He was a bent old gray-haired fellow, who never said anything to anybody, and quiet and gentle, with misty blue eyes and a mind that seemingly wandered, but Gaffney had to take a chance on him.

Well, the whole club stood by their chairs, ready to sit down, as soon as president James Wilson and the Board of Governors took their seats, and all of a sudden this old scullion steps up to the head of the table, and looks around the dining-room with a queer look on his face.

"Gentlemen," he says, "I am glad to be with you once again."

And then he sits down in the president's chair.

You could have heard a pin drop, but before any one could say or do anything, or even breathe, he turns and says to the president of the club, James Wilson, sort of gentle and smiling and reproachful:

"James! James! This isn't *my* tankard!"

For every Christmas Eve things always started off by a toast, which every one drunk from his own pewter mug.

The president of the club, something come over him; and he turned without a word to the place on the wall where Mr. Henry Arlington's tankard always hung, like something sacred, and he reached it down, and filled it with ale, and handed it to the old man.

The old man raised it, and then full human understanding came over him like a flood, and it was too much for him—he raised himself up, and he gave a wild look around the room, and then he clutched at himself and fell dead. And James Wilson took the liberty of falling dead across him.

How Mr. Henry Arlington came not to be lost in that shipwreck we never knew; nor how many years he spent on some terrible island, nor how long he wandered crazy around the world before he came back to be a scullion here where he had been president. But when we cremated the body we saw he was tattooed all over.

And his ashes and James Wilson's ashes was put in that urn over the fireplace, and have been there all but worshipped through all the years since. And the next time I say to you to go to the fireplace and get me some ashes to help clean the

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silverware, go to the fire part of the fireplace, and not the mantelpiece. For you could be bloody well executed for what you have done to-day. Now, then, fill the urn up again with wood ashes, and set it on the mantelpiece, and maybe I won't say anything. But you better remember, Young Herbert, who it was that saved you from a fate worse than death; and the next time you come onto a pint of liquor in the locker-room, where it's got no legal right to be, you bring it to me to dispose of legal; don't you take it to Old Gaffney.

Ten minutes later I said to the Oldest Waiter: "John! It seems to me you have been embroidering a little, to call it that, on the history and traditions of the club."

"You heard me talking to Young Herbert?" inquired John, with a grin and a wink. "Well, you know, sir, you've got to impress these young bolsheviks some way, right from the start!"

New Deal

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HELEN AND JERRY FARNSWORTH

WHEN on the afternoon of the first day out from New York Jim Barnabas came and chose a seat in the smoke-room, Petts, the bar-steward, moved by an instinct come down from generations which have served honorably in the houses of county gentlemen, pulled smooth his waistcoat, struck his heels together, and held up his chin. For Barnabas, he perceived, was a gentleman.

Nearing eighty, Barnabas was clean-shaven, reserved of gesture, soft of speech. But five-feet-five in his silken socks, he had a curious property of making others around him seem hulking, ill-finished, and overgrown. Petts's instinct was right; when it should come to the horrid night before Cherbourg there would be one he could count on not to go around whispering audibly: "How much you slipping this guy up here; two bucks enough?" Among the other qualities of the gentleman there is this: He has travelled; he *knows*.

"Though if memory serves me, and asking your pardon, sir," Petts ventured one day, "we've not had the pleasure of your company on this boat before?"

"Nor on any other, friend." Barnabas's mouth moved in a meditative smile. "I came back across the Mississippi last week for the first time in seventy-one years. All this is new."

If Petts was at a loss, it was only because the only school of manners he knew of was that of his county families, where the social blunderer is simply not invited again. He had never been acquainted with that academy for gentlemen, sterner, swifter, immensely more punctilious, and now fallen into decay, where, subsequent to the ill choice of a word or the miscarriage of a gesture, the blunderer is buried by a committee under the nearest sod.

"All this," the gambler repeated, attentive to the hullabaloo of his granddaughter's gang shooting craps on the deck outside, "is new to me."

It was newer than Jim Barnabas could have explained. It was not alone that the sea, blue, sundown-rose, or fog-gray, flowing rearward day by day, was adventure to an eye attuned through a lifetime to the static shapes of mountain and plain. But life itself, of a sudden, had turned kind. . . .

Ed Barnabas, Newt Barnabas, Jim Barnabas. In a great age and across a broad terrain that name of Barnabas had stood for something, and for something not buyable and not grown in a day and night. Not merely for honesty, but for a high honesty, armed and plumed, and more strictly to be defended than any one man's life.

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A fabric of many threads, thirty-odd years in the weaving. Threads of gold, threads as white as Telluride silver, and as red as blood. The blood of Newt, shot from behind in the "Fresno Parlor," because he wouldn't wink even once his true gray eyes. The murder of Ed a decade later—wide crimson that thread—widened by the blood of nine others before the justice of Esmeralda County was done. Ten lives, all in all, to demonstrate that in the house of Barnabas a draw-deck could never hold but one spade king.

That left the youngest, the one they called "Gilt Edge Jim." It was not simply that his word was worth his bond; it was that his veriest nod of acceptance was worth the House, to the last of its quietly elegant fixtures, the wine in its cellars, the balance in its bank-book, the good-will of its protectors and its clientele. Twice it had meant the whole of that. Once, indeed, a thousand-dollar bank-note being found to be counterfeit in the assets turned over to a certain "Diamond Joe" Lacy on a gray morning, along with the establishment he had won on the alternate numbers eleven and thirty-three, it had meant eight months with a prospector's pick for Jim Barnabas, weariness and penurious saving. But the thousand was made good. Between the Civil War and McKinley's administration, between Omaha and San Francisco, the Chihuahua hills and the sands of Nome, there was never a losing nod of the house that was not paid to the penny; there was never a wheel, die, or deck in the place that had to

It hardly changed, that face of his; it had grown a mask.—Page 141.

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be looked at by any customer twice. Proud, proud!

Then, near fifty, when a man may begin to think of retiring, there occurred the collision. It was not between motor-cars; they had hardly been dreamed of then. It was between two philosophies of human life.

Jim's son went East to practise law in Denver, and married there. Little by little the ageing gentleman was asked to comprehend something that was incomprehensible, to believe something that no man who had kept the covenant could believe. He spent the first Christmas with the young pair. He took his daughter-in-law down into Laramie Street to point out the spot where Ed's first Denver venture, "The Eagle," had stood. He was in no mood to find anything suspicious in her silence, and thought her simply impressed. She had put on a veil to come with him, but ladies were wearing veils just then.

He had contemplated spending another week with them at Easter, but at the last moment it was awkward to have him. Something seemed always to be coming up. He lived on in his hotel rooms in Ogden, Utah, and he never did get to Denver again. Why?

It seems absurd that it should have taken him so long to understand. But Jim Barnabas was as simple as the gentleman of his epoch; the road he had learned to walk was quite as narrow as the next. It was actually not until his grandchild was born, seven years later, that he began to see.

The baby girl in Denver had a grandfather in Denver, a proper grandfather for a Capitol Hill girl, a wholesale grocer, trustee in Trinity, pillar of the board of trade. His name was Hara (O'Hara, possibly, in an earlier and less Protestant phase), and she was named after him, Hara. So, gradually, it might be forgotten she had ever had another grandfather who had been a professional gamester (or was it saloon-keeper, or train-robber perhaps?) in the bad old days which the new West was trying so hard now to live down.

"Gilt Edge" is hardly a name for a grandfather.

Whatever it did to Barnabas, he never showed it. It would have been strange if he had. His reserve was too fine a weapon, his face too obedient a tool. All three brothers had been like that. Once in the early days in Tonopah, a bullet against his femur and his boot slowly filling with blood, Newt Barnabas had stood and finished out his deal unblinking, the while the crowd pawed itself over and sighed in relief to find that nobody had been hit. So Jim could stand and deal his days for twenty years.

A creature, mercifully, of habit, he was to be seen at this hour walking in the tree-lined streets of his adopted town, at this hour at the barber's, at this reading the paper in the lobby of The California or watching through the broad windows the parade of the world along the avenue.

He had the gift of seeming detachment. The slight, fine figure of a spectator, without emotion, watching the world go by. The death of his son, briefly wired; more briefly, the passing of his daughter-in-law. Martyred McKinley. Stentorian Teddy. Bill Taft. A world ailing of boils and pimples. A world hit and reeling. A world lifting its head from the gutter, yowling that the pain had been its mother's, and that *it* was the new-born babe. . . . All this marched in easy words across the tops of seven-thousand-odd days' papers. Perhaps Jim saw it; perhaps he saw none of it. His hair whitened. But his expression never changed.

It hardly changed even on the morning in a June when, opening an envelope from Maryland, he read a letter written in a large, strange, excited hand:

". . . It's funny, and of course I've loads of sentiment about mother and the Haras-without-end, but it wasn't till I just happened to read Jay Leever's 'Cities of Passage' last week that I ever had the faintest idea *who and what you were.* My God, and to think for twenty-one years I've had to go on supposing I was of the unpolluted blood of the Great Blight, and here all of a sudden I find that half of it (nine-tenths; I won't have it less) goes back to the blue blood of brave and honorable, yes, and *dangerous*, gentlemen. . . . It has done me wonders already; you should see the girls here trail and gape. . . . When school is over next week I'm stepping out for Europe. *Please* come and go. It will make you so much easier for all of us to believe. I'm the poor

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little last of the House, and you do owe it to

Yours imperiously,
HARA BARNABAS."

It hardly changed, that face of his; it had grown a mask. Only, staring at the cigarette that smudged in his fingers, he blinked, and he blinked, and he said aloud: "I thought I smoked Egyptians. How long, I wonder, since I switched to these damned things?"

When Jim Barnabas walked, it was nearly always on the boat-deck. No covered promenade for him. As he had told Petts, the bar-steward, this life at sea, this sense of the fluidity of time, of the forms of the globe and firmament, of the very habits and contacts of human life itself, was a new draught to an old gullet: being the man he was he would take it neat. He wanted to ride the top of the steamer, full in the ocean sunlight, high in the sweep of a wind salt to the lip and like no land wind in the ear, but lifting and falling rhythmically, like the breathing of a living thing. And the voices of the ship itself, the roar of a deep fire-room, the clatter of a galley, audible only here, through many channels, funnels, skylights, ventilators. And still other voices; those of the young, at their deck games in

"Jim, darling, the way they roll for me, I do believe I must have a strain of colored blood."—Page 144.

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the morning, or two by two in the evening, vague in their long chairs under the stars.

The young? Of a sudden it was as preposterous to call them young as to call Jim Barnabas old. With astonishment, with a hidden, half-ironic exultation, he became aware of a new reckoning. The thing that was the old was neither his nor theirs, but the generation that had gone between, Hara's "Great Blight" of

"I'd had an eye on his fiddle-case for an hour."—Page 145.

twenty years back, sprawling and fattening for the butcher-block of the War. Not only old, but dead as a dead leaf. A bad dream slept through, Jim could tell himself. Waking to-day he seemed to find life running continuous with the day before yesterday of his prime, its fluidity restored, its gay self-trust, its scepticism about bigwigs and bogies and boundaries, its tranquillity about loaded guns. Here were humans again who refused to tread with care on destiny as on the varnished floor of a church or a bank or jail, but rode life like a prairie, sailed it like a main.

When they talked with him they talked a language he knew—not all the words perhaps, but speech is made up of so much more than words. Here once more was the vernacular of space and of chance, the idiom of a new frontier, new trails, new empires of free land. Of equal to equal, as in the boom-town days. If there was a glint of awe in their eyes sometimes, gazing down from their unfinished heights of stature, it was never once, praise heaven, a reverence owed to years as years; it was more nearly the shy adulation given by young athletes to some immortal lightweight, some storied lion-hunter, or the coxswain of a golden crew.

Hara "razzed" them. "Down on your faces, you fish-eggs. Gilt Edge has *killed* better men than you are; he's run *away* from beauties that would make you girls look *sick*." She made a glorious game of it, letting them call him Jim, but never "Gilt Edge." . . . "That's family property. The man is mine."

It did something unaccountable to the gambler's heart. It came perilously near to doing something to his face, grown a little tired perhaps in so many years of

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"Still, Jim, I don't yet see what that's got to do with shooting craps."—Page 145.

showing nothing at all. There had been those in Jim's life whom he had loved deeply, if always with a certain instinctive gesture of reserve, the gesture of a chivalry that follows the frontiers, where the women are few. But against this child of his ageing years he was suddenly defenseless. He had been in a desert a long while. His heart turned over. Hara he adored.

Hara! Exultantly he could tell himself that if she was the last of the house of Barnabas, then all the gifts the line had bred for, cared for, and defended, had come to the perfection of their flower in its ultimate bloom.

Her beauty. It was an utterly new shape of beauty indeed to the eyes of the gallant of half a century ago, but if his life had taught him one thing it was to see the value, not the fashion; this, with eagerness added, made readjustment swift

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and easy now. Not merely *as* radiant, he saw this loveliness ten times *more* radiant than the old beguilements of bustles and bosoms and puffs of hair. Because it was sheerer, simpler, more natural, more free. As self-reliant and self-disciplined as nakedness. A head that was a head, its shorn hair like beaten copper. A neck that had never known hiding or bending. A bit of gossamer as chastely candid as the Greek. And legs.

And then there was something beyond beauty. Beauty alone would never have singled her out in that aureate company of youth to be the run-after, the played-up-to, the scuffled-for. When Hara passed, Tod Tucker, the girl-shy, gloomed his hardest into the boiling water over the ship's side, without needing to look to see who it was that was near. When Hara laughed, Sophie Ingle, the fat girl with the gums, swallowed and dreamed away at the gulls above the wake with her watery eyes, and wished—and wished.

Blue rhomboid of shadow restless on the sun-white deck, nosegay of clustered youth, flannels, blazers, bright frocks, laughter, mock gasps, friendly jibes. Drift of smoke from high-rocking funnels, a continuous snoring on a deep note, a squawking and whimpering of those gulls that Sophie watched, alone by the port-rail aft. And, tiny between the come and go of the sloshing seas, a click of dice rolling across the boards.

"Come seven! Oh, seven! You seven!"

"Little Phœbe's my point. Come, Phœbe!"

Cheney Palmer, the too comely and the too savant, bent forward above his crossed legs, as Hara, above her own, nursed the dice in her palm. It was the last day of the voyage; Cherbourg to-morrow morning; already the signs were posted: "Heavy stateroom luggage to be ready for removal by 10 P. M." At twenty-two Cheney was not accustomed to having to run after girls; as a rule they ran after him. So after five days he was more than provoked with this cool, amused Hara Barnabas; he could have slain her. As he bent forward he narrowed his eyes.

"Come on, roll them."

She taunted him. "Shall I? Getting worried, old thing? It's your game, not mine. Want to quit? Yes or no!"

Cheney didn't like it, nor did he like the glee of the gallery bending in a ring around. "Roll the bones!"

"Eleven! And I win." Hara swept the pennies in. "Come on, more funds!" She cast the gleam of an eye toward the pudgy watcher of the gulls, far aft. "May I begin to offer my congratulations, Mr. Palmer, now?"

The gallery whooped. The smooth-haired Apollo reddened as he slapped his coins on the plank. "Roll 'em out!"

"Ten's my point," sang Hara, "and ten I've got. And, oh, my dear, when you think! What a night for a murder on the old top deck! There'll be no moon at all."

What a world, what a world, this new world! Jim Barnabas passing, repassing, the little man big on his magic heels, the old man grown young again with his kin and kind, smiled with the face that used neither to frown nor smile. Those children, with their funny pennies, and their huge dice. No wonder the lips of the veteran would quiver. "Gilt Edge" Jim remembered crap games where stacks of double-eagles—but, no, the smile was not all for indulgence—golden cartwheels or copper pennies, the thing that is alive is all the same. Ardor, candor, joy of chance, adventurous in the wind. The world, Jim Barnabas could tell himself, had found its way again among the stars. And Hara's laughter was the covenant.

"The bones does simply love me, boys and girls. . . . Oh, here's Gilt Edge! Jim, darling, I begin to suspect the family. The way they roll for me, I do believe I must have a strain of colored blood."

She had almost all the money, a sprawl of coppers, nickles, and a quarter or so (there couldn't have been two dollars all together) hoarded between her shapely shins.

"And think, Cheney, my lad, no moon! No moon at all! Quit?"

"Quit, hell! Roll the bones."

"Aces. Damn! . . . Jim Barnabas, you're a Jonah. You go on away."

Jim went on away. He had learned another new thing; he had learned how to chuckle. He had learned how to balance to the roll of the footing and the sweep of the ocean sky. What a world!

The luck must have changed swiftly. By the time Jim had made a circuit and returned, all the cash was in front of

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Cheney. It was he that gloated now as he dropped the dead dice in a pocket; it was Hara whose brow was black.

Jim stopped and stared at her. Something went out of the sunshine. He wanted to cry at her: "Don't!" No Barnabas took a loss like that.

But then a worse thing befell. Crying "All right, you win!" Hara reached across, swept the money out from between Cheney's knees with a curved hand, cast it in a rain toward the starboard scuppers, made a mouth, leaped up, and came running to jab a fierce arm through Jim's.

"Take me away and walk me, Gilt Edge. The lizard's cleaned me."

"Cleaned you, eh? I should have said you were *both*—" But there, caught between an old faith and a new loyalty and scared by the bitterness of his own sarcasm as never by anything before, Jim shut his mouth tight.

They passed beneath the bridge, and where the deck ran athwartships along the forward face of the high superstructure they halted to lean, side by side, on the rail. Jim opened his mouth again.

"Hara, there's no reason I know of why you should do me a favor. But I wonder how you would feel about——"

"Ask me. Ask me to walk overboard for you, old thing, and *see*."

"It's not about walking overboard; it's about not gambling—any more."

"Not gambling! Do my *ears*—?" A hand got his chin and pulled his face around. "And this, Gilt Edge Jim Barnabas, from *you!* Shades of the Y. W.! Don't tell me you're going to turn *respectable* on me at *this* late date."

"Turn?"

Hara flushed. It hurt him horribly, he loved her so. But before he could more than stammer: "I didn't mean it like—" she had rushed in.

"All the same, I don't understand this about gambling, coming from *you*."

"It's because you *don't* understand that I asked what I did. Maybe you don't know how finicky an old man can be about his old—well, it's like Treitz. May I tell you the story of Treitz and his fiddle? I don't know how a fellow like Treitz ever happened to be in the California of those days, but there he was. He was an Austrian, and the finest violinist it's ever been my luck to hear. I had him up to play at the opening of the opera-house in a camp called Crooked Lode. He stayed at my house. We got to talking. Somewhere in it he happened to ask me if I played. I'd had an eye on his fiddle-case for an hour, and that's just what I'd been waiting for. I allowed I did, a little, wasn't much at it, but could tackle some of the war tunes by ear. If I had a fiddle handy, that is. Did he mind? . . . I wish you could have seen him. He was a gentleman. No, he didn't mind. He got the fiddle out for me. First, though, he wanted to tell me a little about it. Sat with the damned thing nursed to his bosom, like a new-born babe. Ridiculous. Went on to tell me, his voice going deeper and deeper into his windpipe and his eyes farther and farther away. How it had been made, carved and glued and fitted, by Joseph Guarnieri's own two hands, I've forgotten how many hundreds of years ago in the sun of Italy. For a prince to give to a cardinal, the cardinal to a courtesan, the courtesan to a poet, who wrote it a song. Giovanni Viotti had played that fiddle. Ludwig Spohr had played it. When Treitz was a little boy with aching fingers, slaving in a dark studio in Vienna, he had dreamed of that instrument. Thirty years, training his ear, his hand, starving for savings, grinding himself fine by a pitiless discipline, toward the Guarnieri—Oh, dear, but he was growing old and garrulous, wasn't he, and I was waiting, wasn't I, to play my little war tunes—by ear. He held the fiddle out. He smiled. I grinned."

Hara grinned. "I can see you." But then a wrinkle came between her eyes. "Still, Jim, I don't yet see what that's got to do with shooting craps."

He put an arm about her shoulders with a trace of awkwardness. "Hara, I've never been fonder of any one alive than I am of you. So, forgive me. But men have gone to school thirty years, too, to learn the—the nice things—in shooting craps. That boy had won that money. A—a *gambler*—would have cut off his own hand before he would have let it touch, even in fun——"

"Touch what, those pennies?" Hara

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gave a whoop. "Oh, poor dear, and did you think we were shooting all that for a dollar or so's worth of *pennies?* Lord, no, those were the *chips;* we were shooting for dates, old thing."

Something happened that had never happened in Jim Barnabas's life before; his jaw fell. "Dates?"

"Why, surely. And here that fish-egg has gone and got my whole evening to-night, and I suppose that means till two or three G. M.; they never *do* go to bed on this damned boat."

Jim looked at his finger-nails. He would have given millions for his lost mask again.

"I don't understand. Dates? With whom?"

"Oh, that lizard. He's been doing nothing all trip but try and date me up, and at last, to-day, my sporting blood got the better of me. It would have been a shriek though, all the same. If he cleaned me, I was dated for the evening. If I cleaned *him*, he had to go and date up Phœbe Ingle—you know her, the fat one, poor romantic thing—instead. Shriek? I'd have given a year of my life— But what's the use? I'm the goat. He won."

"He won—what?" Jim still studied his finger-nails. "What—what does a 'date'—mean?"

Hara laughed melodiously. "What mightn't it mean, on this deck up here in the dark of the moon, with *that* Arabian?"

"Gilt Edge Jim" was nearing eighty, but there was still heat in him. It ran from his ankles to his crown. Victorian that he was to the meat in his bones, he wheeled to stare at her with fierce big eyes.

"You shan't do it, Hara! Hara, Hara! You *won't* do it! You won't keep that date to-night!"

"Won't?" Hara lost her smile. She canted her head a little, pointed her chin, puckered her brows. "Do you mean I should—what was your old word for it, Gilt Edge?—welsh my bet? Why, Jim, I had supposed we Barnabases—" But then, perceiving the disaster, she was swept by swift remorse. She grew gay, one arm around his shoulders, fingers patting. "Dear me, don't look like *that.* Silly, what did you think? Don't you suppose I'm husky enough to take care of myself with that sofa-crocodile? Honey-lamb, I studied wrestling in college. I know the breaks to *all* the holds."

She kissed him behind an ear and ran away, but turned in the middle of the wind where it swept strongly around the deckhouse to make a pretty mouth at him.

"If that's what you're worrying about, Jimmy, don't worry about that."

Barnabas hung his weight on the rail, his eyes heavy on the sea.

"This is all new to me," he had told Petts, the bar-steward. Now he knew something he had not known when he uttered those words so lightly. He knew that they were true.

There's no fool indeed like an old one, and he was an old one, suddenly. Something prodded at his brain: "Why don't you laugh? You pioneer, you. You rider of risk, you runner of chance, lover of freedom, child of adventure, breaker of trails. . . . They talk a language again that you know, these golden children. Yes, but you said yourself they do. See the joke, old man?"

Where the water met the sky to the north a shape appeared, a lone rock washed by waves, hardly more than phantom in the thickening light toward sundown. Barnabas gazed at it with a hollowness at the pit of him, fascinated, dismayed. The landfall of a continent he had never known. It was more. It was like the beginning of a frontier he had never dreamed of. The frontier Jim Barnabas had been dreaming of was dead half a century ago.

Age struck the little gambler and he shut his eyes.

With his eyes shut he hunted and he found another picture. He saw two windows full of the leaves of planted maples and glimpses of a hot, bright, dreary western street. Flies buzzed up and down the screens, just as they had buzzed at this hour yesterday, just as they would buzz at the same hour to-morrow. Between the windows he saw a mirror, supported by bottles of hair-tonic and flanked by shaving-mugs illuminated with the names of friends. In the mirror he saw a man with pride in his heart and courage on his face, lying swathed in a barber's chair. The dark head of Louie, Ogden's finest tonsorial artist, hovered.

"Razor to your satisfaction this morning, Colonel Barnabas?"

A wave of nostalgia passed over him,

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homesickness for that desert of bitter eclipse where he might have stayed if he had had the sense, and died, and never known that the frontier had crept on ahead of him into new wild lands. . . .

Hara came to get him to dress for dinner.

What a marvel she was, though, really.

What a pity Ed and Newt could not have seen her, walking so in the wind of space.

"Why, Gilt Edge, you lazy, still here? Still—" A quick cloud of concern. "Not still worrying about that silly date, don't tell me. See here, do you really want me to duck it?"

"*No!*" He faced her. For half a wink he was standing on his magic heels again. "But why ask me, Hara? You're the Barnabas now; you're the House now; not me. The cards are yours now. You've got to deal."

She started to throw an arm around his shoulders. But then, just why she couldn't have said (she had never noticed till now how little and old he was), she laid it around them gently.

"Grandfather, you're a dear."

Creative Co-Ordination

A MESSAGE FROM PHYSICAL SCIENCE

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Author of "From Immigrant to Inventor," "The New Reformation," etc.

I

HAVE a story to tell you and I hope that it will deliver to you a message from physical science which was delivered to me in the course of the last fifty years.

Fifty-two years ago I found my first employment in a factory in New York. That was my first opportunity to learn how to manage a boiler-room and its engine, and I gladly took it. It gave me the first lesson which taught me that the fire under the boiler supplies the driving power to every machine in the factory in which I was employed. To an untutored Serbian immigrant who had never seen such things in his native village, that was an awe-inspiring knowledge, and it thrilled me. It stirred my emotions and my imagination, and I almost became a fire-worshipper.

A little later I had a brief experience in a foundry, where castings were made by pouring white-hot metal into suitable moulds in the chilling sand. I shall never forget the dazzling brilliancy of the white-hot metal made fluid by the breath of the roaring furnace flames, and the beautiful castings into which the white-hot metal was chilled and tempered. This was the second thrill which aroused my interest in the phenomena of heat.

When a youth is really thrilled by the beauty of a physical phenomenon he has many questions to ask. Many a youth in the land will ask you to-day: What is electricity? His thrilling experience with a radio-receiving set suggests the question. My thrilling experience in the boiler-room and in the foundry made me ask the questions: What is heat? How does it supply the driving power? How does it shape and temper the metal castings? Questions of this kind are the beginning of a true interest in science, and such an interest permits no delay of the search for an answer. I searched for an answer in a book which was very popular in those days; it was Tyndall's famous book entitled: "Heat as a Mode of Motion." It told me a wonderful story of the phenomena of heat. Tyndall's story was, I thought, a scientific poem in prose.

II

Now here is a bit of Tyndall's poetic story; it says: A hot and radiant body like the familiar flame under the boiler, and

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the white-hot metal in the foundry, are the seat of violent and erratic molecular motions. The higher the temperature the more intense is this erratic motion. Each one of the billions and billions of tiny molecules, like frantic individuals in a panicky crowd, is moving with aimless hurry, apparently following its own sweet will, and, therefore, colliding with its neighbors incessantly.

But you will say: "This is indeed an ugly chaos, and what thrill was there in the contemplation of such a chaos which made you think that Tyndall's description of it was poetry in prose?" Yes, it is a chaos, but it is a chaos in the microcosm, in the invisible world of atoms and molecules of the hot body. From this chaos there rose like a vision a new meaning of an old idea, the idea of temperature. Tyndall revealed it to me when he showed that temperature stands for the average energy of the chaotic molecular motion, which is the caloric energy of the body. The motion of heat from points of higher to points of lower temperature, a well-known physical fact, appeared to me then in a new light. I described it as a motion of caloric energy from points of higher to points of lower energy levels similar to the motion of material bodies from points of higher to points of lower gravitational energy levels. My favorite question: How does the fire under the boiler supply the driving power to every machine in the factory in which I was employed? was then easily answered as follows: Just as the mountain stream in its downward flow can drive a mill, so can heat, moving from the higher temperature level of the boiler to the lower temperature level of the condenser, drive the piston of the steam-engine and the machinery connected with it. But, guided by Tyndall, I did not press this analogy too far. One fundamental difference was obvious. There is no chaotic energy distribution among the particles of the water which drives the mill; each drop of the busy stream moves in orderly fashion alongside of its neighboring drops, and all of them, like an army of peaceful and well-drilled toilers, push in unison against the rotating wheel. This is a picture of a perfectly co-ordinated effort. But how about the chaotic push of the molecules of steam in the cylinder of a steam-engine? The piston receives the chaotic pulses of the infinitely small but infinitely numerous projectiles, the steam molecules, and averages them up, and thus co-ordinates their propelling force, the pressure of steam. The piston co-ordinates the action of a chaotic mob and transforms a part of the chaotic energy of steam into an orderly motion of the piston and of all the machinery connected with it. The piston is a co-ordinator. Just as the word "temperature" reminded me that heat is a molecular chaos, so the word "co-ordinator" reminded me that this chaos can be transformed into orderly motion, which the hand of man can manage and derive useful service. This is the simplest illustration of the service rendered by the co-ordination of the caloric chaos.

III

THIS was the revelation which Tyndall's book disclosed to me at the time when I was preparing for college. This preparation told me of a legend of ancient Greece, which says that in the beginning this world was a chaos, and that the Olympian gods had transformed it into a cosmos, a universe of simple law and beautiful order. I saw in the co-ordinating action of the piston a striking illustration of the creative process which the poetic soul of ancient Greece had reserved for the Olympian gods. "The prosy modern piston," said I, "imitates the Olympian deities; it transforms a chaos into a cosmos." The poets of ancient Greece would have credited the inventor of the steam-engine with the possession of a secret art which he had stolen from the Olympian gods, just as Prometheus had stolen the celestial fire from Helios. Yes, the modern inventor may be said to have stolen a secret from golden Helios, the sun-god. His steam-engine imitates the operation of the central star of our planetary system. Where the ancient worshippers of Helios saw a resplendent sun-god radiating his breath of life to the terrestrial waters, the modern inventor saw a celestial fire, and imitated its action upon the terrestrial waters by a fire under the boiler. Where the ancients saw the blessings of the sun-god manifesting themselves by the rising vapors lifted on high from rivers, lakes, and oceans, and form-

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ing clouds which, journeying to higher elevations of the terrestrial globe, carry the waters to the thirsty continents, there the modern inventor saw the motion of steam from the boiler to the condenser and on its journey driving the piston. The piston reacts against the chaotic pulses of steam just as the weight of the cloud-forming vapors reacts against the chaotic pulses of solar radiation.

But neither the poets of ancient Greece nor the modern inventor detected in this cyclic motion of water a fundamental process of nature. They did not recognize in the motion of the gigantic water masses a continuous transformation of the chaotic radiant energy of our central star into a huge storage of gravitational energy associated with the elevated water masses. This energy is just as co-ordinated and available as the energy of the moving machinery which puzzled me fifty years ago. It descends to lower levels when the water masses start their return journey to the oceans, and it is ready then to work for the miller on the mountainside, or for the husbandman, irrigating his thirsty fields in the blessed valley. This beautiful cyclic process is a transformation of a solar chaos into a terrestrial cosmos by the co-ordinating forces which reside in the primordial granules of water, in its atoms and molecules, and it was revealed by modern science. Tyndall revealed it to me, and this revelation enabled me to answer the questions: What is heat? and, How does the fire under the boiler supply the driving power to every machine in the factory in which I was employed?

IV

Did it enable me also to answer the other question, namely: What is the mission of heat in the foundry where castings are made by pouring white-hot metal into a tempering mould in the chilling sand? Let the familiar snowflakes answer this question. They are the beautiful crystalline castings of the fluid masses raised on high by the solar furnace and tempered by the chilling action of the surrounding space. The transformation of a tiny bit of shapeless water vapor into the crystalline beauty of a snowflake is a transformation of a chaos into a cosmos. The chaos is the chaotic motion of the vapor molecules, the beautiful cosmos in the snowflake structure appears when the chilling process of the environment reduces this chaotic motion, and thus permits the atomic and molecular forces to co-ordinate the vapor molecules and assign to each its proper place in the stable structure of the snowflake crystals. This is a process of co-ordination in which the internal forces act as co-ordinators; it is their action which makes the snowflake crystals rise from the shapeless water vapor just as beautiful Aphrodite rose from the shapeless foam of a turbulent sea. I never watch the graceful descent of the tiny snowflakes without recalling to memory those puzzling questions which many years ago I formulated in the boiler-room and in the foundry and, guided by Tyndall's poetic story, found this simple answer: Transformation of the caloric chaos into a cosmos of motion and of stable structures.

This creative process is exhibited beautifully in the evolution of matter in the galaxy of the blazing stars. There we still see an infant universe in its cradle. Many of the visible stars are white-hot bodies; some of them are in a state of a tenuous gas. This is the state of stellar infancy. The spectrum of these stellar infants tells us that at the lofty temperature levels of the hottest stars the lightest atoms only can exist; so violent are the incessant molecular collisions in their everlasting chaos. But from this lofty temperature level each of them radiates its almost inexhaustible energy of caloric chaos at a lavish rate into the chilliness of the interstellar space. Like the vapor, coalescing into beautiful snowflakes or the white-hot metal moulded by the chilling sand into tempered castings, these tenuous stars are coalescing and some time, but God only knows when and where, they will form stable structures; call them celestial snowflakes, or celestial castings, whatever suits your fancy better.

V

Our terrestrial globe is a celestial casting, and he who like myself learned the language of the foundry in his early youth, will ask the human question: what is the mission of this celestial casting, this old celestial wanderer through the mighty stream of chaotic solar radiation? Is it

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only to receive its final tempering from the solar furnace which gave it its birth, and to smooth out its jagged surface by the erosive action of the waters which solar radiation carries in ceaseless succession of cycles from the oceans to the higher continental elevations? The answer to this human question is obvious; it is this: The highest mission of this celestial casting, which we call affectionately "our mother earth," is to provide a congenial home for a new universe, "the universe of organic life."

The story which the blazing activity in the visible galaxy of stars tells us says nothing about the universe of living organisms. But endeavoring to express the unknown in terms of the known we describe, as well as we can, the activity of the organic universe in terms of the language which we have learned from the more familiar inorganic universe. The fundamental concepts of this language are those of motion of the primordial granules of electricity and of matter, and of the forces which are the inseparable attributes of these granules. Dynamics of inorganic matter is the story which has been written in terms of the vocabulary of this language. Hence we paint the picture of the organic universe in colors which we borrow from our picture of the more familiar inorganic world. It is, therefore, not surprising that this tentative picture often suggests a mechanistic view of the living universe. But is that view of organic life the final verdict of science from which there is no appeal or is it only a temporary hypothesis? It is an interesting and significant fact that many great students of the inorganic universe do not accept the mechanistic view. I venture to make a few elementary and, perhaps, not superfluous comments upon this complex theme, fully aware that I am trespassing upon a territory in which I am an unknown stranger.

VI

He who in his early youth was thrilled by the phenomena of heat in the boiler-room and in the foundry and, guided by Tyndall, found in the inorganic universe a continuous transformation of a microcosmic chaos into a visible cosmos will naturally look for a similar transformation in the universe of organic life. Such transformations are certainly there, and they give a definite meaning to the adjective "organic." They are, in my humble opinion, the most general and characteristic attributes of the activities in the organic universe.

Just as electricity is granular, consisting of electrons and protons; and inorganic matter is granular, consisting of atoms and molecules; so are also the caloric, the radiant, and the chemical energies granular since they manifest themselves through activities of the granules of electricity and matter. In this sense life from a physical point of view is also granular in structure, consisting of the tiny granules of living matter; its physical activity is also granular, being made up of the activity of the granules of living matter. The organic universe, being a structure made up of countless tiny units each of them endowed with individual power of action, will be a chaos just like the inorganic universe unless these units are guided by an inherent co-ordination.

The organic just like the inorganic universe has its microcosm, the fundamental units of which are not electrons and protons, atoms and molecules, but tiny units of life; call them, for want of a better name, the molecules of life, and by that I mean the microscopic and ultramicroscopic units of life in the living cell. Each of them feeds, grows, and multiplies, and that means a transformation of chemical and caloric energy delivered to it, and obviously utilized for co-ordinated creative work, which is as definite as the constructive processes in an industrial plant. The similarity of this microcosmic performance to the procedure of supplying food, raw material, and co-ordinated power to the trained workers in a factory is certainly very suggestive. Chemical activities, when unguided by co-ordinating forces, are just as chaotic as caloric activity. Since these two activities supply the energy and the materials for co-ordinated constructive efforts to each molecule of life, that energy in its journey to this busy worker must, therefore, meet somewhere during this journey the reaction of a co-ordinator, just as the chaotic heat energy, in its journey from the boiler to the condenser, meets the reaction of the co-ordinating piston. Although we do not know the structure of this co-ordina-

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tor nor its mode of operation, we can say, nevertheless, that co-ordinators and co-ordination are the characteristic attributes of the activity of each living molecule, each fundamental unit of life. This obviously is also the characteristic attribute of the activity of each cell as a whole; because it grows and multiplies in a perfectly orderly fashion at the expense of caloric and chemical energies. Each cell, therefore, is a microcosm consisting of a vast number of tiny units of life, all working alongside of each other like peaceful and disciplined toilers having a definite and common end in view. That end is the creation of new cells, performing definite functions. The structure of the new cells, the daughter cells, resembles that of the mother cells, but it is carefully adjusted with reference to the functions which the cells are destined to perform in the organic body. This is co-ordination according to our definition, because it is a transformation of a chaos, caloric and chemical, into orderly structures and orderly functions.

Finally, each autonomous organic structure, the organic body, is a macrocosm, an aggregation of a vast number of cellular microcosms; it displays the same co-ordinated activity as each of its fundamental units. Co-ordinators and co-ordination, in the sense in which these concepts have been defined here are, therefore, the most characteristic strokes of the brush which paints our mental pictures of the organic as well as of the inorganic universe. The two pictures exhibit a striking resemblance to each other. But in the inorganic universe we know the structure of the co-ordinators and many details of their co-ordinating functions; in the organic, however, we do not know them. We know the results of their operations, but we do not know the various co-ordinating steps which lead to this result, not even in so simple a process as fermentation. We cannot say to-day that these steps are of a purely mechanistic nature, as in the case of the inorganic universe, nor can science deny it. Suppose, however, that some day we do succeed in demonstrating that the co-ordinators in the molecules of life and in their cellular microcosms are physical structures similar to and operating in a similar way to those in the inorganic universe, that will not mean a victory for the mechanistic view of life. There will still remain the mystery of the living soul and of its internal world, particularly that of the living soul of man. Can the language of science describe the creative process which brings this internal world into existence without employing the vocabulary of speculative philosophy? An answer to this question is suggested by the thoughts concerning cosmic co-ordination discussed here.

VII

THE human body is certainly a physical co-ordinator of marvellous complexity. Every one of its physical functions indicates that co-ordinating bonds unite its countless units of life with the central brain. That in itself gives to the human body, and to other organic bodies resembling it, a pre-eminent position in the scale of creation. When, however, we consider the intellectual, æsthetic, and spiritual activities of the human soul, then the life of man rises far superior to anything ever observed in the starry vault of heaven. Let me illustrate. Recalling to memory the winter evenings spent in front of the fireplace of my peaceful farmhouse, I still remember the genial warmth of the burning logs, and the beauty of the color and of the ever-changing sequence of light and shade of their ethereal flame. They were then, when first observed, and their memory is still to-day, a joy in the world of my consciousness. I know indirectly that all that beauty of heat and light has its physical origin in the chaotic activity of the molecules, atoms, and electrons of the oxygen and carbon which were rejoicing in their reunion in my fireplace after a separation of many years. But no chaos of light and heat was recorded in my consciousness on these occasions nor in my present recollection of them; in its passage from the burning logs to the internal world of my consciousness it is transformed into a cosmos of genial warmth and of ethereal beauty of the gentle flame. This cosmos is the same as that which in my boyhood days I felt while basking in the sunshine of the early spring, and which I saw while watching the evening fires of cold September days in my father's vineyard. Increased knowledge has not changed essen-

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tially the co-ordinators of my boyhood emotions. They operate to-day just as they operated when I began to understand the world around me. They are a part of my existence. Whenever I drop to-day a granule of incense into the gentle flame of the burning logs the unchained chaos of its molecules immediately recalls to memory the picture of the little church of my native village, and I hear the schoolmates of my boyhood days chanting "Gospodi pomiluy"—"God have mercy with us." I listen and I worship, worship the Creator who endowed me with life which means a godlike power of creating that beautiful internal world of my consciousness. That power I call my soul, and I feel that it is the divine bond between my creative consciousness and its Creator. It is the co-ordinator which transforms the chaos of the primordial energies which surrounds me into the cosmos, the harmony, of my internal world. Is not this the harmony of which Socrates and Plato dreamed?

Our mother earth is a tiny dust speck in the material universe, but as the home of the creative soul of man it becomes the crown of creation. The life of man is, as far as we know, the noblest product of creation, and it is the most precious gift of heaven. Its broadest aspect is co-ordination which eliminates the chaos from the activities of its countless living molecules, and constructs the cosmos, the presence of which we feel in the internal world of our creative soul; in the language of science it may be described as the climax of "cosmic co-ordination." Its cosmos is probably the ideal cosmos which the poets of ancient Greece had in mind when they represented it as the creation of the Olympian gods. This is the cosmos which gave birth to our belief in the existence of the Creator and makes that belief the source of our highest hopes.

VIII

Just as the inventor of the steam-engine imitated our central star, the sun, by his ingenious transformation of the caloric chaos into a cosmos of co-ordinated motion and service to man, so the structure of our social organism has endeavored, from time immemorial, to imitate the co-ordinating marvels of the human body and of the human soul. These endeavors mark the mile-posts in the progress of human civilization. The structure of human society, like the structure of the human body, and the structure of every part of the inorganic and organic universe, consists of millions of autonomous units; there would be a social chaos if the guidance of social co-ordinators did not control the tendency of the numerous individual units to have a way of their own, free from all outside interference. It is the existence of these co-ordinators which builds the social organism, whose very name implies that its mission is to create a social cosmos by guiding the activity of each individual toward a common end. This guidance implies, of course, outside interference with the activity of the individual, but an interference which is the guiding principle in the evolution of the universe; without it there can be no co-ordination and no social cosmos, and no true individual liberty which only a social cosmos can guarantee.

I shall mention the two most important social co-ordinators. The machinery of government is one of them, the church is the other. They co-ordinate the political, the material, and the spiritual activities of human society. The physical structure of these co-ordinators, and of all co-ordinators designed by mortal man, reminds one forcibly that they are imperfect human imitations of the co-ordinating organic structures, which are the creations of God. Their evolution is certainly progressing, and it will lead to higher levels of perfection if the soul residing in these structures is right. The soul residing in the structure of our government is the soul of the men who wrote the Declaration of Independence and drafted the American Constitution. Political and economic co-ordination in the life of our nation was their patriotic aim. These two documents exhibit the operation of a beautiful soul, which guides the co-ordinating body, the government of the United States. The guidance of such a soul inspires a confident hope for a great future.

The soul residing in the co-ordinating body which we call the Christian church is the soul of Christ. Spiritual co-ordination is His gospel of salvation, and it is summed up beautifully in His divine words:

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God

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with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Christ is our divine co-ordinator, and these two commandments contain all the laws of spiritual co-ordination. Guided by these laws the actions of men will certainly lead to a spiritual cosmos, the highest aim of the Christian church. Summing up the impressions gathered during the journey which I have described, the following brief statement will, I hope, convey my meaning:

The smooth and steady motion of the piston in the boiler-room, assisting the trained hand of man in the factory; the roaring furnace flames in the foundry announcing the birth of beautiful castings; the radiating chaos of our central star, the sun, sustaining the ceaseless terrestrial cycles of co-ordinated energy movement; the messages transmitted to man by the galaxy of stars, proclaiming the lavish expenditure of their inexhaustible store of energy as a preparation for higher forms of creation; all of them tell the same joyous story which Tyndall first told me fifty years ago, the story of transformation of the primordial chaos into a cosmos, a universe of beautiful law and order. This is also the story of the universe of organic life. The truth which this story reveals was recognized intuitively by man since the very beginning of civilization and, guided by the power of his creative soul, he began to dream of a social cosmos which makes life worth living. The awakening from this beautiful dream is the birth of church and state; guided by the love of God and of fellow man these social co-ordinators will certainly give us a social cosmos, the realization of the highest aspiration of the human soul.

From this point of view science, religion, and the fine arts, as expressions of the intellectual, spiritual, and æsthetic co-ordination of the creative power of the human soul, are three inseparable parts of a single science, the Science of Creative Co-ordination.

A Little Learning

BY EUDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON

Decoration by Vera Clere

THERE is simply no escaping child-study these days, for child-study has become the style. The American Association of University Women, your literary club, the Parent-Teacher Association, your church society—everything you belong to—is investigating childhood from the pre-school age through adolescence. The result, according to my observation, and alas, according to my personal experience, is that brains which were only a trifle stirred have become hopelessly scrambled.

The groups, under a leadership as untrained as it is zealous, are able to give little helpful instruction; and if they were, for most of us it would be coming too late. Of course, one should learn to swim, but during a storm at sea a drowning man can teach little to another in the same plight. Better surely to dog-paddle alone than to go down in the best of company! The scientific study of childhood carried on now in our universities heralds a day when we shall better understand the early impressionable years. It is the excrescence of the movement, however, that I am deploring. By some gradual percolating process even the rather ignorant young mother has learned to deal with her child in a manner quite different from that of her own parents. Our children are happier by far than we were in our not so remote generation. When we join a child-study group we are, I believe, in danger of distressing them—and ourselves.

In my city the agitation for child-study began to shape itself into something con-

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crete about three years ago when a great pediatrician gave a course on the proper feeding of children. Groping mothers came together then, and we have never entirely disbanded. Like thirsty drunkards at a free tavern we have imbibed from scores of sources too diverse for mixing. With an earnest fickleness unrelieved by a sense of humor, which many of us should be capable of applying, we have embraced one so-called authority after another only to reject the teachings a month later in favor of those diametrically opposed; or, what has proved equally disastrous, we have caught portions of truths which we have wholly misinterpreted.

For instance, because we did not have the background to receive the specialist's course, the results were quite devastating. Most of our children were found to be underweight. Since they came of a class soon separated from diseased tonsils and adenoids and bad spots even in the first little teeth, no physical defect lay at the basis of malnutrition. Therefore we were failing to enforce enough food and enough sleep.

"How much should a child of three eat in a day?" quavered one little woman.

"Two thousand calories," the great man replied. "Five hundred for breakfast——"

"Oh!" interrupted the poor mother. "My baby would never eat five hundred calories for breakfast."

The physician's smile was patient.

"Simple enough," he reassured. "A cooked cereal with butter, sugar, and cream—an egg size of butter and thick cream—is four hundred."

"But my baby won't eat cooked cereals," came the valiant rejoinder.

Whereupon the physician's composure all but deserted him. Horror was written upon his scholarly face. He raised his slender hands and shook his head in mute condemnation. When at last he replied, his voice sounded to our conscience-stricken souls like the pronouncement of well-deserved judgment.

"It is not for mothers to say what their children will or will not do," he said severely. "It is for you to make your children do what is good for them. For such uses were mothers created."

Abashed we went our several ways, praying for forgiveness and for strength to fulfil the high purpose of our existence. That day marked the beginning of an antifood fixation among the young of our city. For six months at teas, bridge-parties, dinners, meetings, or indeed whenever two or three were gathered together, conversation was entirely caloric. Nutrition classes were organized in all the schools; charts were installed in the homes; children discussed their weights as glibly and unpleasantly as their mothers had in the past discussed the servant problem. Singularly unanimous were the youngsters in their repudiation of all solid diet. Husbands were seen more frequently at the clubs, and several were known to hold consolation meetings that had to do with the rift that was threatening asunder all domestic harmony. Mothers, having counted, balanced, weighed, and measured all food served to children, turned meals into orgies of entreaties and punishments.

Determined, though exhausted, we waged our relentless battle against the starving children, and the impregnable bulwarks of their natures; until one day the group, now cemented by common suffering, brought to our city another speaker—a woman to offset the harm a man had done.

As should have been foreseen, speaker number two left new problems; but, quite more important at the time, she suggested a way out of the situation created by her predecessor. For some of us her coming was not too late. To your children be indifferent—outwardly, of course—was the beginning, middle, and end of her theme. Children are fundamentally histrionic. They must occupy the centre of the stage even if the scene being enacted has the appearances of tragedy. The little actors, who by their refusal of food precipitate a family riot, have as their reward an immense amount of egotistic satisfaction. Put before your child what he should have, admonished the psychologist, and then, impervious to the young star's antics, concern yourself with up-stage business. When meals are no longer high drama, the hungry star will descend from the firmament in which you have placed him. Nothing new in the method, you see: just age-old common sense. Though our grandmothers, with their dozen chil-

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dren and their hundred duties, were wholly innocent of theories, they were practical exponents of the new psychology. At last, by dovetailing the teachings of the pediatrician with those of the psychologist, on one point at least we expanded our little learning to meet an exigency.

But the second lecturer uprooted the very foundations of the only disciplinary method we knew anything about.

"Obedience is excellent for the comfort of parents and for the training of German soldiers," she declared. "Are you, however, rearing followers or leaders, discriminating human beings or automata? Obedience breeds mediocrity, dwarfs potentialities, crushes genius."

A wistful little woman at my side sobbed aloud. Her tears were the expression of our common grief. All of us knew that our children were geniuses in embryo and were aghast at the possibility of having muted a Milton or consigned a Cromwell to oblivion. Far better a country bereft of its soldiers and mothers robbed of their comfort!

So again a departing speaker left a heritage of domestic bedlam, rendered unbearable by comfort-loving male parents who held to the antiquated belief that children should "mind"—to hell with the consequences. Again we were sacrificed to the false god of a little knowledge. We had not been told how to transmute obedience into intelligent conformance to law; and, if we had been, we should probably have lacked ability to carry out instructions.

Rather too soon thereafter a zealous young psychiatrist with red hair and a fine aggressiveness hurled us into the swirling waters of Freudian controversy. We who had been taught to suppress certain subjects as quite indecent found ourselves watching for sex manifestations in our children, discussing the ancient taboo, and brooding upon it ad nauseam. Our daughters' preferences for their fathers and our sons' for us were viewed as throwbacks to the days when incest was the savage's greatest dread.

"What would you have me do?" one practical husband inquired with baffling directness. "Safeguard this dangerous tendency by being cruel to my little girl?"

The story goes that his distracted wife wept on his shoulder. She didn't want that, of course, but she couldn't for the life of her say what she did want. We were all for the first time facing life's most intricate problem, and most of us hadn't the slightest idea that there was such a thing as sublimation.

Relief soon came, however, in the person of a great teacher and philosopher whose optimism and vision overrode all limitations imposed by facts. For a week she lectured beautifully and hopefully while peace was restored to our troubled minds.

"Has any one in this group been infected by Freud?" she asked, using the great man's name as a monk of the Middle Ages might have referred to Lucifer himself.

Infected—infected! The word was well-chosen. Just precisely that had happened to us. We hung our heads in shamed confession.

"He is a vile monster," the speaker continued. "I wrote a book once disproving everything he said."

Profound was our gratitude. We abandoned Freud—for a year at any rate—or until another speaker came to reinstate him.

The anti-Freudian lecturer turned out to be rather more feminist than psychologist. Mothers should be persons, she said, not merely relative beings. The solution of our problems could be found only through woman's economic independence. Then would we follow our natural bents. From babyhood through adolescence children should be handled in groups, not by an overworked, undertrained mother, but by adequately paid professionals. Hoping that we had found the balm of Gilead, we thrust even our three-year-olds into private kindergartens. To meet the need of the wee tots, a few short-lived baby-gardens sprang into being. But in the course of not so great a period of time another series of lectures given by a supposedly practical educator reversed the tenets of the speaker we had so recently espoused.

"Motherhood is so wonderful a blessing," the new prophet expounded, "that every woman should experience it not once but over and over. Twelve children are not too many, and lack of money should not be an obstacle to large families.

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Happy, successful people have been reared in huts where there was enough of nothing except love. In the care of the children no one can take the mother's place. Hire the housework done if you can, but look to the needs of your children yourselves."

As we listened, those who had been patronizing kindergarten, baby-garden, and trained helper shuddered in remorseful anguish. Again we had erred. Was there any way of knowing the right—any way at all? We had travelled far indeed from that not so remote day when the infallibility of the parent was a doctrine unquestioned. Our own mothers were never wrong. We had their word for it; so concerning the matter there was to be no argument.

From error to error we have continued on our stumbling way, making no more progress than the man who rides all day on his merry-go-round. One week we embrace an authority to find the next that he is no authority at all. The very worst fate that can befall mothers and teachers is ours: we have lost faith in ourselves. Too late some of us are learning that cheerful confidence and steadfast serenity are more important for the mother to possess than the teachings of any cult.

"The more you hear and the more you read," one husband complained to the mother of his child, "the less you do."

"I know it," the wife confessed; "but I'm afraid that whatever I do will be wrong. I wish I had never heard of inhibitions and complexes!"

Here, you see, is another earnest soul who knows a little but not nearly enough. The speakers who come have time merely to destroy the old structure and not to build a new. For instance, a great educator tells us that he does not believe in discipline, but in an hour he cannot make an audience understand how he substitutes for discipline deep interest in some special field of work. Another insists that education by the book method should not begin before the child is eight but can't explain in a day her way of filling those first important years.

A hundred ant-hills are turned into mountains, and we poor, undiscriminating women grovel between them in quite imaginary valleys of humiliation. Here are a few of the petty questions to which child-study groups have devoted time: whether a little child should be expected to wash his face unrequested, to dress himself without assistance, to straighten his own toys after he has played with them; whether he should be introduced to strangers or allowed to enter a room unnoticed; the danger of the fairy-tale; the reasons for withholding certain playthings—all matters which will adjust themselves without discussion. Yet a group leader—an earnest little woman with a face so like Saint Cecilia's that one expects to see a halo about her head and flowers falling upon her—was reduced to a state of genuine distress when she heard that she had erred in presenting her clear-eyed, manly lad to friends who came to call.

"And to think," she deplored, "that through ignorance I have done such an injustice to my child!"

But, in spite of the injustice, the boy is a rollicking, well-mannered little fellow who in the consciousness of his mother's deep love for him could withstand mistakes of an even more grievous nature than the one lamented.

It is a blessing, of course, that most of our children are tough enough to survive our many vagaries. If they were not, their poor little nervous systems would long ago have been shattered. We have even tried "suggestion through sleep" with no marked results, good or bad. A woman who had worked in a New York settlement house with naughty children from everywhere and nowhere told at one of our meetings how terrible habits might be cured by influencing the subconscious. Listening, we radiated new hope. Every child's mother of us longed to correct some tendency developing in our offspring. Now that we spent all our time studying the poor dears, we were constantly terrified by the signs we saw of latent or slow-stirring possibilities for evil.

Impertinence was my problem. So, according to the formula outlined, I began the very night after the pseudo-scientist spoke—feeling, I admit, just like the fool I was. In the still hours I crept to the nursery, opened the door quietly and crossed to the little white bed where a three-year-old slept. Round cheeks

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flushed, soft hair making a halo about a cherubic face, one arm above her head and the other flung across a dejected but adored rag doll, the little girl looked incapable of anything save the angelic. Stoically I followed directions. Three times I passed my hands above the sleeping baby. She stirred exactly as the speaker had prophesied.

"This is mother," I said, taking the cue; "mother who loves you. You are not going to say naughty things to mother again. You are not going to say naughty things to mother again."

The baby opened astonished eyes, closed them and snuggled into sound sleep. Then I remembered the last of the formula. "To-morrow baby will not remember that mother was here. Baby will not remember."

Thus, the speaker had insisted, would the incident be closed within the subconscious. The desired result would be obtained, but the conscious mind would know nothing of the means employed. So as silently as I had come, I stole from the nursery.

The next morning at breakfast the three-year-old looked at me quizzically. "Muvver," she inquired, "you woke baby 'ast night. What for? Muvver, you big old dummy!"

My husband laughed. Men have an extraordinary idea of what constitutes the amusing.

So this rambling discussion has returned to the point where it started. We need education for parenthood, no doubt, but we are not getting it through the child-study group. When we analyze our problems, we find, I think, that they arise from our failure to adjust ourselves to the children. The infant mind and the adult mind are of necessity incompatible. Since the child can change only by slow development, it is the adult who must learn to bridge the chasm. Scientific knowledge cannot be acquired by attending a few meetings and by reading a few poorly selected books. It seems to me, therefore, that parent-training should be begun at least fifteen years before it is needed. Meaning doubtless to take a step in the right direction, schools have incorporated in their curricula cookery, sewing, carpentry, and several other subjects men and women in the housekeeping business might find useful. Women, however, who neither cook nor sew are often excellent mothers; and men who can't drive a nail or screw on a hinge may pass the fatherhood tests. The altogether baffling profession of child-rearing is scarcely mentioned throughout the undergraduate years. So, naturally, young mothers, when it is too late, are grouping for the thing euphemistically known as child-study.

Our situations, after all, are never hopeless. There is more efficacy in mother-love than the scoffers dream of; common sense, if unhampered by the jargon of the cults, is likely to develop; and enough of self-confidence and serenity can be simulated, if not actually acquired. Then, too, consolation may be derived from that most heinous of all crimes—that of looking backward. Those not-to-be-mentioned ancestresses of ours who didn't know a fixation from an inhibition, or that totem or taboo existed, and whose tongues were not formed to speak the word *sex*, reared their children to a maturity of more or less usefulness. So, without the training we should have had and which we hope will be given our children, we need not accept the failure complex—not yet at least.

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The Brain That Lived Again

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS
Author of "Smile and Lie," "Pete Retires," and "Spread Eagle"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. C. NIMS

I WAS waiting for Doris Eastman when I heard the news: Judge Andrew Jackson Biggert was dying.

Most of Covington had gathered in the drug-store that morning and each person was able to contribute something to the symposium upon Judge Biggert.

"There's a highbrow doctor coming from New York to operate," said one of the telephone girls.

"They're workin' hard to keep the judge alive until the medic gets here," added the driver of Covington's only taxi. "Two tanks of oxygen come on the 7:29."

"He don't need oxygen, Judge Biggert don't." The soda and prescription clerk screwed up his lips as he always does when he intends to be funny. "Oxygen, huh! Where the judge is goin' a pyrene extinguisher would be more use."

They all laughed and I chuckled with them. Then I saw Doris emerge from the post-office with a handful of letters under her arm. I hurried to join her.

"Judge Biggert is dying," I remarked, to open a conversation. I had to open conversations quickly with Doris, because if I were not immediately interesting the visit terminated before it was well under way.

In those days I was all for her. It may have been the very severeness of her dark business suits and the little square-toed oxfords which she wore and which she managed to make convey an indescribable feminine charm; it may have been her slim, straight figure or her swinging stride; it may have been the exquisite perfection of her complexion and her dark gray eyes shaded with long lashes; I never knew which particular quality of hers it was that exercised such a complete fascination over me. I was not self-analytical then.

"You're the fourth person who has wanted to tell me about Judge Biggert." Doris could be very curt. "Can't you ever think of anything except baseball and gossip?"

I fell into step with her. She was heading toward her office, where she ran a job-printing plant and an insurance agency; fire, life, automobile, cyclone, theft, twins, accident, rain, plate glass, and all other known varieties.

"One has to say something," I countered mildly.

"In your case, I don't see the need for it. I'm busy to-day."

"I'm not," I replied with a humble laugh. I was alleged to be a lawyer and my practice consisted mostly of unsuccessful attempts at bill-collecting. "Judge Biggert's well-deserved decease doesn't mean a thing to me, not even a new client. Let's talk about something interesting."

"What is interesting?" Doris asked. "At least, what do you consider interesting?" Her tone was very patronizing. I presume it was her complexion and remoteness that made her seem so desirable.

"Ourselves." I spoke boldly. I had tried to be subtle so many times and failed that I thought a direct attack was worth an experiment.

Doris turned and faced me. We had been walking fast and she stopped so suddenly that I almost lost my balance.

"Peter Jameson," said she, "please get this clearly into your head. If I were head over heels in love with you, which I'm not, you're the last man in the world I'd marry. You're the town joke. You don't know as much law as my office cat. You're not making a half-living and you go out in the afternoon to play baseball instead of working. Once I was sorry for

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you. But now I know you won't help yourself and I can't tolerate you. I hate lazy people and stupid people, and you're both. Please don't bother me again. Go and tell the town loafers about Judge Biggert. They'll be interested because they have nothing else to do. I'm not, and I have."

My face must have been pretty red before she finished. If she had been flushed, or pale, or in any way disturbed, I wouldn't have minded what she said. But that speech was made with as little concern as if she were discussing a thirty-day credit with a salesman for a paper company. It meant that she meant what she said. She was through with me.

"All right," I blurted out. "I'll deliver my devotion elsewhere between ten and twelve."

"Your devotion is like the rest of you, rather useless." She went up her office steps without even a glance back. I turned around and, since there was no war running that I could enlist for, shuffled away toward the court-house.

The court clerk joined me as I passed the Methodist church. "Judge Biggert dead yet?" he demanded, as if I were an authority.

"Funny, ain't it?" he continued, without waiting for me to reply. "Here's the old judge dyin'. Smartest man and shrewdest lawyer ever come from this county. Why, he's the only man in this town in 'Who's Who.' Some say he's the best lawyer ever come from this State. He's our distinguished citizen and there ain't a soul who's willin' to say a good word for him on his death-bed. If Judge Biggert wanted to see a friend this minute, he'd have to look in a mirror."

The old clerk dropped in at the barber-shop and I continued up the street alone. I was thinking of myself and my failure. All that Doris had said was perfectly true, in one sense. She had inherited enough of her father's business acumen always to keep an eye on the main chance. If Doris ever married, it would be a very satisfactory business arrangement for Doris. If she didn't marry for money, she certainly wouldn't marry without it.

As she said, I was a failure. But I had friends. Judge Biggert's success was even more spectacular than my flop at the law, but I knew the clerk's remark was justified. He would leave a fortune and no one to wish him well.

It is hard to be philosophical when one is healthy and twenty-nine. I waved my hand to some high-school boys whom I was coaching in baseball, and then turned down Liberty Street to take a short cut to the court-house.

Covington is a pleasant village; its easy-going atmosphere had dulled ambitions more vigorous than mine. In fact, our legal business as a county-seat was the town's best industry, which furnished a scanty livelihood to a dozen attorneys and free entertainment to the tired and retired farmers who made up the population and used the court-house as a club.

Because he was so universally disliked, even when a boy, Judge Biggert had avoided the stagnation of the village and won a lucrative practice. Then his brilliant defense of a damage suit drew the attention of corporations and wealthy criminals who could afford to pay more than the market price in fees.

As I went along I speculated upon who would fall heir to the judge's local practice. I was quite ready to think of him as "the late Judge Biggert," and I even turned over in my mind the precise wording of the resolutions upon his death which the Bar Association would pass. I was the secretary of the association, having been voted in because I had little to do except type the minutes of the semi-annual meetings.

I decided that, although no one liked the judge, he was our distinguished member and it was our duty to send him into the unknown with a handsome press notice.

By the time I tripped on the court-house steps my mind was confused with "whereases" and "wherefores." I wondered if the village would laugh should I say: "Judge Biggert, whose death is a blow to his associates." I believe I had decided to be a bit ironical and write: "Whose death leaves a vacancy among our jurists which will not be filled for many years to come." That was perfectly true and did not commit us to even a post-mortem approval of his character. It would have amused the judge, too.

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However, I never had the pleasure of writing the resolutions. My toe caught the iron scraper at the end of the long stone steps. I would have pitched forward on my nose had not Doc Davis caught me. He must have been standing there waiting for me to notice him.

"More like an old-fashioned Saturday night than Monday morning," said Doc, with a grimace.

"Blue Monday for both of us," I retorted. "I hear you're going to bury your meal-ticket"—which was no joke, as Doc had been taking care of the judge for months, neglecting his other patients to do it—"and I've been notified either to pay my rent or get out of my office." I might have added that I owed three weeks' board and was ashamed to eat, although I had not learned how to get along without it.

"Judge Biggert hasn't signed off yet." Doc grunted the "yet" as if he were tired of waiting. "He wants to see you."

If Doc had notified me that an unidentified philanthropist had paid my note at the bank and all the instalments on my library and office furniture I would not have been more surprised. I half expected Doris Eastman to run up, beg my pardon for her caustic remarks, and tell me she loved me.

"What does the judge want of me?"

"He'll tell you himself." Doc was noncommittal, so I deduced that the judge's message was unpleasant. In fact, Doc acted as if he did not want me to go to the judge's house.

"Is he out of his head?"

Doc gave me a queer look. "Not in the sense you mean. No. He's sane . . . too damned sane."

"Well. Well. Perhaps he has a case in justice's court for me to handle." A ten-dollar fee looked as big as a bank reserve to me that morning.

In the back of my head was the wild hope that the judge had made me his executor, although I could think of no valid reason why he should. The fees and commissions would have nicely straightened up my college debts (for I had had to borrow money to get through law school) and my outstanding obligations, and given me sufficient capital to start me on the ten-year fight to make a living at the law. It might even have given me money enough to interest Doris in a joint future.

I could not understand Doc's taciturn manner. Usually he was cordial to me. Now, when there seemed a possibility of something coming my way, he acted as if he begrudged it to me.

Doris Eastman's face was before me and I remembered the calm, even tone in which she had said: "I hate lazy people and stupid people, and you're both." To be executor for the old judge would spell the beginning of success, which was Doris's god.

Warm May sunshine was creeping through the branches of the big elms and making shadow-prints upon the flagstone sidewalks. Little pools of water, left from the shower of the night before, were sparkling. In a few minutes more they would be dried up and vanish like Judge Biggert's life. A Japanese quince in spectacular bloom caught my eye as it stood out against a privet hedge. I thought of the judge again and I realized how hard it would be to go out leaving a spring morning behind. When my hour comes I hope it will be during a bleak, raw night in December.

"I wonder what the judge wants," I asked again.

Doc's reply was mumbled.

"What?"

"He wants to give you something." Doc blurted it out.

I had been so hard up that I was almost willing to accept old clothes, if they fitted me. I said so.

"He will tell you himself in his own way." Doc was so disturbed that he almost ran down a youngster on a crosswalk and he is usually a careful driver.

"I can use anything the judge has except those ground-gripper shoes," I said, "and they'd make good door-stops."

My companion jammed on his emergency and stopped the car. He looked at me with a peculiar glint in his eyes.

"Peter," he began, "you've only been out of college two or three years and I graduated nearly twenty years ago. But I'll bet I remember more of my Latin than you. What is it: 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.' 'Look out for the Greeks, particularly when they make presents.' That's good advice." Doc looked so seri-

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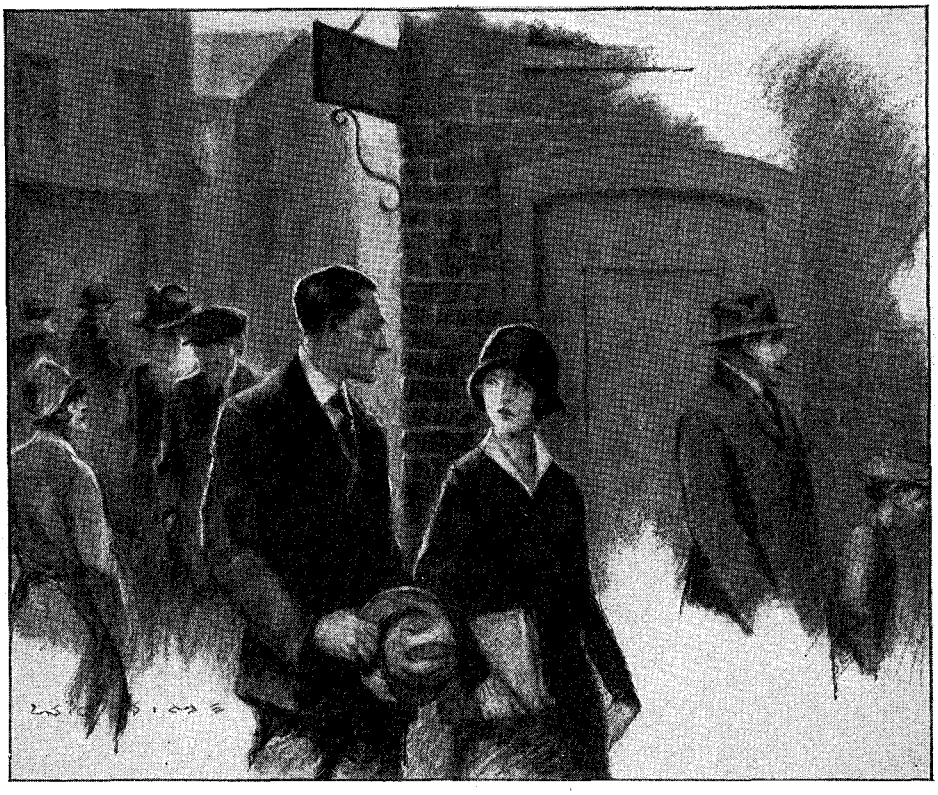
ous about it that I laughed. He shook his head, threw in the clutch, and we rattled along.

Until that morning I had never been inside Judge Biggert's house. He built it to live alone in, as he had only distant relatives, from his fee out of the adding-machine-patent case. It was the handsomest house in Covington, with great white colonial pillars in front of it and a path bordered by a box hedge. Beside the house was a formal garden which every village girl had envied and admired. It was made for petting. But no couple had ever set foot inside it, for the gates were always locked.

The interior of the house was quite as remarkable and even more alien to the village than the garden. There was a collection of snuff-boxes and old colonial prints that can't be matched in the East, although I understand there is a finer in Hollywood. The butler and servants are Japs—imported because they either couldn't or wouldn't talk to the neighbors. In the library, glaring down upon shelves filled with legal and philosophical works, is a portrait of Judge Biggert's grandfather. It is one of those trick canvases which haunts you, for the eyes seem alive and will follow you about the room.



"But now I know you won't help yourself and I can't tolerate you."—Page 159.

As Doc's car rolled up to the house I noticed the judge's limousine standing under the portico, and I understood that the New York surgeon must have arrived before us.

"Can this New York man save Judge Biggert's life?" I asked, just to make conversation.

I was not prepared for Doc's reply. "No. In his condition the operation's sure to kill him. No man of his age could hope to stand the shock."

"That's a queer taste, paying a man to come from New York to kill you," I said with a grin.

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Doc did not even smile.

A Jap was at the door. He bowed low to us. "Judge, he want you come, plenty quick."

Doc motioned me to follow him. He led the way up the grand staircase, whose treads were so highly polished they served as mirrors. I admired the luxuriousness of it, the panelled whiteness of the walls set off with a dark mahogany rail and newel post. Half-way up I paused to glance at a colored print of Aaron Burr. The thought came to me that Burr and Judge Biggert would have much in common when they met in a few hours.

A servant was holding open the door of Judge Biggert's bedroom and I saw the owner of the house. He was propped up in bed, his head and shoulders sunk deep into the pillows. There were three surgeons, already in their gauze masks, moving about the room. Several nurses were there, too, in an adjoining room, which had been thrown open. The Jap chauffeur was focussing an electric floodlight over two white enamelled operating-tables. There was a portable X-ray machine and sterilizing cabinet beside it. I recognized the paraphernalia from my acquaintance with the medical laboratories at college.

I had no chance to consider further the settings of the room, because there was Judge Biggert's face upon the pillow, his deep-set cold eyes regarding me. Whenever I hear the word "death-mask" I shudder and think of that bloated creature as I saw him in the morning sunlight.

All the evil of his life—women, liquor, avarice, cruelty, selfishness, subtle craft, and brazen daring—was printed upon his features. His head was bald as the skull in "Hamlet." But in front of it hung his face flesh, blotched with an unhealthy yellow pallor and purple spots. His shaggy eyebrows over his frozen eyes, his puffy yet transparent cheeks and colorless lips, made a weird combination of invalid and sensualist. It was, in short, a face you would hate, even in death.

"You're Peter Jameson," began the judge, glaring at me. His eyes shifted to the nearest nurse. "Bring me my teeth," he ordered in a crisp voice, although it had a sort of throaty rattle in it, too. Then he sucked in his pouchy cheeks and scowled. "I'm damned if I'll die with my teeth out."

The nurse looked toward one of the surgeons for a confirmation of the order. He inclined his masked face. She stepped into the bathroom and returned with the plates in a glass of water. They clicked as Judge Biggert's palsied hand adjusted them to his gums. I realized that it was for the last time.

"You're Peter Jameson," repeated the judge, turning his cold eyes upon me again. "You're about the healthiest animal and the dumbest lawyer we ever admitted to the bar."

I bowed to him. He was right, and even if he had not been, there was nothing to be gained by arguing the question.

"So," he continued, "I've decided to make you a success in spite of yourself. These gentlemen"—he waved his hand toward the surgeons—"will transfer my brain into your thick head. I'll give you an intelligence to match your body."

"I . . . I . . . I don't understand, sir."

"You wouldn't," he sneered. "This is Doctor Bantling and his assistants. He is the greatest brain specialist in the world. He's been preparing for this operation for three years; ever since I first conceived the idea."

"But it can't be done," I gasped, half hypnotized by those cold eyes above the loose-hung flesh of the cheeks.

"Done, you fool?" the judge stormed. "Do you think I'd risk losing a few hours of life if I didn't know it could be done? Do you suppose Doctor Bantling undertook this operation without adequate preparation? Do you think we come blundering in here as you go into court, hoping to win a case because you're good-looking?"

Doctor Bantling stopped the tirade. He stepped forward and lifted his mask so that I could see his gray beard and his delicately expressive features. Yet, I was not thinking of Doctor Bantling. I was remembering Doris Eastman's scorn and wondering what she would say if she knew this preposterous offer which they were making to me.

"Mr. Jameson," began Doctor Bantling in an even, bedside voice, "I assure you there is a much smaller margin of er-

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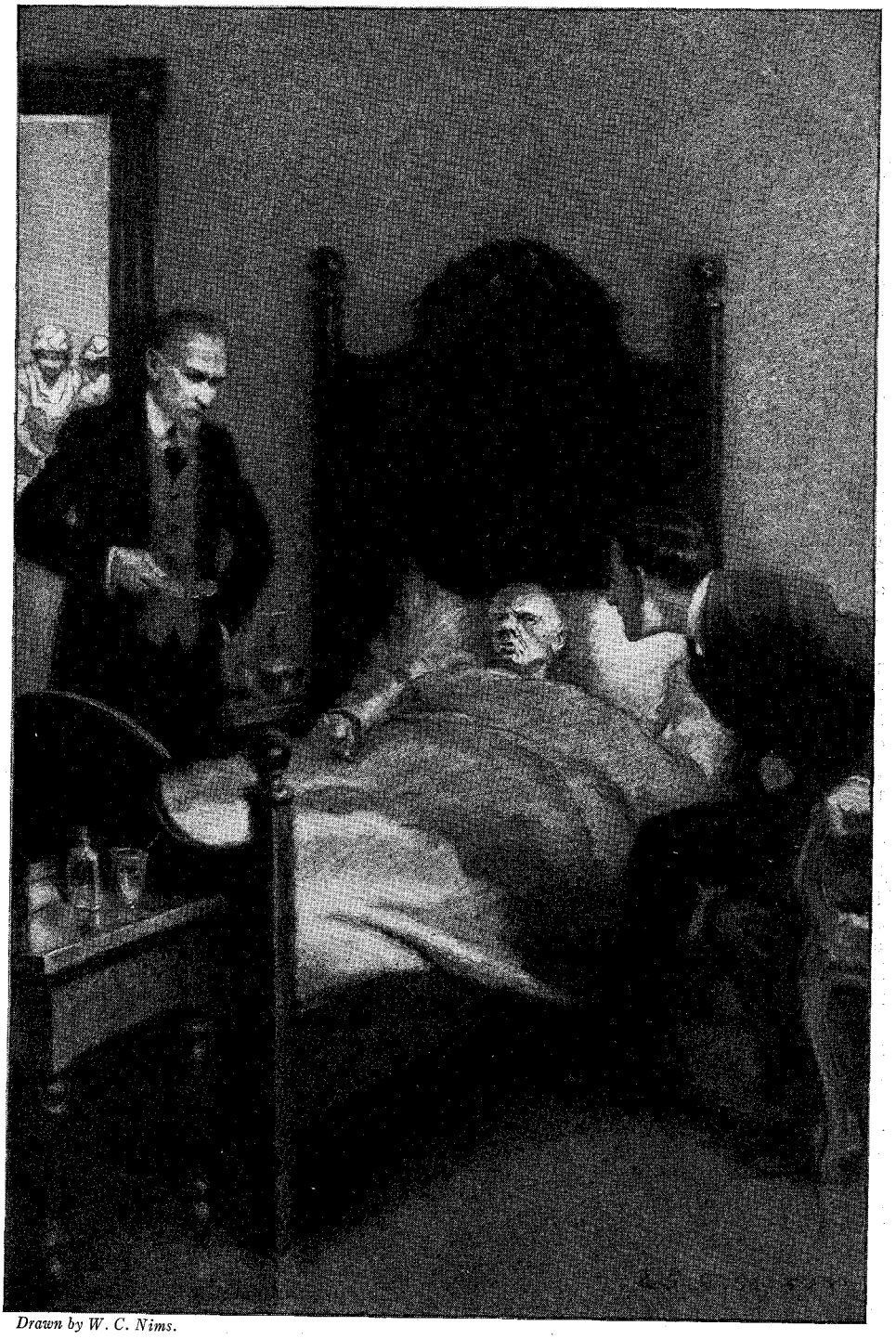

Drawn by W. C. Nims.

"Do you think I'd risk losing a few hours of life if I didn't know it could be done?"—Page 162.

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ror possible than you imagine. I know I can transplant a portion of Judge Biggert's brain into your brain-cavity. I have done it with animals."

"Never mind explaining," Judge Biggert interrupted now in a high, excited, piping voice. "This fool won't be able to understand it until my brain's in his think-box."

Doctor Bantling ignored him. "I don't suppose you know much about brain physiology?" he asked me.

I shook my head.

"Nor anything else," grunted the judge.

"If your cerebellum or medulla oblongata were seriously injured"—he pointed to the back of his own head—"if this part of the brain were injured, the action of your heart, lungs, and other vital organs would be interrupted and you would die almost instantly. If the injury affected a portion of your brain approximately here, higher up, you might become blind or your memory of visual impressions would be impaired. If the injury were in this area"—he pointed to a spot just above his ear—"you might become deaf or lose your memory for sounds; and so on with the different sensory and motor areas. Now, we don't intend to tamper with the parts of your brain controlling your vital functions or senses. . . ."

"That's kind of you," I muttered.

He took no notice of my comment, although I saw Doc Davis grin at it.

"This part of your brain"—Doctor Bantling touched his forehead—"the frontal convolutions and especially the prefrontal associational area are connected with your higher thought processes. . . ."

"Lacking in his case," snapped Judge Biggert.

"Quite frequently, during the World War, I treated soldiers who had frontal brain injuries. Considerable portions of tissue were sometimes completely destroyed, and with proper care the patients not only lived but often seemed to become normal, except for changes in their moral conduct or general modes of thinking.

"Now, to be brief, for Judge Biggert is impatient, we propose to remove a portion of the frontal area of Judge Biggert's brain before he dies and join it to your brain from which a similar area has been cut. I am certain that the two brains will grow together and become one; that the two minds will become a unified intelligence.

"Any other surgeon"—Doctor Bantling drew himself up with a touch of conscious pride—"would tell you this is impossible, that the brain tissue is the most highly organized of any living matter, and that its removal means its death. But remember that scientists have succeeded in keeping tissues of other sorts living in cultures after they had been separated from the animal's body. My method produces complicated chemical changes and actually makes the tissues grow together until they function as a single organ. I've done it with animals. I know I can knit together the brains so that Judge Biggert's mind will become your mind."

"Tell him about it when it's over," growled the judge.

"No, sir," Doc Davis interposed. "If Peter does this it will be with complete knowledge and of his own free will."

"Surely," agreed Doctor Bantling. "My professional ethics would permit no other course."

I sat there quietly.

I was stupefied. I understood Judge Biggert's reason for choosing me as a "home" for his mind. I have a physique like a gladiator's. He also knew how many debts I had contracted. He realized, just as I did, that I was desperate, ready to clutch at any straw. I was just the man for a forlorn hope . . . or an experiment in vivisection. I had everything to gain and nothing, except bankruptcy and disgrace, to lose. It may be that I thought this out at that moment as I reviewed it later, or I may have simply fallen under the spell of those hypnotic eyes.

Then I wished to shout "No!"

I wished to rush from the room. But the old judge's eyes were upon me, and I could not move. Seven persons were gathered there. They were all uniting to "will" that the operation be performed, the nurses as keen for it as the judge. My natural horror at the idea was smothered by the determination of the others. The group will was imposed upon me in ex-

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actly the same way that the thoughts of court-room spectators are imposed upon judge and jury, resulting in what the newspapers call a "popular verdict." It is the same experience that many a bride has gone through when resolved that she will never marry a man. The crowd about the altar forces her to say "yes" when she means "no"; to hold out her finger for the ring when she longs to hurl it into the smirking face of the groom.

They waited for me to speak. I could not refuse; I dared not consent.

"I'm endowing you with a brain it has taken me seventy-one years to develop. You're getting it at twenty-nine." I was startled to realize that the judge knew my age. He said it regretfully, as if he hated to be separated from his mind. "I'm not giving it to you because I like you"—he snarled out the words—"but because it will shock those damn fools at the court-house to meet my ability and my knowledge in your body. God!" I cannot express the intensity of the longing in his voice. "God! I wish I could be there to see it."

"Can't you put my brain back into his skull?" I asked timidly.

"I don't want to live if I have to do it on your mind." The judge ended his sneer with a fit of coughing.

"He's too feeble," explained Doctor Bantling. "The shock of the operation will kill him. We've waited for months so that he could live as long as possible. Now we dare not delay a minute longer."

I saw my life as a pair of dice thrown down by a desperate gambler. With the judge's mind I might win anything from Fate. I might lose and the stake was my life. I hesitated.

"Get him ready." The judge was impatient.

Doc Davis raised his hand. "Of your own free will, Peter. Only if you're willing." It was a silly thing to say when all those people were intent upon making me do as they wished. "Remember, Peter. A slip of a scalpel may kill you."

That was the deciding argument. I saw the judge's lip curl and I resolved to show him I was no physical coward.

"I'll call your bluff," I said clearly and distinctly. "The pot's worth gambling for."

Before the words were out of my mouth, and I instantly regretted them, the nurses were unlacing my shoes. My first thought was of Doris and I wished that she might have been present to hear my melodramatic speech. Then I thought of the holes in my right stocking, and I realized the nurse would see them. A sudden distaste for my poverty and professional inaptitude swept over me, a physical loathing of failure and want. Under the magnetic spell of the judge's eyes I foresaw the possibility of making a brilliant success and of marrying Doris. At that moment I wanted success more than anything else in the world. I helped the nurses slip off my clothing, as if I were impatient for the operation to begin.

Even Judge Biggert's eyes gleamed with a reluctant admiration.

"By the eternal!" he exclaimed. "You're not afraid. With my brain what a man you'll be!"

They laid me upon one of the operating-tables. Hurriedly Judge Biggert was carried to the other.

"You'll be out several months while the tissues are growing together," said Doc Davis suddenly. "What shall I do for you?"

"Write to my sister; she's all that's left of our family," I replied. "Tell Clark to look after my few cases." Then I wished to stop and write to Julia myself, but it was too late. A nurse approached with a cone that gave off the pungent odor of ether. I concluded that I might as well end it with a touch of bravado.

"Thank you, judge," I called. "I'll take good care of your brain."

Back came his thin, cackling laugh, hazy through the anæsthetic.

"This is a new kind of obstetrics," he laughed.

I took a deep breath of ether.

I saw Doris walking away from me into her office and turning to come back into my arms. Then, with a feeling of mental anguish, I remembered the story of Doctor Faust who sold his soul to the devil.

By the time I was able to see and comprehend the date on a newspaper as the nurse read it at my bedside eleven weeks had been taken from my life. Gradually

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I returned to complete consciousness and realized I was lying in Judge Biggert's room, in his bed, exactly as he had been that morning when I was called there. My head was in a sort of cast.

The dreary routine of the chamber had two merciful interruptions each day. In the morning Doc Davis took an X-ray photograph of my brain to send to Doctor Bantling, so that the great surgeon himself could see the progress I was making. In the late afternoon Doc invariably returned to talk to me.

This had happened many times before it occurred to me that I might reply to him or ask him questions. It was a peculiar feeling I experienced when I realized I had the power of speech. It may be compared only to suddenly becoming master of a foreign tongue, if one can imagine picking up an alien language in a minute. I had lain there quietly, thinking of a lawsuit, while Doc told me the village gossip. It was a sultry July afternoon.

"Almost every one has gone to the lake," said Doc casually.

"What became of Judge Biggert?" I demanded. My question astonished me, because I had had no will to speak before my lips formed the words. It made Doc jump out of his chair.

Then his face lighted up as I had never seen it before. "Thank God, you can talk, after all."

He called the day nurse. "Phone Doctor Bantling and tell him Mr. Jameson can talk." Then Doc hesitated. "Never mind. The phone is leaky. I'll write him."

"What became of Judge Biggert?" persisted my lips, almost without my own knowledge.

"He died, of course. He died. Nothing else possible."

"When?"

"Before the operation was completed."

"Did they give him a big funeral? Who were the bearers? What did Judge Kinney say?" My questions poured out.

Doc answered as fast as he could.

"And did I really get Judge Biggert's brain?" I demanded, breaking in upon him.

He looked at me strangely.

"Did I?"

"If you hadn't," Doc spoke slowly, "you wouldn't have asked me what became of him. You wouldn't have cared."

"So I have his brain and he's gone." I spoke very slowly, the potentialities of the situation developing as I looked ahead.

Doc seemed to force himself to smile. "Yes. Yes. He's gone." He paused. "Physically he's gone. I saw him buried." Then his tone changed. "You've talked enough for to-day. I'll let you ask questions for half an hour to-morrow, if you'll be quiet until then."

The next afternoon I was almost beside myself with impatience.

"Tell me about the operation," was my first order. The question roused every atom of his professional instinct.

"It was a marvel. And to think I was fortunate enough to see it! He cut open your skull, Peter. Some day, when you're stronger, I'll show you the X-rays of it and explain the details. In the meantime Judge Biggert had died. So they had to work desperately fast. He cut out a portion of the frontal convolutions of your cerebral cortex. The other surgeon, the assistant, had done the same to Judge Biggert. Then Doctor Bantling made the transfer. Before I could believe my eyes Judge Biggert's brain was in place in your skull. Damn it. He's a real surgeon. I wish Doctor Bantling would leave his brain to me."

"If you're renting bust space in the Hall of Fame," I replied easily, "why forget the judge and me? The doctor experimented on us, not on himself. That's the way with you stomach plumbers. You can bury the evidence against you and advertise your good luck. My hat's off to the victims. If I could handle the law on the same basis I'd brag I never lost a case and no one could prove I lied until Resurrection Day."

Doc's expression was a study. His mouth twisted as if he didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

"Nobody knows a doctor's mistakes until Resurrection Dav." he repeated stupidly.

"Isn't it so?"

"You don't understand. Your mind is working just as his did. That's the very phrase he used the morning before I went

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to the court-house to find you. The very same words he used, and I swear that you sneered just as the judge did."

"Why not? I'm his mind. Did you fancy it would behave differently because it had a good-looking face in front of it?"

"Peter"—Doc spoke with genuine concern—"it hurts me because you're not my friend any more. You're not you."

"What of it? You've changed me for a good cash patient. Better than a dozen friends."

"You wouldn't have said that before this happened."

"I wouldn't have known enough."

Doc was depressed when he went away.

The news that I could talk brought Doctor Bantling for a visit. He wished to see the progress I was making. I enjoyed hours of conversation with him and was delighted when he and Doc decided that I could read as much as I liked. But I found that certain avenues of entertainment were now closed to me.

For instance, I had followed sports, particularly baseball, and always turned to the sporting pages as soon as I seized a morning paper. This was no longer true. On the other hand, I became a keen student of international politics. I asked Doc to subscribe to the London *Times* for me, and I read the ponderous expositions upon the League of Nations with a very real appreciation of the points involved.

One day I told the nurse to bring me some adventure stories. I had delighted in them. Her choice was a new volume of detective yarns which she had been reading herself. Of their kind, they were very good indeed. In the old days I would have read the book from cover to cover. But I could not interest myself in them, and, without knowing why, for I was scarcely familiar with the title, I asked for Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary." I found the page margins fairly covered with pencilled notes and comments in the judge's handwriting. I read it for hours with the keenest enjoyment.

I mentioned this incident to Doctor Bantling and Doc Davis the next day, and they nodded a mutual "I told you so" to each other.

"Your mind is now seventy-odd years old," said Doctor Bantling. "You don't care for these modern writers because your mind is so much more brilliant than theirs. You see the solution before the premise is stated. I fancy there are not more than six or seven writers you'll care to bother with."

As I have learned since, he was right. Voltaire, Ibsen, Tom Paine, Franklin, Gibbon, Guizot, Thackeray, Balzac, Schopenhauer, Turgenieff hold my attention. Naturally I was familiar with the idea of a changed or dual personality as it has been developed by novelists. The writers are all fools. It is easy to see the thing has never happened to them. No man's imagination is fantastic enough to conjure up the contradictions I found within myself at every turn.

Judge Biggert's reasoning power I certainly inherited or acquired, put it any way you like. But I received no part of his memory. I could infer where a reference should be found and, turning there, would see the passage marked. But I could not recall having marked it or having read it before.

When Doctor Bantling placed so many ounces of brain tissue in my skull, he seemed to have picked the "forward-looking" portion of the judge's brain and left the memory-cells to perish with the other units of the old man's body. Doctor Bantling admitted that this result was largely accidental and could not have been foreseen.

Adventurers talk of the fascination of the unknown jungles of the Amazon country. I cannot understand their interest. The really absorbing field for exploration lies in the bewildering tangle of nerve-cells and fibres in the human brain, so many of them that it would take the lifetime of a dozen Methuselahs to count them.

It was while I was talking to the two doctors about this that I suddenly remembered my own tangled affairs.

"How are things at my office?" I asked Doc. "Did the bank extend my note? And that board bill. I don't like to keep the poor woman waiting."

"Oh, that's all taken care of," he replied. "I'm the judge's executor."

"Don't you have to account for it?"

"Do you want me to account to you?" Doc laughed. "You're the sole heir."

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"His heir?" I was thunderstruck. "So this house, his car, his money, everything, all belongs to me?"

I simply could not believe it. I, Peter Jameson, had fallen into a fortune and had not been conscious of it—I, who had shined my own shoes and smoked cigars only on holidays.

"Certainly," Doctor Bantling spoke. "I supposed you knew. He had no near relatives and everything went to you. The will was offered for probate two weeks after the funeral."

"What made you think I knew? You never told me and I've seen no one else."

Doc looked at Bantling perplexed. "I wonder why we didn't. I suppose it is because he seemed so close to the judge's thoughts in many ways that we took it for granted he sensed it."

Doctor Bantling began to speak. "The judge left the property to you because he didn't want your mind, I mean his mind, occupied with the problem of making a living. He anticipated that you'd achieve a national reputation sooner if you were not bothered with bread-and-butter details. That is really the secret of it all. He knew he had the ability to become an international figure, but his earlier years were spoiled by the drudgery of making a living. When he had a comfortable income assured he was physically too old to chase fame. His idea was that you were to continue where he left off. Since you have his fortune you can afford to take cases that won't pay but which will bring you reputation."

"So all I have to worry about is yellow cabs on crosswalks," I returned. "There must be a catch to this somewhere, but I don't see it."

"Peter," said Doc earnestly, "it's your salvation that you don't see it now and never will."

Except the doctors, my first caller was Doris Eastman. I had forgotten all about her until one evening Doc Davis arranged to have her admitted without warning me in advance. The sentimental old fool knew how I had urged her to use me for dog meat in the past and he supposed he was doing me a real favor in bringing us together again.

With an indecent lack of preamble she began to discuss my new possessions. "You've inherited everything?" she asked. "House, collections, and all?"

"Yes."

"Tell me about it."

"What you want is an inventory of my effects." Without another word I reached for pad and pencil and paid no further attention to her until I had listed all the judge's possessions that I could remember. Then I passed the sheet to her.

"This may give you a rough idea, but you'll have to see the appraisers to get an accurate valuation. Sorry I can't give you a list of the stocks, bonds, and securities. I don't know anything about them myself yet. Suppose I drop a line to the executor and ask him to furnish you a certified copy of the list."

She gasped. "Why, Peter. Surely you don't think that I . . . what makes you talk so strangely?" Her face was a study.

"I just wanted to assure you that I have enough to keep a wife in any kind of pernicious leisure she chooses to be maintained in."

"Peter, what do you mean?"

If I had wanted a decorative mistress as a wife I would have bought her then. She so obviously expected me to bid for her.

I admire a woman who goes after the man she wants with intelligence and finesse; but Doris was bungling her own job and making herself ludicrous.

"Not only can I afford to keep a wife, but I can afford to divorce her and pay alimony."

That made her start again. "You're thinking about a divorce before you're even married?"

"Those are the only terms I would think of a wife in."

"I don't like to hear you talk that way." Her tone was grieved and angry. Having no more sense of humor than an owl, satire and sarcasm were beyond her. Since she could not understand them, she resented them.

After a few minutes she made another attack.

"With all this property to care for I can understand how you'll need some one to help you, especially at first, before you're strong again. Although I admit you've improved as a business man."

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"As a business proposition is what you mean."

"Peter, I believe you're clever, although I never used to think so."

"I seem to recall that you expressed your opinion on that subject once before."

I laughed to myself as I realized that she was patronizing Judge Biggert's intelligence. She continued to talk about my future, but I did not bother to listen. She is a pretty animal, clear-skinned, bright-eyed, and clever with her clothes. Outside she is crisp and exquisite enough, but it is only outside. Her mind is dowdy.

At last she looked at her wrist-watch and rose to go. "The doctor said I must not stay too long and tire you," she said with a great air of solicitude. Then she waited to have me assure her that I wished her to stay.

I remained silent.

"I'll come again soon; that is, of course, if you want me to." Her tone was a nice combination of eagerness, hope, entreaty, concern, with just a touch of her old air of assurance which I once admired and envied. It was the best bit of work she had done that evening.

"You're quite right when you suggest I need another person to help me," I began.

"Another person?" she blushed. The little fool thought I was working up to a proposal, as I had so often worked up to them before.

"Yes."

"What kind of a person?"

"Any kind. Man or woman, who's intelligent and interesting to talk to."

"I wonder if I know any one," said she to encourage me.

"I doubt it," I replied, "because you bore me. Good night."

There is not even any sport in tormenting as second-rate an intelligence as hers. She might be good enough for Peter Jameson, but Judge Biggert's mind considered her subnormal.

"Why, Peter. Surely you don't think that I . . . what makes you talk so strangely?"—Page 168.

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Baby Girl

BY BROOKE HANLON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARVÉ STEIN

THE difficult thing for us, here in Merivale, has always been to look at Margaret and Martin Jessup together, and to try to figure what it was that got them into the state of matrimony. It must be one of those matters governed by the moon or the stars, the marriages of bluff, kindly fellows like Martin. You'll see them wedded to little, acid lemon wives, or big, wholesome apple wives, or slender fragrant-flower wives, or unprepossessing dried-fruit wives, without their seeming to have any uniformity of type sense at all. One thing only they have in common. Invariably they christen her, whether lush, citrous, or dried fruit—invariably they christen her Baby Girl and set out to wait on her.

Martin Jessup must always have been the perfect pattern of the type. He probably treated Margaret before marriage like a three-months-old baby, cuddling her, trying to make her smile, and keeping an alert eye for bumps and draughts. At marriage—twenty years ago!—he doubtless promoted her into the six-months-old class, and there she is to this day. He still waits on her, still shields her from bumps and draughts, still laughs hugely when he can coax her to smile. He may be said now and then to set her up, figuratively speaking, in her carriage or high chair and say to her playfully, "Look here, young lady, isn't it about time you learned to sit up alone?" He may go this far, in the privacy of their own dwelling, but the likelihood is that he merely laughs hugely when his baby plumps immediately over again with a frightened baby stare which says plainer than words can speak that she cannot, no, she really cannot learn to sit up alone. She threatens to cry. He cuddles her. She's his Baby Girl, and he's abused her!

Trust the Women's Club to know all about it. We've pooled our observations, and we know. Margaret Jessup was twenty-seven when Martin married her, and she's forty-seven now. They've lived in our town twelve years and she hasn't changed a bit in that time, except for fading out a little. She came to us a Baby Girl and a Baby Girl she is to this day.

It took our breath away at first, the discovery. I remember how we all sat in Lydia Chatman's living-room on the day of the reception tea for Margaret Jessup. Some of us had called on her and tongues were discreetly busy. It was considerate of her to be a little late! We decided among ourselves that Margaret was going to be a big asset to the club.

"You can tell she's an executive by that forehead," Lydia Chatman said placidly. Lydia is of all our members the one least inclined to be an executive.

"Her very hands look capable," said Peg Effingham, looking at her own small, white, plump hands ruefully, if a little fondly.

"She's imposing. She has presence," put in Agnes Wright curtly. "One can just see her paralyzing the school board into giving us the hall for half price, or even nothing. She's that type of woman, and that's the type we need." Agnes looked around rather accusingly.

"Oh, any one can see she'll be useful." Anne Miller voiced the general opinion. "You can't mistake that look of intelligence. She has fine eyes."

It was at this point that a taxi appeared down at the end of the Chatman walk. A taxi! The discussion of Margaret Jessup was dropped and we looked at Lydia inquiringly. That meant some one from out of town. When our town women went to the city they used taxis, of

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course, but no Merivale native used them otherwise, unless upon coming back to town on the theatre train, or something like that. We all looked at Lydia, and then we all looked out at the taxi. For-

rain that you liked to turn your face up to, and possibly wore your second-best suit for, but not, certainly, a rain to call forth taxis. Not, at any rate, a rain to call forth galoshes.

He interrupted countless club meetings, bridge sessions, and teas with his phone calls.—Page 172.

tunately Lydia's front windows are large and wide; we could see without moving, or seeming to be too curious. A raincoat-swathed and galoshed figure got out of that cab and immediately popped an umbrella up, so that we couldn't see her face. We looked at one another and restrained smiles with difficulty. Of course it was raining a little, a fine, powdery spring

Lydia went out to receive her guest. It was Margaret Jessup. We couldn't help hearing and we looked at one another in amazement. Was that fine, intelligent-looking person tittering, out there in the hall?

Oh, she'd tried to get Martin to come from the office with the car—we heard. But oh, he hadn't been able to leave.

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He'd insisted on the taxi, however. Had actually rung her back to remind her about raincoat and things, for between the taxi and the door. She did hope she hadn't kept the meeting back. She was really in now, divested of raincoat and galoshes and, yes, actually tittering.

"I must warn you, I really can't be put on committees—" She looked around at us out of those fine, intelligent gray eyes with something of a simper. "Martin's really very firm about that. He's afraid it will tire me. He's very foolish in his care of me, I'm afraid." She looked about at us, patently thrilled at Martin's care of her, and patently expecting us to be thrilled, too. And that tittering. It sat so oddly upon her firm, long countenance. It did so oddly top off her lean, upright figure. We could see that it was a tradition, Martin's care. We'd known her but a few minutes, but already we could see that.

We swallowed hard, as a club, and prepared to be philosophical. You learn to expect everything, in a women's club, and to be philosophical about many things. We all have our mannerisms, we probably thought to ourselves, that afternoon. A woman can have her little affectations and still measure up, so we consoled ourselves. Practically all of our members had something in their personalities that we were moved to smile quietly over when two or three of us got together. There were by-paths in the natures of all of us where one had to walk carefully. We had but stumbled prematurely upon one in Margaret Jessup's nature. Well, we'd overlook it, and make the most of the executive gifts she most obviously had.

It was a long time, in that Women's Club, before we came down to accepting the fact that Margaret had no executive gifts. We were slow to see it, and were loath to admit it. There was the evidence of our eyes against it—that high, intelligent brow and those clear, brainy eyes, and that upright, assured figure.

But nothing behind it all. No, really, nothing to back it all up. We tried for months to break through to the Margaret Jessup our imaginations had brought into being, but in vain. We hoped for months to come upon her when it wasn't raining, or it wasn't too cold, or it wasn't too warm, or Martin hadn't thought she'd been overdoing with the housework that week. Our dream of an ideal committee woman died hard, but die it did, eventually. Margaret had no wish to escape from Martin's foolish care of her. She gloried in it. We had to accept that, at length.

Martin brought her breakfast to her in bed every morning, we learned. He carried her up-stairs nights, when she had one of her headaches. He interrupted countless club meetings, bridge sessions, and teas with his phone calls. Solicitudes? He was full of them.

How many times we sat, studying our cards, waiting for her, trying not to smile! She'd go at that tittering, out at the phone. Really— We'd stare at our cards. Did we really have a no-trump bid, after all? Yes, of course Martin was to bring the car for her. H'm, jack high in hearts, but— No, her head wasn't a bit better. Yes, she was taking care. Perhaps she would come home early. A tittering farewell.

Really, you would have thought that, at forty-seven, and after twenty years of it, the thrill would have in a measure gone out. But Margaret always came back to us thrilled and triumphant. We hadn't heard that "Baby Girl," but it would ring in our ears.

We handled ourselves rather well, on the whole. Only, one afternoon when Ed Miller called Anne to tell her that the kitchen was on fire she snapped him off short before he had time to say a word. We all laughed, later, to learn that the kitchen really had been on fire.

I remember our last struggle against complete surrender, in the club. If Margaret couldn't be put on committees, she could at least be invited in by a committee, and her appearance made use of, we thought. So for a time we attempted to make use of that really magnificent committee appearance. We'd invite Margaret for a drive on a beautiful afternoon and then recollect suddenly that three of us happened to comprise the committee on the dance for the High School Girls' Junior Civic Club, for instance. We'd laugh at this coincidence, and then suggest that if Margaret had no objections we'd just run in to see the

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Drawn by Harvé Stein.

She could keep Martin jumping up and down all evening, plumping cushions into place, patting them, or her, tenderly, dashing back again to his hand.—Page 176.

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Tea was served, just as we had planned. We sat about informally, just as we had planned,

secretary of the board about renting the school hall. We'd be full of guile, and Margaret would march in with us, looking for all the world like a particularly aggressive chairman. The secretary would greet us all, but it would be Margaret to whom he'd look inquiringly, and respectfully! Ah, if one of us could have brought that look of respect into a school-board secretary's eyes! We'd hold our breaths. Was the ruse going to work? The secretary looking at Margaret, she knowing all about our mission, all of us refusing to say a word— She'd have to talk, we'd assure ourselves. Then, with the official's eyes upon her and his head tilted attentively toward her, Margaret would release that titter. Her classic features would dissolve in the Baby Girl smile.

We'd rush haplessly into the breach, of course, but it would be too late. The man would lean back in his chair. No, he'd tell us suavely but firmly, they could make no concessions. We must remember we were but one of a dozen clubs in town.

We'd file out, defeated. There'd be something vicious in the way Lydia Chatman would slam the doors of her big sedan to, and Marion Peebles would sink down in the cushions, get out her vanity

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all of us in our newest frocks, and most of us with fresh marcels and facials.—Page 177.

box, and giggle in its shelter. Marion always got a lot of fun out of every occasion, but Margaret Jessup was her pet delight.

Marion used to drag her husband to the Jessups' for cards, evenings, when she was feeling low. She claimed an evening of hearing Margaret Baby Girled would set her up for a week. The rest of us found an evening with the Jessups not quite so much of a tonic, however. Our sense of humor wasn't likely to be up to it, very often.

The easiest chair at the Jessups', you see, was always for Margaret. You might sit about the Jessup card-table on hard, straight-back chairs for a three-hour session of bridge, but your hostess would invariably have an easy chair drawn up for her by her husband, cushions heaped at her back. Of course, he'd offer to perform these same offices for you, but you refused curtly. You knew it for a mere empty courtesy, the offer. You weren't his Baby Girl. And the sight of Margaret among the cushions, moreover, had a way of stiffening your backbone. Husbands didn't always know why they were snapped at, on Jessup evenings. If your own husband so much as attempted a gallantry, you snapped at him. The Baby Girling affected you that way.

And the way Margaret Jessup could

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drop those cushions! The way she could work them out from behind her in that great easy chair, and get them to the floor—you'd have wondered at it! We all did. She could keep Martin jumping up and down all evening, plumping cushions into place, patting them, or her, tenderly, dashing back again to his hand.

At which times Margaret would never once neglect to let that triumphant smile flash out and call our attention to this very foolish devotion that was Martin's.

She was forty-seven! This had been going on for twenty years!

No, an evening at the Jessups' might have been a tonic for Marion Peebles; for the rest of us it was an ordeal.

She played bridge to lose, too, Margaret did. The object was to have Martin pet her up and Baby Girl her, after the game. She'd pass, innocently, on a perfect hand and bid, recklessly, seraphically, on nothing at all.

Martin's huge laugh would follow. Blustering, amused, he'd ask: "What did you bid on, Baby Girl?"

"Why, Martin, I thought—" She'd flounder helplessly.

He'd laugh heartily once more and we'd bite our lips, resolving that never again, no, never—no matter how insistent our husband, who liked Martin Jessup, might be—would we come again to that house.

It took Marion Peebles to mimic the Jessups. Marion had the club in convulsions, I remember, after her first evening there. She could take off Martin Jessup's jumping up and down and cushion-plumping. She could take off his fatuous expression and his solicitous voice. She could make us see upright Margaret Jessup accepting all this incense with a starry gaze which called upon us all to witness this surpassing devotion, this foolish care of her. Marion could make us see Margaret Jessup playing this wrong card with a Baby Girl flutter, and holding that right one back with a Baby Girl stare at Martin. Marion could make us see Martin petting her, and laughing at her when she invariably did lose. His Baby Girl! The intricacies of bridge were beyond her, of course. He'd pat her and grin at her fondly as they'd stand at the door taking leave of us.

"That woman knows bridge," Marion Peebles often declared. "She couldn't make all those brilliant mistakes by accident!"

But we laughed at this version. We didn't believe that Margaret had guile. She was a simple Baby Girl soul strayed by some accident of the gods into a committee-chairman body, we decided after twelve years' experience of her. And which of these could you hold against her? Not her soul, surely—we aren't to be held responsible for those. And not her body, surely, for what that Margaret Jessup could have done would have placed dimples in her long, narrow cheeks, or a wave in her coarse black hair? What that Margaret could have done would have lessened her height one inch, or decreased that imposing presence one iota? Could a woman be held responsible for the semblance of executive ability that sat on her brow, for the semblance of braininess that looked out of her eyes. No, certainly, Margaret was Martin's Baby Girl. And, incidentally, she was the most useless member of the club.

We accepted her as that, after twelve years. And when new women come into Merivale now, and begin making up to Margaret Jessup as—obviously!—the most influential member of the Women's Club, we just sit back and smile, we Women's Club women. We sit back and smile, and smile. All of us, that is, excepting Marion Peebles. And Marion Peebles giggles.

That's the way things were with us, that is, this time last month.

This time last month an influential woman came to our town. If I could tell you her name, and you came from her State, you'd know at once that I am right in calling her an influential woman.

Our club was all agog, of course. We'd turned ourselves and our town inside out to welcome near-celebrities; whatever could we do to honor fittingly this genuine one?

It was Lydia Chatman who made the winning suggestion. Some of us thought Lydia's laziness was behind it, but her plan did sound sensible. We were all tired out from three days of entertaining a near-author whom the books committee

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had foisted upon us the week before and we fell in readily with Lydia's scheme of just holding an informal meeting at her home. The idea was to have this influential person deliver an informal talk, telling us woman to woman what she thought our club ought to be doing.

Lydia's plan sounded restful to us, after the time we'd had with that near-author. Lydia knew how to hold an affair of this sort, too. We'd all turn out, wearing our best afternoon dresses. We'd sip tea, with lemon, served from Lydia's massive silver service. We weren't an unprepossessing club, gotten together for a gala occasion like this one, we flattered ourselves. We hoped, or rather began to hope, that Margaret Jessup would see fit, this once, to spare us that conversation with Martin. We began to hope this, and then caught ourselves up with a smile. But, of course— We'd forgotten for a moment that this influential person came from Margaret Jessup's own town, and still kept up a home in Harford, they said. She was just about Margaret's age, too. No doubt they'd been girls together. The famous woman would stoop to enjoy the bit of local color that would be Margaret's telephone conversation with Martin, probably. Knowing Margaret of old, she might be moved to exchange a quiet laugh with us over it. We passed from hoping Martin wouldn't, to rather hoping he would call!

But we needn't have worried, one way or another. Margaret Jessup didn't come to that informal meeting at Lydia's. She never came near that meeting. She was the only member who didn't turn out to honor this biggest celebrity we'd ever had. Marion Peebles murmured something to the effect that probably Martin had feared the proximity of so much fame might bring on one of Margaret's headaches.

Tea was served, just as we had planned. We sat about informally, just as we had planned, all of us in our newest frocks, and most of us with fresh marcels and facials. We looked unusually well, our congratulatory glances told one another. We looked quite as smart as she did, this visiting celebrity!

Yes, everything was going as we had planned. And now for that illuminating informal talk. We sat frantically rehearsing the leading questions which we hoped to have an opportunity to intersperse in the talk. Frantically we rehearsed them, those questions which were calculated to show her that we might be home women, we might be small-town women, but our minds were active—surprisingly so!

We needn't have rehearsed.

We had no opportunity to question on any subject on which we had crammed.

The talk was all of Margaret Jessup!

The celebrity looked about with a puzzled glance from time to time, while tea was being served. "Isn't Margaret Jessup here?" she inquired at length. We had to tell her, half-smiling, that Margaret was not there.

"I'm disappointed," the visitor said. She stirred her tea thoughtfully. "I'd hoped to see her here."

We expressed concern.

"But it's just as well—" The visitor brightened. "It's just as well she isn't here. It gives you all an opportunity to tell me what Margaret's been doing."

What Margaret had been doing! We stared at one another.

"It's going to be something to hear," the woman exulted. "She's been here twelve years! What Margaret Ames—I mean Jessup—wouldn't do penned up in a little town like this for twelve years," she marvelled, smiling reminiscently. "Now that Margaret's not here—no, really not here—" again that disappointed glance around—"you must tell me what she's been doing. All of it."

You can imagine the state of our minds. What had Margaret Jessup been doing? What had she been doing, besides being Baby Girled and having cushions plumped? Nothing, that we knew.

The famous woman was still smiling reminiscently and acute stage fright seized us suddenly. We were untrained actors sent out on the boards with no knowledge of our lines. Desperately Lydia began pouring tea into our already filled cups. That was all right for Lydia, but for the rest of us—what?

But, after all, we were spared telling what Margaret had been doing. The great lady had merely been looking for an opening. She didn't at all want us to tell

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her what Margaret had been doing for our town. She only wanted, that distinguished personage, to tell us what Margaret Ames, now Jessup, had done for her town. What Margaret Ames had done for Harford!

We sat stunned.

"Margaret was the wonder of Harford from her cradle days," our visitor said, almost reverently. "She was the middle one of five children, you see, and the rest all boys. Her mother died when Margaret was but thirteen. They hadn't much money. Well, you won't believe me, but little thirteen-year-old Margaret Ames took hold of that poverty-stricken family, and held it together, and went to school— But of course you will believe me, knowing Margaret—" our visitor smiled at us. "She went to school, and kept those good-for-nothing boys in school, and cleaned and mended and shined them, too— Oh, yes—that!——

"Yes, she was the wonder of the town. She pegged on at those boys, and kept her invalid father on his feet, and nursed them all through a hundred sicknesses, and waited on her father hand and foot the last three years of his life——"

Our visitor took breath——

"Yes, she mothered them all. She babied them all, you might say——"

We gasped discreetly. She *babied* them all!

"She made men out of those brothers of hers, all right. Not satisfied when they got through high school, she took a rooming-house with her father's meagre insurance—ours is a university town—and put those boys through college! Gave every one of them a profession! Drove them to their books, and out scouting for odd jobs besides. But wait——"

Our visitor paused dramatically. We waited.

"You're picturing a little household drudge, aren't you? You're picturing a little grubbing machine? Well, you're wrong!" She laughed richly, as at our astonishment. "Margaret Ames was always triumphant. Always riding over obstacles. Always conquering circumstances. With all this she yet had time to keep herself up. It was marvellous. At twenty-three she organized the Women's Club in our town. Committees! She lived on committees. Chairman of the committee that put across the free library, and made the school conform with the fire laws, and cleaned up the poor farm— Well——"

The celebrity had another cup of tea. She acknowledged it with a gracious smile. She was off on her hobby again——

"She organized the first bridge club in our town, Margaret did. And how that girl could play bridge! It was new, then, in Harford. She gave lessons."

A pause. And at every pause we grew weaker.

"Well—with all this Margaret found time to take an evening course in law at the university. She was almost ready for her bar examination when this—this marriage took place. A shame, we all thought. Margaret isn't the type you'd think of as taking to marriage, is she? We'd expected her to go into State work. Margaret is a born executive——"

A pause. A long pause, this time. We didn't dare look at one another.

"But our town's loss was your town's gain—" She smiled about at us brightly. "Just what sort of man did Margaret marry, by the way? I've often wondered. It all happened so quick——"

Another long pause. An awful silence. A too long silence. What was one to say? Who was to say it?

Marion Peebles said it. We knew that look in Marion's eyes. It meant a storm of laughter pent up, and threatening to break out in a deluge. We looked at Marion anxiously. Could she hold it?

"An—an influential man," Marion said in a suppressed sort of voice.

"Influential?" Our guest frowned. "Jessup, Jessup," she said to herself thoughtfully.

"Marion, dear," Lydia put in smoothly, "you didn't mean 'influential,' exactly, did you?"

"Well—" Marion's composure was going fast. "Well, he has—he has had—I mean, he's had a sort of influence over Margaret, don't you think?"

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The Playful Stevenson

BY EDWARD W. BOK

I HAD been sent, as a messenger, to Robert Louis Stevenson's rooms with some proofs for correction, with instructions to wait until he went over them.

It was Stevenson's custom, while making corrections, to ask questions which, considering my youth and inexperience, I knew I was not expected to answer. It was his habit, at such times, to think aloud.

Upon this particular occasion he glanced up and, looking at me, asked: "Do you think whether is all right there?" as he read a sentence.

Wanting to be sure of his question, I asked: "Whether whether is?"

He smiled. "That is a delicious sentence, 'Whether whether is'!" he repeated. "Can't beat it."

"Perhaps I should have said 'if whether is'," I suggested.

"'If whether is'," he echoed. "Fine. That's another. Here," he said as he dropped his proofs. "Let's have a game. Let's each think up the queerest sentence he can frame."

"I would come out second best," I confessed.

"Why?" he smilingly asked.

"Because I am using a foreign tongue when I write or speak in English," I said, adding I was born in the Netherlands.

"Well," he rejoined, "how about me? I was born in Scotland. That's just as foreign. If you were to talk Dutch, I could, I think, follow you. But if I were to talk Scotch, where would you be? How do you do when you write? Don't you need grammar in advertisements?"

"Well," I answered, "I am afraid my advertisements won't stand too hard a test."

"You write the advertisements for the house, don't you?" he asked.

I told him I tried to write some of them, whereupon he said: "Well, the next time I see a Scribner advertisement I'll notice the grammar, and see how good or bad it is. Hand me that book a moment, will you please?" he ended.

He was in bed. I handed him the book he pointed to: Roget's Thesaurus.

"Well, I'm not a shark on grammar, either," he surprised me by saying. "Had a fearful time with it when I went to school. Can't get the rules of grammar straight in my head yet," he went on. "And as to spelling, I get worse and worse. I wrestled ten minutes the other day with normal, and then finally had to look it up to be sure it was spelled with an a. Got it firmly in my head that it went with an e. You're not as bad as that, are you?"

"Not quite," I assured him.

"Which do you like better, if or whether?" was his next question, as he scanned the Roget page.

"Always the shorter the word the better, I was taught," I answered.

"Not a bad rule when you know the shorter one," he returned. "Well, let's play safe and take 'if' this time."

As I was leaving his room, he asked: "Mail this, will you, like a good fellow?" handing me a letter. "Curious request, that," he added, pointing to the letter, "an unusual autograph request. Wanted me to write out for him my real name."

"Your real name?" I couldn't help repeating with some surprise.

"Yes, my baptismal name. Can't imagine why he wants it," he said with a smile. "I had another name up to eighteen. Didn't you know that?"

"No, I did not," I said.

"No?" he smilingly queried. "Well, I did. Look it up and see if I'm not right. Give you something to do to find out what it was."

II

A DAY or two afterward, while at work in the office, I heard a voice behind me

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call out: "Well, how is whether whether is this morning?"

And, with every one looking on plainly puzzled, Stevenson said: "That's our little secret: whether whether is. Read one of your advertisements this morning," he added. "Nothing the matter with it at all. Not a Dutch word in it."

"A Dutch word?" curiously asked Mr. Burlingame, the editor of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, who was standing by.

"Yes," replied Stevenson, his eyes all atwinkle as he winked at me. "Didn't you know that the SCRIBNER advertisements had Dutch words in them sometimes? For a fact. By the way, Burlingame, do you know whether whether is?"

"What the weather is?" asked Mr. Burlingame.

"Not at all," as he smiled broadly. "Whether whether is, or if whether is?

"You see," said Stevenson, as he turned to me, "he doesn't know, either, and he an editor. We're not so bad, after all."

Then, sidling a bit closer to me, he asked: "Well, did you find out about my real name?"

I said I had.

"Quite right," he answered. "But, s-h-h, don't tell anybody," he laughingly added as he joined Mr. Burlingame.

"Another secret between us," he threw over his shoulder to me.

III

THAT was the real Stevenson,—always kindly: ever playful.

Another Glimpse of R. L. S.

BY JAMES B. CARRINGTON

I DIDN'T know him, never met him to speak to him, but I saw him several times the year he landed in New York, and later it was my privilege to read the office-proofs of some of his essays, stories, and poems.

The first time I saw him was when I passed him on Broadway, near Astor Place, on his way to the offices of his future publishers, and the firm that made it possible for him to go to the Adirondacks with the ease of mind that came from the assurance of a comfortable income. I had seen prints of him, and when I passed a tallish thin man, sallow of complexion, with long black hair, dressed very much like an English sailor or working-man, I turned and followed, for I knew the man was Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was just then a literary sensation.

I had read the story in the cheap pirated edition with paper covers that bore the imprint of a firm of pious gentlemen who made it possible for the poor in purse to read many of the contemporary foreign best-sellers.

I saw the author several times later when he came into the office of the magazine for which he was to write the series of end-papers that included the beautiful "Christmas Sermon."

It was my duty and pleasure to have to read the proofs of this and other of his contributions to the magazine that have become such a treasured part of our literature.

I remember how I used to read with fear and trembling, for Stevenson was a difficult problem for any mere proof-reader, and his copy was often obscure and hard to decipher. He insisted upon breaking many of the rules of punctuation supposed to be perfectly good in all well-regulated printing-offices, and he had a faculty for searching out unusual words that our old copy of Worcester's Dictionary, Mr. Burlingame's standard at the time, had overlooked. Never a comma or a period was to be changed, nor a word spelled otherwise than as in the copy.

I can still recall the awful feeling of guilt that possessed me when I was handed

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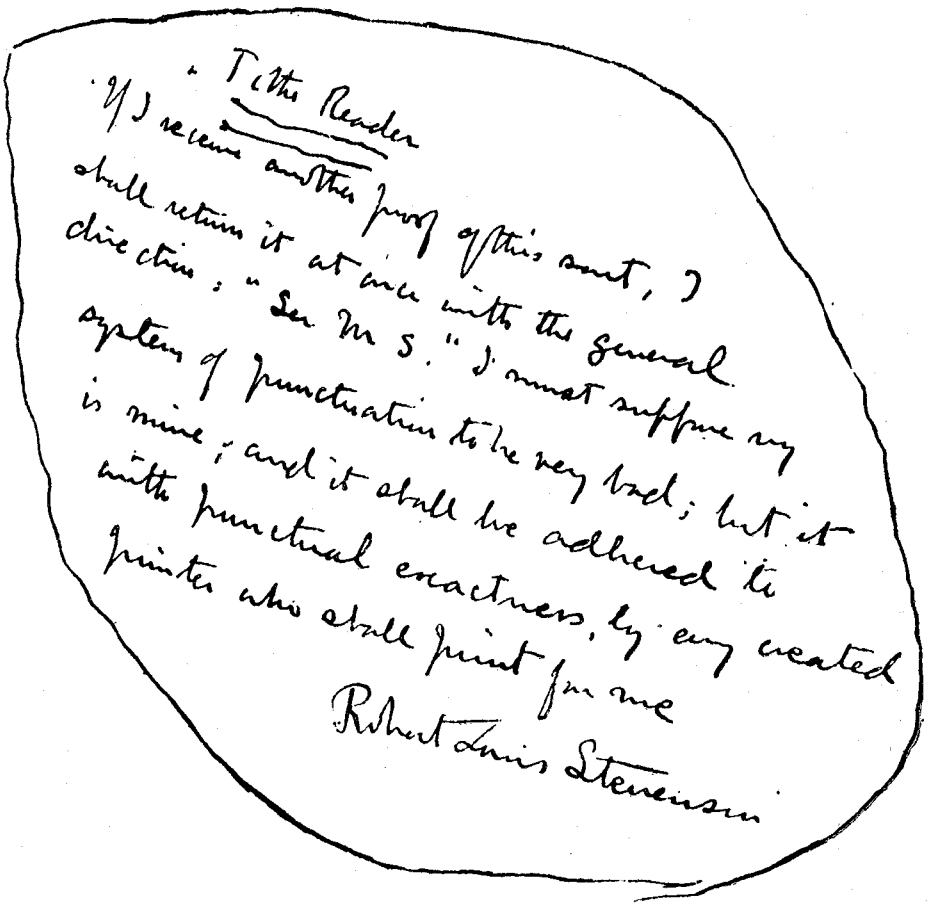
one day the following terse, and to the point, memorandum, written on a half-sheet of note-paper. It began in the upper left-hand corner and ran down to the bottom of the right, and was surrounded by a circle. A circle that had an emphasis


"To the Reader
If I receive another proof of this sort, I
shall return it at once with the general
direction: "See Ms." I must suppose my
system of punctuation to be very bad; but it
is mine; and it shall be adhered to
with punctual exactness, by every created
printer who shall print for me
Robert Louis Stevenson

beyond words. It shut me in with a guilty conscience. It was addressed:

"*To the Reader*"

"If I receive another proof of this sort, I shall return it at once with the general direction: 'see Ms.' I must suppose my system of punctuation to be very bad; but it is mine; and it shall be adhered to with punctual exactness, by every created printer who shall print for me."

Robert Louis Stevenson.

By the time we began "The Master of Ballantrae," I had learned my lesson, and never made any changes or impertinent suggestions in the way of queries.

Stevenson wrote to his friend, William Archer, from Saranac Lake, in October, 1887:

"I am now a salaried party; I am *bourgeois;* I am to write a weekly paper for SCRIBNER'S, at a scale of payment which makes my teeth ache for shame and diffidence. [Of course, it was to be a monthly paper.] The editor is, I believe, to apply to you; he had his eye upon you from the first. It is worth while, perhaps, to get in tow with the Scribners; they are such thorough gentlefolk in all ways that it is a real pleasure to deal with them."

In June, 1888, Stevenson sailed from San Francisco for the South Seas on the yacht *Casco*, Captain Otis, whose portrait appears in "The Wrecker." After some wanderings among the islands he made

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for Honolulu, where he spent six months and there finished "The Master of Ballantrae."

In December he wrote to Mr. Burlingame from "The Equator at sea": "My dear Mr. Burlingame: We are now about to rise, like whales from a long dive. *Business*—Will you be likely to have space in the magazine for a serial story, which should be ready, I believe, by April, at least, by autumn? It is called 'The Wrecker'; and in book form will appear as number one of South Sea Yarns by R. L. S. and Lloyd Osbourne."

This story was mostly written and finished at Vailima in the autumn of 1891.

He wrote to Mr. Burlingame: "My dear Mr. Burlingame—The time draws nigh, the mail is near due, and I snatch a moment of collapse so that you may have at least some sort of a scratch of a note along with the end of 'The Wrecker.' Hurray! Which I mean to go herewith."

During the publication of both the "Master" and "The Wrecker," serially in the magazine there was always anxiety over the possible miscarriage of an instalment in the mails or a break-down in health on the part of the author; but happily the manuscript managed to turn up, and when it arrived it was always a red-letter day in the office.

In November, 1895, long before the Stevenson manuscripts and autographs had become so well known and valued in the auction-rooms, I gathered a number of things in a memorial exhibition of Stevensoniana that were shown in the Scribner bookstore, then at 153 Fifth Avenue.

Autograph-letters, and especially original manuscripts, always have a strong appeal, for in them we seem to get nearer to the author than in cold type—they give an impression of the writer at work.

Stevenson's manuscripts in this exhibition revealed him in varying aspects.

One of the manuscripts was that delightful little essay on "The Manse," written for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE; others included one of his longest poems, "Tembinoka," also written for the magazine, an essay on "Treasure Island," which he called "My First Book," though his first book was the little green pamphlet entitled "The Pentland Rising"; "The South Sea Letters," in one of which he referred to himself by his Samoan name of "Tusitala," writer of tales; and the "Ebb Tide," his last story. At the end of the latter was an expression of satisfaction over the finish of a task in the form of a rapidly scrawled flourish, that evidently said, that's that.

Among the little things was a quatrain, written not far from the end of his life, one of those things he liked to do on the spur of the moment for some particular friend who had asked him for his autograph:

> "I know not why I want to please,
> I know not if I may.
> I only scribble at my ease
> To pass the time away."

The Stevenson portraits in the exhibition were many, and began with his childhood. One that has always been a favorite was taken in Boston, showing him seated at a table in a velveteen jacket.

There were several that were made in Australia, in 1893, that were thought by his friends to be especially characteristic and the truest likenesses. They showed his face both in profile and full-face.

There was the photograph by his friend, Sir Percy Shelly, the crayon by Wyatt Eaton, and the famous "watermelon" sketch by his friend John W. Alexander. In spite of this designation, the artist had caught, with remarkable sympathy, something of the soul of the man; and, of course, a photograph of the beautiful St. Gaudens bust. There was, also, the much-discussed portrait by Sargent, made at Bournemouth in January, 1885, of which Stevenson said:

"O, Sargent has been and painted my portrait; a very nice fellow he is; and is supposed to have done well; it is a poetical but very chicken-boned figure-head as thus represented."

The things that attracted the most attention and inquiries in the exhibition, however, were the family scrap-books, in which were many unusual portraits and intimate glimpses of the home life, the people, and the island.

At the time of Stevenson's first appearance, the Scribner bookstore and the office of the magazine were at 743 Broadway, opposite Astor Place.

It was a mighty interesting place for a cub proof and Ms. reader, with a love of printer's ink in almost any form.

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There were always interesting visitors. I recall especially the alert, quick-stepping, nervous little figure and voice of Paul Du Chaillu, the famous hunter of gorillas.

Another great African was Henry M. Stanley, back from the heart of the black continent, and how well I remember the fine figure and strong, handsome, manly face of that prince of story-tellers, and later war correspondents, Richard Harding Davis, bringing in the manuscript of his first great short story "Gallegher." But this has nothing to do with R. L. S., you will say. I shall always remember with a feeling of sentimental attachment the little dark corner in which I had my desk, hidden by a battered old Japanese screen.

The discovery of a new writer, the success of some particular feature of a number, the call of a noted author, was an event that made the hours shorter and the day brighter and filled us with new pride in our job.

The Beneficent Barrier of Sects

BY U. R. BELL

DEAN INGE has very truly said that "Organized Christianity is at present under a cloud. The churches have but little influence, and if they had more they would not know what to do with it. But the rationalistic assumption that the Christian religion is played out is quite out of date, and betrays a complete absence of the historical sense."

A common wail that we hear from press, platform, and pulpit wherever the church is discussed is the so-called curse of denominationalism. The waste in energy, money, and property due to overlapping is terrific, especially in rural communities. A most despairing picture can be drawn without much effort and facts that no man can deny can be readily submitted to substantiate the reality of conditions existing in many localities. That is all too true. There is no need to argue the matter from that angle.

On the other hand, a most outstanding feature of America's religion that has enabled America to progress by leaps and bounds is its denominationalism. The very nature of religion is conservative, due to its sacredness. Men cling to things that are sacred with a tenacity that is furious. Progress demands unending change. Readjustments are called for and must be made. What is true of things is also true of ideas. A good portion of man's religion consists of ideas as well as ideals. Ideas cannot be changed in one realm without affecting ideas in other realms.

Organized Christianity is at present under a cloud because it has not had time as yet to adjust itself in the realm of ideas to a world of progress that is scientific. It is true that the churches have but little influence and it is a most fortunate situation. If the influence and the power of the churches had been unified and organized, the progress already made would have been next to impossible in a democratic country such as ours where the majority is supposed to rule.

The thing that has kept the churches from applying their power and influence has been denominationalism.

The potential power of the churches throughout our history has been enormous but unorganized. The result has been that they have spent their energy, wastefully it is true, in the regeneration of life rather than in the production and the perfection of an institution that would have assumed by the will of the majority the divine right to condemn and prohibit without reservation or mercy new ideas that are almost invariably born in the minority.

Let us assume as a fact that the churches of our country have had the potential power to do this latter thing, and that they have failed to do it is due

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to denominationalism, infected with sectarianism, which has offset by far the probable achievements of an organized unified church.

The most disastrous thing that could exist in Kentucky, for example, and some other localities that could be mentioned, would be an organized united church in the State. The only thing that is saving Kentucky to-day from mediævalism is a divided Protestant Church. The people of Kentucky are religious. But happily for Kentucky the Baptists do not mix with other communions any better than oil mixes with water. The largest and most aggressive single Protestant communion in the State is perhaps the Baptists. But to the Baptists the communicants of other churches are as much the subjects for conversion as though they had never professed religion of any kind.

That is a fortunate situation for Kentucky. It is fortunate for the reason that the point of view of the Baptist majority with reference to science, education, and progress is not alone peculiar to the Baptists, but it coincides with the majority of the people of other communions. The combined point of view of the people of all communions in Kentucky with reference to science, education, and progress, if it were unified and organized in one church communion, would undoubtedly force upon the State the Bible as an infallible and final authority in biology, geology, astronomy, physics, chemistry, hygiene, history, politics, government, art, philosophy, ethics, religions, and so on. As it is now, one cannot get a job teaching school in many an important centre of population, to say nothing of rural districts, without virtually declaring one's faith in the Bible as an infallible authority in every realm of human knowledge.

When it was reported in the press that a superintendent of schools in a city of over thirty thousand people took such a stand, that same press carried the announcement that the Presbyterian and Baptist churches had or would appoint committees to draft resolutions indorsing and congratulating the superintendent of schools on his position. That is a sample indicating the position of the churches. Isn't it providential that Southern Baptists and Presbyterians are not on speaking terms as religious communions? Yet in spite of a great deal that is written and published to the contrary, on the whole as individuals, the most reliable and dependable people in our towns and cities are Presbyterians, Baptists, and so on. These very same churches have produced in our towns and cities life that has been regenerated. Kentucky's only hope of salvation, so far as her social and material progress in this modern world is concerned, lies in her denominationalism that smacks of sectarianism. It is that that keeps the churches from putting up an organized united front against the scientific spirit to which we owe the bulk of our progress.

But the rationalistic assumption that the Christian religion is played out is quite out of date. It is the institution that propagates and preserves the Christian religion that is under the cloud. It is under a cloud because changes in religious ideas come much slower than in other realms. It is doubtful if the necessary changes in religious ideas that this modern world demands would ever come at all if the church were organized sufficiently to prevent any change in ideas. The church has not yet arrived in her growth and development where she knows how to use such power and influence.

The only prospective union of churches in America that has value in it is that union of souls who are free. Not until the religious people of America learn that truth is a relative thing will it ever be safe for them to unite. As long as truth is thought to be a static thing once and for all time delivered unto the saints, it is well for America that her religion is denominational. For when truth becomes sacred to a people, as the tenets of denominations are sacred to the people of each communion, and they have the power to preserve it and enforce it regardless of its relative value, there is no chance for progress except in the aftermath of revolution and bloodshed. In America we have escaped that sort of thing because the churches in our country have not been unified and organized sufficiently to use their potential power to force truth upon the people. The unification of sectarianism which infects all denominations more or less would be by

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far a greater curse upon us than denominationalism itself with all its manifested shortcomings.

The only union that will bless mankind is unified Christianity. That is something that is not attained by direct pursuit through the amalgamation of church communions any more than happiness is attained through direct search for it. It is a thing that doesn't come by legislation, force, or compromise. The union of churches is not necessarily involved. In fact, the history of the church would indicate that the union of churches would retard unified Christianity.

There is now in our country a very marked trend toward unified Christianity that is wholesome and encouraging in spite of the much-deplored fact that, denominationally speaking, our churches reveal no indications of union except in rural and suburban communities where economic necessity has forced it.

The unification of Christianity that is manifesting itself in our American church life is that spirit in a great many of our churches that is denominational but not sectarian. It is particularly evidenced in the young people, especially high-school, college, and university bred people, who, as they move about from city to city seeking a permanent home, finally drift into a church. The church they choose in a large percentage of instances is not one of denominational choice, but one in which the scientific spirit prevails. It is a church that is Christian in spirit. It may be a Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian church. It doesn't make much difference just so long as the spirit in that church is Christian.

As a result of that sort of thing, there is growing up a spirit of good-will, love, and co-operation between these churches that is unifying in spite of their denominational differences. There is often a brotherliness and an understanding between them that is more Christian and genuine than that which used to be found existing between individual members of the individual churches represented in such a denominationally mixed group of Christians.

Not only that, but the membership of these churches often branded as liberal churches has an understanding and an appreciation of each other that is natural and powerful not because of numbers or material resources, but because of the spirit and the character of the men and the women themselves, men and women who are now and who are becoming more and more the leaders in our communities. That is by far a more effective union than any forced, legislated organic union could ever hope to be.

The hope of unified Christianity lies in the youth of to-day who clamor for an education, and to whom the denominational sectarian school makes no appeal. Our church colleges recognize that fact and advertise themselves as interdenominational. The youth of to-day is not interested in Presbyterian biology, Baptist geology, and Methodist astronomy. He is not concerned about such matters from a denominational sectarian point of view, but that doesn't mean that he is unconcerned about such things from a religious point of view. He comes to believe in a world of law, order, and unity, and loses his faith in a whimsical, fickle, and sectarian God.

His religion is the truth that makes him free to seek the truth, and that which has made him free he transfers to the realm of human relationships, more often called the spiritual realm, in which there is a God whom he believes to be a God of law, order, and unity, the same God that he trusts in biology, physics, and chemistry.

What is the result? He trusts men, even though he disagrees with them. He believes in them. He never forgets that there is a possibility that he may be wrong. He co-operates and organizes in search for truth, and accomplishes the seemingly impossible. He does it through faith in his fellows rather than through coercive legislative limitations placed upon them. That is nothing more nor less than the Christian religion at work.

It is a religion of the Christ who staked his destiny in man's possibilities. It is a religion of the normal, natural, and powerful union of kindred souls whose kinship is due to the mutual possession of the scientific spirit. But for the present and for a long time to come it will remain denominational, and providentially so, in order to keep it pure.

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Burial

BY STRUTHERS BURT

As when we wake from some enchanted sleep,
Dear sleep deep-folded sombrous layer on layer,
As when we wake from some enchanted deep
Forgetfulness and taste the fragrant air,
Finding it fresh again and sharp with bloom,
And color heightened, and new sound begot,
So was the sense of water in that room
In some high-hilled September long forgot:
And Faring listened and he laughed aloud,
Making no slightest movement in his shroud.

In the gray dawn, silence perturbing him, he lay
Dreaming before the moment of the sun,
The lengthening moment when the leaves are stirred, and day
Breaks with its touch the webs that night has spun.
The damp sweet mouths of field and forest clung,
The house was still, save for a creaking stair,
The cheeping of the sparrows clicked and hung
Upon the muted rhythm of the air;
And far off with a choked and angry cry
A cock assailed the flaming of the sky.

Faring, his fever ebbing, knew again
On slender trails the bending firs immersed,
Rivers that ran from misty rain to rain
And cooled his lips when they were young with thirst
Drowsily water fell in soundless sound,
Wetting the moss and nodding columbine;
The sunlight shot its arrows to the ground,
And stooped to pick them up beneath the pine.
Faring grew happier and raised his head;
The waiting nurse stepped forward—he was dead.

Not wholly . . . in the going, and the going,
Between the apparent end and ultimate breath,
Lingers a little time we know, unknowing,
Before the new dead feel aright with death;
That dusk his wife saw Faring's face so clear,
Outside the window where the garden ran,
She knew not if she felt a joy or fear
At this so perfect symbol of a man.
Faring was listening, rigid in surmise,
But there was smiling wonder in his eyes.

Down in the garden where the heady rose
Turns black and humble with the coming eve,
And those fine August blossoms, spiked and close,
The marigold and yellow zinnia weave

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Their thick brocade, where now the herbal hour
Was pungent with their scent, and dew, and grass,
Faring had walked and touched each lovèd flower,
Musing on this amazement come to pass.
A small mist hid the moon above the trees,
The privet did not bend for Faring's knees.

Would he come back? This rose, this marigold, this hedge!
Ah, it was good to be unleashed of pain,
And those fantastic shapes who'd held the ledge
Narrow and perilous where he had lain!
Would he come back? He paused again and peered;
She sat, his wife, so pale and still and staring,
He sighed, for this was all that he had feared;
She thought the sheeted thing up-stairs was Faring.
Faring the great, the gay, the debonair,
Yearned even for that bewildered friendship, there.

"Much as she knows of me," he thought, "she still would lie,
And for the memory of love would hide,
Rather than strip me naked to the sky,
The just and naked anger of her pride.
Rather than strip me naked?" Faring took
Between his hands a twisted lily stalk,
The day was spent and he had still to look
For some defence should bright archangels talk.
"I shall be blind and all confused with wonder;
I must make haste—and ponder—ponder."

Above the trees the night-jar's crying whirred,
Wounding the silence with a shaft of noise,
There fell no shadow, but his wife had stirred
And raised her head as if she heard a voice.
"Poorheart!" said Faring, "let your pulses dance,
This is a day, and soon a day is over,
Think on your freedom and of new romance,
I know the heart, and the heart is ever a rover.
Poorheart!" . . . He must make haste. Remember,
How clear the water ran in that September?

Faring had had no empty minute; time
Was short between the human and sublime.

First and foremost, neat and amorous,
Twinkling ankles, starchily glamorous,
Painted cheeks and prettily thin,
Beside his bed the nurse had been,
Felt of his pulse and said: "That's that";
Thinking of her wedding-hat.
"Lord, it's been a tiresome case.
Must have been a handsome face."
Faring smiled, but no one knew:
How sweet, how cool the smell of dew!
How full of summer hot and crisp,
The curtains with their sliding lisp.
Nieces, nephews, undertakers,

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Handkerchiefs . . . the sobbing fakers!
"That's a mighty fine man, Jim.
We'll make a wonderful corpse of him."
. . . "Poorheart—lean down, lean down beside me.
You see me smile? You cannot chide me.
Pretty lips cannot command
This curious mystery, large and bland.
Now I have really run away.
Poorheart . . . laugh, laugh, you'll soon recover,
I know the heart, and it's ever a rover.
Would I could stroke your shining hair.
I weep, I weep to make you sorrow,
But dry your tears, there'll be to-morrow.
. . . Sweetheart, isn't water odd?
Like some confused and murmuring god."
Damn these nephews, nieces, aunts,
Damn their slow macabre dance!
Yes, he'd left them all his money.
Lots for bread, and even honey.
Couldn't they let him lie and dream
Of sunlight on a coppiced stream?
Couldn't they let him watch a pool
Turn his face young again and cool?

Ten hours gone . . . ten hours hence:
The night grew heavier. . . . No defence.

"What did you say, you great archangel . . . what?
Must I explain each folly wild and hot;
Must I recall each cruelty in taking
From other men the stolen gold they'd got?
Dreams did not start that way, but lest I die
I rode the wild colt world and did the breaking.
Yes, I have loved kind arms and radiant flesh,
And lips that cut the night and healed it, too;
Was I then born a man to never know
The ecstasy the strange unknown makes fresh?
If I have had my fill, so have my lovers,
But I have judged them not. . . . And you?"
Faring drew breath—a night-jar called—he raised his head;
"You fool," said Faring to himself, "you're dead.
You fool to waste your time; you wasteful fool!"
Soundless the water fell, and cool.

"Why I have been a brother to the wind,
Brother of hills I have forsworn, forsaken;
Why I have found the sunlight tall and kind,
And all night long the planets overtaken.
Why, I have known that death rose from the earth,
And went back again, and came out again, as birth."

Soundless the water fell in lost September:
"If you would hold me guilty," Faring said, "*you* must remember."

Somewhere are rivers lonely and forgot,
Save by the clouds and early rush of wings,

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That year by year each hour by hour are shot
With changing beauty and amazing springs;
And autumn flecked with leaves, and deep, and brown;
And winter wrapped in iridescent white;
And in the summer August tumbling down
Makes a great sound of fulness in the night.
And these are never old, and never new,
And never begin, nor ending, ever through.

Soundless the water fell in a September,
High-hilled and lost, but now recalled again,
And drowsily, drowsily Faring could remember
Rivers that ran from misty rain to rain.
Soundless the water fell . . . he raised his head;
Who was this man who muttered of the dead?

It had turned cold; it was no longer night but noon;
And Faring wished they would be ended soon.

"Hear then my prayers, O Lord,
Man walketh in vain shadow and in vain. . . ."
What was that dropping . . . earth? It fell like rain.
"Forasmuch in his wise providence. . . ." Sod?
Was this then God?
Yes, it was God,
And so the tall straight tree,
And all the upper dainty merciful green;
This darkness, too. "At whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world,
The earth and the sea shall give up their dead;
And the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him
Shall be changed, and made like his own
Glorious body."
Glorious body? These were prayers!
His body was glorious with all subtle airs,
And all the subtle changing hues of light,
And all the subtle mystery of night;
The subtle largeness of the stars outlined
Within the subtle smallness of the mind.
His glorious body—Faring's was the same,
And so the deathless spirit's tiny flame.
"Almighty and everliving God. . . ."
Faring could remember
Only the sound of water in September,
But smiled to hear the spades strike sharp and rough,
Knowing the sound of water was enough.

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Leah Turns Lowbrow

BY HILDA MAUCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE MCNERNEY

HE wasn't the man to turn chastely aside from a pair of upturned lips—just because they happened to have a little lipstick on 'em! Not the Professor! He was a certified Young Intellectual, all right, but I'd noticed that when it came to the physical attractions of the opposite sex, he ran with the herd. Whenever he condescended to dance he picked out the noisiest, most undressed flapper present, and took advantage of his opportunities with a certain mild gusto. You know the kind.

That's why Leah MacGregor could never have got him single-handed. He was a Phi Beta Kappa himself, and actually proud of it. But he'd have had dyspepsia if he'd ever been left alone with a female of the species. Leah, of course, didn't count. Not after I remodelled her.

Beginning with that very night during Leah's spring vacation when I first realized something was wrong, *I* was the high muckety-muck behind the scenes who gave the right signals and pulled the right strings, and kept the whole show jigging to the same tune, like a stageful of marionettes. I practically engineered the whole thing, that summer.

But Leah simply couldn't see it that way. Aren't girls funny when they're engaged, or just married? They get the most *fantastic* notions in their heads—ideas that a child of ten would recognize as pure mid-Victorian!

Of course I realize that it's always been a little hard on her, considering her celebrated intellect, to have a vacuum like me for a cousin. And it probably bothered her to have to depend upon my feeble, but more experienced, brain in a fundamental thing like love. But I'm awfully fond of Leah, and I was glad to do it for her, whether she appreciated my efforts or not.

The night I speak of was the first time we'd seen each other since commencement, nearly a year before, and we were all set for a good talk-fest. We were getting ready for bed—at least I was. Leah was already sitting cross-legged in the middle of the bed—tailored and starchy in her usual striped men's pajamas—watching my cold-cream operations with her usual mixture of scorn and amusement. I'd just asked her what she'd been doing for excitement, and she had shrugged, and assured me that no such word was extant among members of a college faculty. Then:

"Any men?" said I, knowing the answer.

"Nary a man!" she flung back, as airily casual as I had expected. But it struck me, suddenly, that she sounded just a shade *too* unconcerned.

I'd already noticed that she didn't have quite her old zip. She seemed sort of listless and suppressed, if you know what I mean. I hated to admit it, but she did seem to bear the faculty stamp. Just a little chilly and detached, you know. Everything about her was so painfully well modulated, from her voice to her clothes.

And now here was this sudden, and quite unnecessary, accent on the fact that she didn't mind not having a man. There are a few girls, I suppose, who are actually contented with only feminine companionship. But the minute one of them tries to impress upon you just how contented she really is, you may know there's pork in Jerusalem somewhere!

I stopped cold-creaming long enough to look Leah straight in the eyes, and said: "Leah MacGregor, a man would make a new woman out of you!"

In the old days she'd have laughed and

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agreed that hers was a lopsided young life. Now she all but sniffed.

"'A man' is your cure-all, Phyllis," she said. "Do children cry for him? And is he on sale at all leading drug-stores?"

Her disdain was so well done that I was absolutely sure I was right about that pork. And yet I swear that was the first time it had ever dawned upon me that she might like to play around like the rest of us.

You see, she was the kind of little girl who never made mud pies, or had to stay in after school, or brought home a tattle-tale report-card. She was distinctly déclassée in the eyes of the neighborhood gang—because our mothers were always holding her up to us as Such a Bright Little Girl.

When she grew up she turned out to be a darned good sport, and in spite of the handicap of being relatives, we got to be good friends. The two families picked out a nice, quiet college (according to the catalogue) for me, and even then decided that Leah had better go along to keep an eye on me. I discovered, before the end of the first two weeks, that that catalogue had done the college a rank injustice. I liked the place!

So did Leah—though for different reasons. By the end of the four years she was chairman of every committee on the campus—and enjoyed it!

Even in college she was distinctly set apart from the common herd. She had the self-sufficiency of the Sphinx and the unshakable aplomb of a traffic-cop. And she was highbrow to the core. She went in strong for higher mathematics, and chummed with Shakespeare and Freud and Dante for recreation. One time, I remember, there was a dark rumor about the campus that she knew what Einstein meant by relativity.

And here was the Lady MacGregor, as we used to call her, hankering for a mere man! Do you get the full force of it?

However, Leah had wiggled me out of the dean's clutches more than once while we were in school, and she had put me through so many crucial exams I lost count while we were still sophomores. If a man was what she wanted, a man was what she was going to have, if little Phyllis had to go out and get one for her!

So I did. That's how the whole thing started.

But things certainly did look hopeless at first. After commencement she had taken a position there in the college, as secretary to the head of the mathematics department and assistant instructor. I knew, even before I asked, that she was stranded on barren ground, as far as eligible men were concerned. She dismissed the faculty bachelors with a disgusted flick of her hand. A new man—a young one—was coming to the philosophy department next year, she said, but he'd probably turn out to be as dreary a nonentity as all the rest. "A dreary nonentity!" You see what I mean? That was the line of conversation she handed out all the time. Then she absently added the new man's name, and I jumped like a cat. It just happened that I was plucking eyebrows by that time, and could pretend I'd got hold of a stubborn one.

Austin Brooke! The Professor! He had been spending his summers in the cottage next door to ours, up on the Canadian border, for years. Since the war he'd got so criminally handsome it irritated me just to look at him. But the minute she mentioned his name, I realized he was exactly the man for Leah.

He was a little older, and he had piled up quite a record during the war, and altogether it was easy to see that he considered himself—well, maybe he was—considerably above the rest of us. Except for one thing: he had taken up culture as most men take up golf. You'd find him tucked away in the most outlandish places, reading outlandish books the rest of us had never heard of. Philosophy, and poetry, and things like that. The gang had been calling him the Professor for two or three years, but I hadn't known he'd really taken to teaching.

I knew Leah too well to tell her about him. She'd have had apoplexy at the thought of going out after any one man. But she was a good sport, as I've said, and I thought she might be inveigled into staging a campaign for men in general. As Leah would have said, placing the matter on a wholesale basis might furnish an alibi as to the levity of her intentions. Do you see?

And then, besides, to bring many men

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to heel by a deliberate, calculated scheme, would be proving the gullibility and general inferiority of the masculine sex. Never an unpleasant pastime.

"Leah," I told her impressively, "summer vacation is your only chance. There's no use wasting your efforts on a college campus. You'll have to go farther afield, where nobody knows you're such a brainstorm. Why don't you come up to the lake and spend the summer with me? Over the border is a grand place to grow a new identity. And that lake is lousy with men. You can drag 'em in with a net."

She shrugged, and gave that same weary, ironical little grin.

"Now, Phyl," she began, "there's no use pretending that all I need is a lake and a set of people who don't know me. I'd still be the same old Leah MacGregor, and you know it."

That gave me the chance I'd been waiting for.

"You've got me wrong," I briskly informed her. "If you spend the summer with me, you've got to be anybody else *but* the same old Leah MacGregor. I have implicit faith in my possibilities as a dating agency, once I get going, but I don't intend to start out with the odds against me." She tried to get in a word, but I firmly waved her into silence. "I ask you," I went on, "what sane-minded man in the universe *wants* to be told the characteristics of the Greek philosophy of the fourth century B. C.—when he goes on a date? I ask you!"

"Try not to be such a moron, Phyl," she snapped. "Most men are so empty-headed they wouldn't know whether I was talking about Greek philosophy or French novels. Anyway," she added reflectively, sort of startled, "I'm not sure that I know just what the characteristics of the fourth century were. In the third century, of course . . ."

"Never mind," I choked her off hastily. "Maybe you don't know. But you *look* as if you do. And that's enough to make any normal man go by on the other side of the street. If you come up to the lake with me you've got to be and do as I tell you, absolutely. You've got to be my little piece of putty. Understand?"

She protested—flatteringly, I must say!—that she refused to make a fool of herself. I assured her that any girl who gets by with men *has* to make a fool of herself, and proceeded to expand one of my pet theories.

It's this way. Haven't you heard it said that whenever a man sets out to keep a home-fire burning, he wants a nice, sweet, modest, old-fashioned girl instead of a flapper? You have. But have you ever been to a party where the nice, sweet, modest, old-fashioned girls were the centre of attraction, while the flappers sat forlornly in a row against the wall? You have not.

My idea was to combine the two. If flaming youth is the thing that lures, go ahead and flame. Flame hard! Outgenerate the younger generation! Wear all the earmarks of a passionate young person who thinks Santa Claus was the first bootlegger.

Then when you get your man alone and he boredly sets about the necking business of the evening (that's one drawback to being broad-minded about those things—one gets so little really spontaneous affection), give him a wounded stare and murmur reproachfully: "Sir, you forget yourself!" That is, words to that effect. Be shy, sweet, reserved. If he tells a story that smells as if he found it in the gutter, be *very* sure to miss the point. And when he tells you his ambitions and his handicap, don't be afraid to ooze a little sympathy his way.

Sooner or later he'll begin to think you're a poor, misunderstood little girl, really sweet and pure of heart, who tries naïvely, as long as she has an audience for protection, to mimic her vicious playmates. A victim of the jazz age! When everybody else goes around saying how fast you are, he knows better—and loves himself for saying so!

The more I talked the more I warmed to my subject. By the time I finished, Leah was hugging her knees and grinning like a Cheshire kitten at the sight of a saucer of cream. I'd seen exactly that look on her face plenty of times at school, when she was looking over her part for a Dramatic Club play. She was one of these girls who never actually wake up till they begin to act.

Suddenly she flung her arms out wide and gave a sort of joyous little chuckle.

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"So you want me to outgenerate the younger generation, do you?" She positively snickered. "You watch me!"

That was during her spring vacation. She came up to the city again for a week-end, and we bought her some new clothes, none of them to be worn on the campus, of course. And as soon as commencement her look like a cherub. And finished her off with a good thick layer of make-up. She had that clear skin—without the freckles—that always goes with red hair. A skin that takes well to enamel.

I picked out a tight black turban for her, with a wicked, pointed feather which she insisted tickled her cheek till it gave

Leah was already sitting in the middle of the bed—tailored and starchy in her usual striped men's pajamas. —Page 190.

was over, she came to our house to help us pack.

She had bobbed her hair a year or two before, but anybody could see at a glance that she'd done it just because it was sensible, and good for the hair, and saved time. The usual line, only with her it happened to be the truth. It was good hair, all right—reddish, bronze brown. Inclined to be wavy, though she'd never encouraged it. I made her touch it up a little with henna, and bullied a half-witted barber into giving her the right kind of shingle. Then I slicked it down in front and brought it down over her forehead in a childlike sweep that made her St. Vitus dance. And all the rest of her clothes were bought to match her new personality. We got the shortest, skimpiest little models we could find in town. Of course she kicked a good deal at the make-up and at showing off her figure—thank Heaven, it was a good one. But I was firm, and on the whole she was the most ultrasmart, ultramodern, ultra-sleek young thing you ever saw.

The first night after we got to the cottage the Kenworthy boys came over and took us to the dance over at the hotel. They said the whole crowd was there, and we'd get to see everybody at once. Lee—we had made a solemn pact never, under

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any circumstances, to let any one know her name was Leah—wore a vivid green wisp of a dress that set her off as well as a row of footlights.

I introduced her to the crowd as an old school friend of mine. And at the end of the first dance, I located her—it wasn't hard!—in the midst of an open-mouthed, giggling group, telling a wild tale about our school-days. She had calmly appropriated my most harrowing escapade—certainly my most narrow escape—as her own, and was telling them how *I*, "good, steady old Phyllis" she was calling me, had helped her out of the jam!

". . . and just as I got to the top of the fire-escape," she was saying, [the liar! the only time she ever used the fire-escape was when she wanted to dry her hair!] there was the dean looking into my room. I was already on probation, you see. So I popped into Phyl's room, and by the time the Duchess came pussy-footing down the hall, Phyl had me covered up in bed, and was pouring out a dose of castor-oil—Lord, I can smell it yet!—and told the Duchess that I'd been sick all evening and she thought I'd better stay there with her for the rest of the night."

The tale as she was telling it was heavily embroidered, but the facts were true—only reversed as to personnel. I listened for a minute, then grabbed Nick Kenworthy's arm and asked for air. I felt as if my star marionette had broken her string and got completely away from me. There she was out in the middle of the stage, all alone, doing a warm little number I'd never seen before!

As we edged through the crowd I noticed the Professor standing a little apart, listening and looking on with his usual air of bored disgust. Some one dragged him up to introduce him to Lee, and I melted away to the other end of the floor. But when she got his name, she turned around and gave me a look that sizzled, even at that distance. A little later she cornered me, for just a second, and looked me over disgustedly.

"Well, I don't know what your game is," she said. "But you've made a nice mess of things. My distinguished colleague might at least have taken me to a movie next year. And a nice story this'll make, won't it, when he tells it at the Faculty Club!"

From then on it seemed to me she perversely got more hectic than ever. After every dance she hovered around the punch-bowl; but I noticed with relief that nearly always, just as the others lifted their glasses, she thought of some screamingly funny story to tell. Somebody was trying out some new steps—somebody always is, at that hotel—and she began clogging for them, over in one corner. But every one knows every one else, and pretty soon she was doing it in the middle of the floor for the whole crowd.

She had taken a teacher's course in physical education once, and whenever a party got dull, that summer, she could always save it from the rocks by teaching that jaded bunch how to play "Pop Goes the Weasel," or something like that. And to see her clog, in that brilliant excuse of an evening dress, with her slick, hennaed hair, and her face of a cherub, underneath its enamel . . . she was a literal riot.

The first time I saw some one offer her a cigarette, I was afraid she didn't even know how to smoke. I needn't have worried. But it wasn't until I saw her take it, strike a match with a casual flick of her finger-nail, and light her cigarette, that I remembered seeing her do that same trick in one of the plays at school, and what a row it had kicked up among the faculty.

I was weak by the time we got home. She rushed away to brush her teeth—to get rid of the vile cigarette taste, she said—and washed off all her make-up. Then she came back to my room, in her familiar old striped pajamas, her face shining like a little boy's who had just been scrubbed for Sunday-school. She perched on the foot of the bed and hugged her knees and grinned at me complacently—like a Cheshire kitten that's just finished a saucer of cream!

"How do you like my act?" she blandly wanted to know.

For the rest of the summer she was the queen bee in that swarm of excitement-chasers. If they had known what kind of girl she really was, they'd have gone in for alcohol baths to keep from being contaminated by her knowledge and general

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capability. The Professor, being a handsome man with a comfortable income and an interesting war record, could be allowed a few peculiarities. But a successful Hot Mama must never cool down.

Once I found Lee down on the beach with a book. Dante's "Inferno," I think it was, yet I swear she was positively beaming with enjoyment. I firmly took it away from her (what if some one had come along!), and that was the only time she slipped all summer, as far as I know.

The Professor was always underfoot at the cottage. And just when a party was at its height he'd stalk in and drag Lee off for a ride. Sometimes she'd pretend to object, and call it a pathetic attempt at cave-man stuff; sometimes she'd fling the crowd some impudent remark which you could see set the Professor's teeth on edge.

And finished her off with a good thick layer of make-up.—Page 193.

"Good-by, you lowbrows," she used to call back over her shoulder. "On my way to be educated!"

Then she'd flick her fingers against the Professor's sleeve, grin up at him like an insulting young devil, and get him out while the crowd was still whooping at the look on his set face.

And they'd get in his roadster and ride . . . and ride. Mostly in silence, as far as I could tell from her reports—the Professor grimly breaking all speed laws, while Lee sat meek and quiet, pleasantly agreeable, sympathetic and helpful whenever she had the chance. She shook her head whenever he offered her cigarettes, and when, on the first such ride, he produced a pocket-flask, she put out a protesting hand and said quickly:

"Oh, no, Austin . . . let's don't!" *And got by with it!*

S veral times he tried a little necking (Professor, how could you!), laughed bitterly when she objected, and seemed honestly startled when he found out she really meant No.

Things drifted on that way toward the end of the summer. Lee grew gayer and gayer in public, and more and more peevish around the cottage. Swimming and tennis and all the rest of it had got her a little thinner than usual, and with the big shadows under her eyes she was the loveliest thing I ever saw. The affair didn't seem to be coming to a head very rapidly, but I wasn't worried. I'd got them well started, and as soon as college opened, they'd find themselves in the same faculty circle. If they didn't finish the job now, they'd have plenty of time then.

So far Lee had told me everything, in her usual half-serious, half-kidding tone—petting-attempt episodes, and all. Then one night she came home floating on clouds, positively glittering with suppressed excitement. When I spoke to her she looked at me in a sort of dazed, fearful ecstasy, as if she were afraid to wake up from a dream.

"Had a good time?" I asked, to give her an opening—and I swear I felt as uncanny as if I were jabbering at a sleepwalker.

"Oh, fairish," she said casually.

Trying to hold out on me, you see—when the whole thing had been my idea in the first place! I wasn't going to let her get by with that. I didn't know just

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how to tackle her in that condition, but when I'm in doubt I always try perfect frankness. So I turned around and looked her straight in the eyes and said:

"Leah MacGregor, you've just been kissed!"

She came to life, distinctly, at that.

"Oh . . . several times!" she grinned back at me, big as life.

I warned her she wasn't playing the game, that necking was strictly against the rules we'd laid down. And when she tried her flapper stuff on me—"What's a kiss?" . . . "A kiss doesn't mean anything," etc.—I told her brutally that apparently it meant a darned lot to her.

"There, there, Auntie Phyl," she murmured, patting me soothingly on the shoulder. "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing."

You know. The pitying superiority of the girl who's in love—and thinks she's loved back!

This went on for several nights, and I was expecting her to flash a ring on me any minute. Then one midnight she came in dragging her gaiety like a collapsed balloon.

"It's all off," she said, with a sick little smile, and then shut herself up in an armor of elaborate unconcern.

"You see before you a jilted lady," she kidded along mockingly. "Mine is a ruint life, alas! Call up the convent, will you, Phyl? Ask 'em when they'll have my new veil ready. Ain't it pathetic, dearie, to see such a beautiful young life blighted in the bud?"

I let her rave on. I knew she'd have to tell me about it sooner or later, so I tried a little silence on her. That gradually wore away her resistance. She couldn't keep handing out that unconcerned stuff forever—not to such an unresponsive audience.

When we were ready for bed and the lights were out, she sat cross-legged, as usual, on the foot of my bed, looking very young and small and pathetic in the moonlight.

"Phyl," she asked me, with a childish quaver in her voice, "have you ever been in love?"

Asked *me* if I'd ever been in love! I rose up in bed indignantly, and told her I'd begun writing books on the subject while she was still reading the Dolly Dimple series.

"You lie," she said calmly. "You don't know the first thing about it." It was the first time in weeks I'd had a glimpse of the Lady MacGregor. "Oh, stop spluttering!" she added tiredly, when I tried to give her a few facts. "Of course, you've been engaged a few times. I know that."

I swallowed my pride and subsided as well as I could, and by the judicious use of a little more silence I got the whole story out of her.

The Professor wouldn't marry her, to put it baldly. He loved her, all right, but he wouldn't, thought he couldn't, marry her. He said it would be too cruel to her—that she could never be happy in the circles where his work must take him. They had absolutely no tastes in common, nothing on which to build a firm foundation for happiness, etc., etc.

That was his story. Lee herself claimed, bitterly, that he was simply ashamed of her—ashamed to take her to his "cultured" friends.

. . . Well, I was utterly disgusted. It was as simple as all that, and here was Lee looking ready for the river, when one word would have set everything right! All she needed to do was to tell him who she was. Or, if she didn't want to do that, she could let matters drift until school began. Then she could take *her* turn at being snooty, just to furnish a little spice. And a darned good joke it would be on the Professor, *I* thought!

But she couldn't see it that way.

"He ought to love me enough to marry me in spite of it all, Phyl," she insisted. There were two little bright spots burning in her cheeks. "What he wants is a Ph.D. by profession who turns out good meals as a side-line. I can't tell him, don't you see, Phyl? He must love me for what I am, not for what I know. Love ought to be strong enough to sweep everything else in the world aside. It *has* to be that strong, Phyl," she said tensely, "if it's to withstand everything it'll have to buck against later on!"

It was the first time I had ever realized what a romantic fool she was. I tried to tell her that she hadn't been herself all summer—that she'd only been playacting. She insisted that he ought to be

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And just when a party was at its height he'd stalk in and drag Lee off for a ride.—Page 195.

able to see beneath her make-up, if he really loved her. Then suddenly she collapsed into an apologetic, cringing heap.

"Oh, Phyl," she wailed, "I *have* made an awful fool of myself, cavorting around."

I told her to tell the Professor that she'd been making sociological investigations of the younger generation, and had to have first-hand evidence.

She was shocked. "Oh, Phyl," she gasped, "I couldn't *lie* to him! I couldn't!"

Well, I turned over and tried to go to sleep. When they get to that stage

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there's no use arguing with 'em. I couldn't sleep, though. Every time I opened my eyes, there she was sitting huddled in the moonlight, little and pale and wilted. That's the trouble with trying to stage-manage amateurs. They take the whole show as a life-and-death matter . . . and they're so apt to think they know how their own parts ought to be played!

Finally I pretended to wake up and told her again not to worry—that she'd be sure to meet him at the first faculty reception.

"And I suppose you think I'd enjoy it!" she said scornfully. "Don't you see that if he married me after he found out I was a teacher, I'd always be afraid that was the only reason? I couldn't be happy that way. Anyway, Phyl, I don't believe I could stand to be near him all winter. Not now." And then she absent-mindedly, casually, gave me a jolt that nearly jarred me out of bed. "I had a letter from the State University the other day, offering me a job," she said. "You weren't here, and I forgot to tell you. I didn't think much about it at the time, but I've about decided to take it. I'm going to send a wire, in the morning, and break my contract."

I told her she was a pink-livered idiot and a few other things, and pretended to go to sleep again. But I was downright worried by that time.

The next day things were no better, though I did manage to keep her from sending the wire. She was nothing but a pair of huge, tragic eyes, though she was flourishing a very hectic, keep-up-my-pep-or-bust attitude. It was the first time that summer I hadn't had to make her put on more rouge and lip-stick.

At the Kenworthys' dance that night—the last big party of the summer—she was apparently having a wilder, gayer time than ever. The Professor watched her from the veranda, and when the evening was half over, he stalked in, firmly abstracted her from the crowd around the punch-bowl, and dragged her across the veranda out to his roadster. She called back over her shoulder, with a shrug and a mocking gesture toward him:

"Good-by, gang! The Professor's going to make a lady of me!"

As they brushed past me outside I heard him mutter grimly: "You're damn right I am!"

I had a vague little feeling then that something was in the air, but I wasn't sure just what.

The dance lasted as late as farewell parties usually do, but when I got back to the cottage the Professor's car was still parked at the side of the house. And when I'd told Nick good night and started up the steps, I suddenly stopped and stood rooted to the spot, my eyes popping out like marbles. There in the shadows of the car stood Lee and the Professor, wrapped in each other's arms in a clinch that made the average movie fade-out look like a buggy-ride.

I finally let out a feeble gasp, and when that didn't work I tried a stronger one. Lee turned around, saw me, and murmured dreamily:

"Oh, it's all right. We're married."

Lee had thought love ought to sweep everything before it. Well, the Professor's brand of love, once it got started, seemed to have been the best little sweeper outside the department-stores.

He had come to the dance with the license in his pocket, had put her into his car, scorched the paint off his radiator on his way to the next town, where he had a preacher and a couple of witnesses all ready and waiting, and had hypnotized poor, defenseless Lee into saying the necessary "I do's" before she had time to realize what was happening.

So she claimed.

It wasn't until she looked over his shoulder and read a telegram he was sending to the college, resigning his position, that she broke over and told him who she was. When he finally came to, Lee said, he wanted to go ahead and send the telegram, signing her name instead of his. But she finally persuaded him that it would be better to hire a good housekeeper and let her keep her job. It would keep her more alive and alert, she explained. They had come back to the cottage after Lee's things, and were going to leave that night. There was time for a two weeks' trip before school opened.

I was so relieved I wanted to sing the Doxology. It wasn't till then that I fully realized how frantically worried I had been all day. That awful sense of responsibility had been hanging over me as

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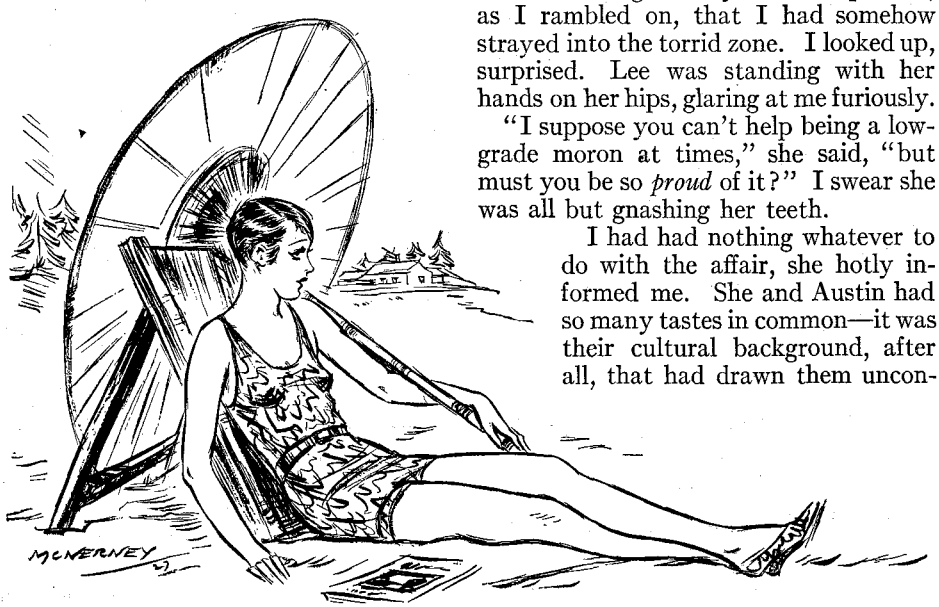
depressing as a bunch of I. O. U.'s. And now—just like that!—had come the complete justification of all my well-laid plans.

Of course Lee had strayed a little, toward the end, from the hard-and-fast rules I had laid out for her to follow in private. But then, the best thing about rules is the fun you can have breaking them. And I really couldn't expect her to get engaged after the first kiss. People never do, except in magazines.



Swimming and tennis and all the rest of it had got her a little thinner than usual.—Page 195.

But it was my general scheme that had lassoed the Professor. There was no question in *my* mind about that. A jazzed-up Circe who turned into a shrinking violet the minute you got her alone in the dark—that was a combination unusual enough to trap any man's attention, no matter how bored or blasé he tried to be.

The more I thought about it the cockier I felt—so cocky I couldn't keep from crowing.

"There's one thing, my dear Leah," I told her firmly, as I helped her pack, "that I do hope you'll remember to tell your children: that if it hadn't been for their Auntie Phyl, they'd never have seen the light of this world!"

Then I went on musing, half to myself. "The Professor, even being the kind of man he is, would never have been attracted by a mere school-teacher. I'll bet he'd have passed up Lady Mac without the flick of an eyelash. No, sir! It took Lee, the enamelled, short-skirted vacuum, to throw and tie him. And your present incarnation, Lee dear, is a distinctly Phylish product! You'll have to admit that!"

I was positively dizzy with triumph, but even so it gradually dawned upon me, as I rambled on, that I had somehow strayed into the torrid zone. I looked up, surprised. Lee was standing with her hands on her hips, glaring at me furiously.

"I suppose you can't help being a low-grade moron at times," she said, "but must you be so *proud* of it?" I swear she was all but gnashing her teeth.

I had had nothing whatever to do with the affair, she hotly informed me. She and Austin had so many tastes in common—it was their cultural background, after all, that had drawn them unconsciously together. Austin had already told her about the book he was planning, and she was to help him write it. It was such a relief, she said fervently, to be herself again—to stop playing this silly, futile game.

"*Futile?*" I interrupted, a little huffy by that time. "Oh, I don't know!"

But she didn't even hear me. She had been starving all summer, she was saying, for just such mental contact and companionship as Austin could give her.

Well, considering the little celebration I had just horned in on, the cool audacity of such a line simply stretched me out flat for a minute. When I finally got my breath and staggered back into the ring, I was still too groggy, I admit, to produce anything very subtle.

"Well, the contact he was giving you about the time *I* came along," I observed, "wasn't altogether mental!"

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"Of course we're in love, Phyllis." With a kind of shining, queenly simplicity she put me in my vulgar place.

"You don't seem to understand the miracle of it all, Phyl," she went on in a new soft voice, that sounded about the way honeysuckle smells. "Austin and I were meant for each other. Can't you see how ideally mated we are? As Austin says, we should have found each other somehow, some time, no matter where our lives had led us. Underneath all the pretense, the mockery, we've known instinctively, since that first night, that we . . . belong."

She was all hushed and starry-eyed by the time she got through, and I tell you she had me hypnotized—simply backed against the ropes, paralyzed. For one queer, sweetish instant, I swear she had me almost believing her. For that one second I absolutely forgot that I had, as I've said before, practically engineered the whole thing.

Then it all came back. All the trouble I'd gone to, all my manœuvring. I'd done all the work . . . she took all the credit. So it was their "cultural background" that had drawn them unconsciously together, was it? Blah! All this Back-to-Culture Movement, this mental-affinity stuff . . . it gave me the pip!

"I suppose," I inquired with bitter sarcasm, thinking to see her crawfish, "that you'll read Shakespeare together, for an hour before breakfast every morning?"

"No . . .," she said dreamily. She had paused, with her arms full of lingerie, and she just stood there and gave me that funny look, all flushed and breathless and shining.

"Oh, no, Phyl!" was what she said, indulgently. "Foolish! Not in the mornings. In the evenings, after dinner, when we have an open fire in the fireplace . . ."

Shakespeare!

. . . I took the count.

Home to Mother's

BY ELEANOR E. HARRIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LORAN F. WILFORD

DOWN the grassy, sunlit road, all the warm summer afternoon trudged two old women, each carrying a small bundle. They kept fast hold of hands like two children, and like children they were interested in everything along the way. Their old faces beamed.

Betty was tall and thin, with a rounded back. Her waist was snugly pinched, and over her blue gingham dress she wore an old-fashioned basque of black brocaded velvet, the raised flowers effaced in many places to the cotton back, giving a moth-eaten effect. It buttoned close around the neck and flared out below the waist-line jauntily. On her head she wore a black crape bonnet, with a veil draped at the back, of as old a period as the basque. An inch of the parting of her gray hair showed in front. Her feet were trim in narrow shoes and her hands in black lace mitts. Her bundle, wrapped in newspaper and tied with twine, she carried under her right arm, her left being tucked under Janey's right.

Janey was squarely and solidly fashioned. She had no observable waist-line, and her threadbare coat, gapping between every button, showed a tan-colored shirt-waist underneath, and never met at all over her stomach. Her dingy black skirt was well above the ankles that supported her body like two thick posts. She wore men's shoes, flat and shapeless, and on her head a man's cap pulled well down, but leaving a short fringe of scant white curls at the back of her neck and over her ears to her temples. Her bundle was tied in a square of green cloth, immigrant fashion, and carried in her left hand, while the big

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Drawn by Loran F. Wilford.

"Be you sure you kin find it, Betty?"—Page 202

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blunt fingers of her toil-worn right hand held Betty's slender ones in a firm grasp, and yet it was Betty who led the way they should go.

"Be you sure you kin find it, Betty?" Janey asked.

"Well, if I can't find my own house, somethin' must be the matter of me," was Betty's cheerful reply. "I can't get there any too soon neither. I don't know what my mother will think of me for stayin' away so long. I feel guilty, I do that. Ain't it a pleasant day, though, to be goin' home?"

"Yes, it's a awful pleasant day, and I do feel thankful to you, Betty, for lettin' me come along. Oh, look, Betty, there's a squirrel. Look at 'im go up that tree. The spry crittur!"

They stood still for a minute and watched the antics of the squirrel. He jumped from branch to branch and leered down saucily at them.

A team of heavy farm-horses drawing a load of hay overtook the pair and they retreated as far as they could to the side of the road.

"Good afternoon, sisters!" the driver called to them. "Climb up and I'll give ye a lift to town."

Their happy faces smiled up at him.

"He thinks he's bein' funny, don't he?" said Janey.

"I could-a done it once, nor waited to be asked!" cried Betty to him.

"I don't doubt but ye could, sister," the man called back. "A good day to ye and many of 'em."

"He seems well spoken and good-wishin'," Janey observed. "Did you say your mother's house was around the turn of the road?"

"Yes, I did, Janey. I've told you that something like six times a-ready. Just around the turn. It's a small house and it needs paintin', but it's home all the same."

"Well, I'll be glad to be gittin' there. I'm a little speck breathless."

"We can set down on this here pile of rails and rest us," Betty said.

They sat down, first putting their bundles side by side on the top.

"Did you tell me your grandmother was livin'?" Janey questioned.

"Yes, she's always lived along of mother," said Betty.

"How old is yer grandmother?"

There was a sly look in Janey's eyes, and Betty cast a suspicious glance at her. "Now you think you've got me," she said slowly.

"Come to think of it, mebby my grandmother ain't there; but if she's died, none of 'em's told me about it. I don't remember her dyin'."

She drew herself up a little and sat kicking her small heels against the rails, looking off at the hills and scattering houses that bordered the town beyond. Janey began to untie her bundle.

"I knowed we'd be hungry 'fore we got there," she chuckled, "so I put up a bit of lunch. I managed to lay hands on it, while the matron wasn't lookin'. She's a good woman, but awful closelike with her victuals. Now, my mother was never that way. She never turned nobody from her door hungry, my mother didn't."

"Nor my mother, neither," Betty said, reaching for the sandwich Janey had produced.

"I couldn't get no butter," laughed Janey, "but hunger's a good sauce. Let 'em hide their butter if they want to."

Betty laughed too. "Yes, let 'em! My mother told me she's havin' a chicken dinner to-day, with biscuits and I dunno what all."

"When'd she tell ye?" Janey stared in amazement.

"Why, just yisterday she told me."

Janey smiled indulgently. "I guess you must be dreamin'."

Betty shook her head, but a vague look had come into her eyes, though she still smiled. A robin was hopping along the top of the fence across the road. An automobile went by, leaving a cloud of dust behind. "I'm always skeered of them autymubbles," she said.

"So be I," said Janey.

They munched their dry bread, fairly revelling in the sunshine, giving joyous little chuckles and cackles now and again. They could see white chickens over in a field.

"My mother keeps white chickens and a cow," said Betty. "We'll have real cream in our tea, or would you rather have coffee, Janey?"

"Coffee, with two lumps of sugar in it," Janey decided.

"My mother makes her own butter, too. We'll have plenty of butter. She'll

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not hide it like the matron does. I'll bet a cooky the matron has butter every meal."

"Of course she does," Janey agreed.

"I'm hopin' the boys will be home," Betty observed thoughtfully.

"The boys?"

"Yes, my brothers—Hiram and John and Andrew and Joseph—he was always my playmate, only a year younger'n me. I could foller him any place and climb anywheres he clumb."

"Do you think they'll be there now?" Janey asked.

"That's what I'm hopin'."

Again Betty cast a suspicious glance at her companion, but the latter, smiling like the crescent moon with a caved-in upper lip, was following the antics of a squirrel, as it leaped from branch to branch in a tree across the road.

Other automobiles went by, and nearly everybody in them nodded and smiled at the funny old couple sitting close together on the pile of rails beside the road.

"Everybody seems good-natured today," Janey remarked.

"That's because the sun shines," Betty declared. "I remember to this day just how I felt once, when I was just a little mite of a girl, and the sun popped out real bright one mornin', after it had rained a whole week. It made me so happy I most cried."

"You must-a been a thinkin' child," said Janey, regarding Betty out of misty gray eyes, all set round with little fine wrinkles.

"I 'spose likely I was," smiled Betty. "Now I wonder if I can break this here cooky in two in the middle. I saved mine las' night and tucked it inside my dress. There, I'll give you the biggest piece."

Presently a man came by carrying a scythe.

"Hello, aunties! Havin' a picnic?" he called.

"Yes, we be," Janey replied.

"We're goin' on a visit home to my grandmother's," Betty volunteered, with cheerful assurance.

Janey's eyes widened in some surprise.

"Indeed!" said the man. "It's a fine day for a trip. Is it far to your grandmother's?"

"No," replied Betty. "It ain't so very far. It's just down the road a piece, and around a turn and down a little hill—a little house that needs paintin', but warm and cosey—and it's *home*."

She beamed at him. Janey beamed, too, but she gave the man a sly wink that he seemed to understand, and whispered, "Her *mother's*."

"I guess home is where the heart is," he said, and his eyes were suspiciously bright. He began to cut the tall weeds along the roadside with the scythe, swinging it with a great deal of energy.

"We'd better be movin' on, or we'll not get to grandmother's by dinner-time, and we don't want to keep 'em waitin'," Betty said.

They climbed down, took their bundles, and, hand in hand as before, started off again on their journey.

"Good-by!" called the man after them. "I hope you find 'em all well at home."

"Thank you! Good-by!" they cackled merrily, as they jogged away, Betty with short, mincing steps and Janey ponderous, flat-footed.

The man stopped mowing for a full minute, gazing after them, his eyes still bright.

They trudged along sturdily, though quite unevenly, because they couldn't by any manner of means keep step together. Still, neither felt secure going it alone.

"What makes you step so often?" Janey almost complained.

"It's my way," Betty returned. "I was always a quick stepper; they used to say a high-stepper, too," and she stepped faster. "It's more tiresome to walk slow than fast, and if you'd step quicker, Janey——"

"I can't go no faster," Janey broke in, "and anyhow I step longer'n you do, so we even up, I guess; but it does seem a long ways to that turn in the road."

"It's a long road that has no turnin'," chuckled Betty, and on they plodded. The mid-afternoon sun poured its radiance over them and they seemed to enjoy it. Janey said it was good for her rheumatiz and Betty liked the warm feeling on her back.

It was tiresome, though, looking behind for the autos; so they wouldn't come up on you suddenly and then screech so that you almost jumped out of your shoes. They scrambled to one side as fast as they could, the moment they saw one coming, and waited until it was once more safe to proceed.

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"It's funny how heavy a little bundle with nothin' in it but a nightgown and a clean apron and a few trinkets can git," Janey commented, and Betty agreed that it was.

In one place they found the whole roadside grown up to sweet clover, and they both picked a bunch. Again they rested, this time sitting on a horse block. The house back of it had the look of being empty.

"It takes two great ships to move my two great hips," said Janey, still cheerfully, as she got to her feet again.

Betty laughed heartily at this witticism. They hadn't gone far when a cloud appeared, moving in the way ahead.

"Now, who's that comin'?" Janey exclaimed.

"Boys!" cried Betty. "No, it ain't; it's girls. Well, I never!"

"Don't that beat all you ever see?" cried Janey, stepping a little quicker in her excitement. "They've got pants on."

They came along, kicking up considerable dust, a bunch of girls out on a hike, heads bobbed and hatless, legs encased in knickers, socks, and sneaks; laughing, chattering, swinging along—a camp-cup at each belt and a box or bag of lunch hitched to each girl somewhere.

Amazed the two old travellers stood aside, gazing, to let them pass.

But the fresh young things stopped short in the road, amazed in their turn.

"'Lo, gramas!" one greeted—she seemed to be the leader of the bunch—"you hiking, too?"

The old ones smiled broadly.

"I'm goin' on a visit to my gran'mother's," Betty explained, "and Janey here—" Janey hunched her. "My mother's, I mean," Betty corrected—"and Janey here is goin' with me. My mother lives just a little ways down here, around a turn and down a little hill. Mebby you come by it—a little house it is, with some white hens around in the yard and a rose-bush near the door."

"I think we did pass a little house, on that other road," said the girl leader, pointing back. "I don't remember the rose-bush, though it might be there—the hens too, I guess."

"A little house that needed paintin'?" Janey asked.

"Yes, I think it did. It had once been white."

"That's it!" laughed Betty.

"Your mother's house, did you say?" the girl questioned, smiling queerly.

"Yes, deary," said Betty, "and she'll be wonderin' why I don't git there. You see, we've been trampin' quite a while, but Janey she ain't very swift on her feet. It's been a nice day for walkin', though," she hastened to add, seeing Janey's look of protest. "I'll be satisfied if I git there by the time the children come home from school. I've got two little girls and a little boy. They'll be lookin' for me, too."

"Betty dreams a good deal," Janey whispered loudly to one of the girls.

Betty silenced her with a look. "Well, good-by," she said, "me and Janey must hurry along. I hope you'll have as good a dinner as we will. We're goin' to have chicken and biscuits."

"Good-by," laughed the girl leader. "You'll find the little house right around the turn and down a little hill."

The girls went their way, laughing back and waving their hands, and the two old women waved and smiled, though their smiles were rather weary by this time. They trudged on toward that turn in the road and at last they reached it, and could look down the little hill. They could see the roof of a house, a little house.

"I'm glad to cut clear of them autymubbles," Betty rejoiced, as they made the turn into the narrow road.

The hill was short but rather steep, and getting down it was no easy task, but there at the bottom stood the alluring little house, the house that Janey, in her inmost heart, had been afraid they wouldn't find, though Betty had seemed so sure. There it was, and the white hens were there, too, some of them straying out in the road. They quite forgot to look for the rose-bush, because they were so taken up at sight of a swing in front, with some children playing around it, the swing glided out over the road, but Betty said that didn't matter, because it was a private road. Janey looked at Betty with new-born respect and confidence in her eyes. It appeared that Betty knew what she was talking about after all.

Betty stepped a little quicker and Janey a little longer, and they came abreast of the huge elm-tree, to which the swing-

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rope was fastened. Under the tree, set against the trunk and raised on some support to the proper height, was an automobile seat. They managed to get to it and to sink down upon it.

"I couldn't a-walked another step," groaned Janey.

"I was just about to the end of my rope, too," Betty confessed, with a little nervous giggle.

Three children had already grouped themselves before the old couple—a boy of four years, with chubby hands clasped over his round stomach, and two girls of six and eight, one on each side of him, all staring with the greatest curiosity.

Betty and Janey smiled, and the children smiled back, recognizing kindred souls, as children will.

"Whose little boy be you?" Betty asked, her voice unsteady with weariness.

"Mama's," the boy replied.

"What's your name, dearie?"

"Name Buddie."

"I've got a little boy, too," Betty told him.

She reached out a delicate, crumply old hand and stroked the child's smooth blond head.

"My name's Ruth," volunteered the younger girl.

"Mine's Caroline," said the other.

"And mine's Betty and this is Janey. I invited her to come down with me. I hope your ma ain't had to keep the dinner waitin' very long. Have you got your breath yet, Janey? Because, if you have, we'd better be goin' in."

They struggled to their feet again, and, escorted by the children, started up the path to the house. The older girl ran ahead and in at the kitchen door, and directly Mrs. Mason, a plump, brown-haired, youngish woman with kind brown eyes and cheeks flushed from working about the kitchen fire, appeared, dusting floury fingers on her apron.

She was not a little surprised at sight of the square-rigged Janey in her cutaway coat and man's cap, white bob fluttering beneath, and the slender Betty, with her full, flaring velvet basque and black-lace mitts, her mourning veil draped lightly over her narrow, bent shoulders; both radiantly smiling, Janey her toothless caved-in, moonlike smile, and Betty over her genteel upper and lower set. Both smiles were slightly vague, slightly apologetic, and plainly tired.

"We've got here at last," said Betty, tremulous, not quite sure of her ground. "Janey, she's most tuckered out, but I'm all right. I hope we ain't kep' your dinner waitin'."

Mrs. Mason gasped, caught her breath, and then smiled back, putting out her hand. "Come right in," she said. "You look tired out, both of you."

Together they managed the wide, low doorstep, and then Betty preceded Janey through the doorway into the kitchen, which was not as small as might have been supposed from the outside.

"You're just in time," said Mrs. Mason cheerfully. "Caroline, you show 'em where to take off their things and wash up a bit, and by the time they're ready your father will be here and we'll have supper. Ruth, dear, set two more places and pull up two more chairs."

The reason Janey wore a man's cap—a soft one—was apparent when she took it off. The top of her squarish head was as smooth and shiny as one of those pale-yellow squashes that grow over, bowl-shaped, and fluted around the lower edge. Her fringe of white curls fluffed out distractingly and reminded one who knew squashes of those neat fluted edges.

Betty's gray locks were quite abundant and had a natural wave in them. Parted and drawn down cunningly over the tops of her ears, they gave a demure, Priscilla look to her face, in spite of the snug little wad at the back. They both looked very neat and clean.

"It is chicken and biscuits," Betty whispered. "Ain't you glad now you come?"

Janey nodded happily, convinced beyond a doubt that Betty was a person of family connections.

"Git out your clean apron," she reminded.

The children stood helpfully near, watching with delighted curiosity and commenting politely.

"Did an Indian scalp you?" Caroline ventured. Janey shook her head and her smile curved upward toward her eyes, which, oddly enough, seemed to curve down a little at the outer corners.

Mr. Mason came in and washed at the

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kitchen sink and brushed his hair at the kitchen glass, in the corner by the door. He was informed that there was company and peeped in curiously.

"What kind of birds are they?" he asked his wife. "The great auk and the——"

She put a hand over his mouth. "Hush!" she whispered. "Can't you guess where they came from? *The Poor Farm*. It's three miles at least, and from what I can find out the poor things have been walking all day. The old dears! They're so funny and so—so pathetic. They're going to have their supper. Oh, Bill, do you s'pose you and I will ever get to be like that?"

"Of course *not*," Bill assured her, and he kissed the back of her neck, as she stooped to take a tin of biscuit out of the oven.

"Oh, you kid!" she exclaimed. "You almost made me drop them."

Bill smiled. "But, Dear Heart, if we should, we'll find a chimney corner with one of our children."

"It's well we can't see too far into the future," replied Dear Heart, with a gentle sigh. "Anyhow, I'm glad we're having chicken and biscuits for supper to-night. It's going to be a wonderful treat for them, and if sometime, oh in years and years——"

Betty was tying her white apron about her trim waist, her bundle lying open on a chair, and Janey was similarly occupied before another chair, when Bill entered. Taking the cue from his wife, he greeted them like old friends. The simple ceremony being over, they turned back to their chairs.

"This is brother Joe's picture," Betty said, taking a small package from among a few other little things. "I didn't like to leave it, where there's so many to pick and nose about."

"It would have been very unwise," Bill agreed.

Carefully she unwound the faded ribbon that wrapped it and brought to light a small daguerreotype picture, in a case, of a boy of twenty, in the blue uniform of the Civil War, standing with his rifle in his hand, the butt resting on the ground and the fixed bayonet extending above his head. Round-cheeked and pretty he was, with a softness about the eyes that indicated blue.

"He was killed," said Betty quietly. "He didn't never come home."

Her eyes followed the picture, as it went from hand to hand, until she got it back.

"Now show 'em your cross, Janey," she said, and as Janey began to fumble among her things—"It's made out of a piece of the *Monitor* or the *Merrimac*, Janey can't remember which. Her brother made it, when he was in a hospital down South, and he made that pin, too, that she's got on her neck, with her name on it. He made it out of a bone, and the name's cut into the bone, and the place is filled with red sealin' wax. Pretty, ain't it?"

"The biscuits are done," announced Mrs. Mason. "I'm going to pour the gravy over them in the tureen right now, and we'll look at the rest of your beautiful keepsakes after supper."

And so, very presently, Betty and Janey found themselves occupying chairs at the table, with Bill at the head and the three children opposite, Buddy in his high-chair at the end nearest his mother.

"Sometimes we begin at the bottom, but this time we're going to begin at the top," Bill said. "Now, which of you two young ladies is the oldest?"

Betty looked at Janey.

"I be; I'm eighty-seven," said Janey promptly, and it seemed almost proudly.

"I was forty-two my last birthday," said Betty, sitting serene and Priscilla-like in the high-backed chair. Janey smiled her engaging, caved-in smile, and cast a knowing look around the table.

"Janey gets in first on this, it's very evident," laughed Bill, "but Betty is a sure second, because I'm only forty and Dear Heart is somewhere between thirty-eight and eighteen. I never can remember exactly where."

They all laughed at this, and Buddy said "Haw! haw! haw!" in a funny way, and then, scared at his own temerity, laid his round cheek on his mother's arm and grinned across the table at Janey.

"He thinks he's funny when he does that," his mother explained.

They had mashed potato and red jelly and very tender green peas fixed with cream and served in saucers, and red-raspberry pie and coffee, and pink-and-white peppermints, and it was all on the table, so you could know just what was coming.

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"This is brother Joe's picture. . . . I didn't like to leave it, where there's so many to pick and nose about."
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"What part of the chicken do you prefer, Janey?" Bill wanted to know, as he began to serve.

"Oh, any part that's agreeable to you." Janey stammered a little over the big word and the honor of being served first.

"I see—some dark and some light meat—all right?"

"Yes," smiled Janey.

"And you, Betty?"

"The same as Janey, please, only—if you see a bit of the liver—don't bother, but if it's right where you can find it."

"Sure, it's right here—Dear Heart, this chicken had a liver, didn't it?"

"It certainly did, a big one."

Dear Heart's big brown eyes scanned the heaped-up platter.

"I see it!" cried Caroline excitedly, pointing—"over there by the edge."

Bill pounced on the liver and transferred it to Betty's plate.

"I don't know when I've had a taste of chicken liver," she said, gently apologetic.

"Whose turn is it to get the wishbone?" Bill questioned hastily.

Ruth claimed it and Caroline got the heart. Dear Heart dished up the peas and passed the jelly and pickles, and the dinner proceeded with delightful spirit.

"Do you take cream and sugar in your coffee?" she asked her guests, and when

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they said they did—"Two lumps or three?"

"Only to think of it!"

Janey looked *that* into Betty's eyes without speaking.

"Didn't I tell you *real cream?*" Betty whispered in Janey's ear—"and butter in plenty?"

They soon lost track of how many times the butter was passed to them, or they were urged to have another helping of something, or their coffee-cups filled again. How sad that, no matter how one tries, one can never eat but one meal ahead!

"This is the best cooked chicken I ever tasted," Betty averred, "and the biscuits, too."

Janey nodded, her mouth full. Having no teeth, she found it advisable to attend pretty strictly to the business in hand, in order to keep her plate down even with the rest. She did exceedingly well, considering her limitations.

Even Betty, with plenty of teeth, had some difficulty when her plate was constantly being heaped with good things.

"I don't think I eat more'n other folks, but I eat slower," she said.

"We've got all the time in the world," Bill assured them. "I ain't half through."

"Nor I," said his wife. "It's better to eat slow and long. I try to teach the children not to swallow their food whole."

"Mother is always very particular about that, too," said Betty, a far-off look coming into her eyes. She had a listening look, too.

The little boxed-in stairway opened down into the small dining-room, and from where she sat she could see up its carpeted length, by turning her head a little. She did this several times, and finally she leaned toward it and called: "Mother! Mother!" in an eager, enticing voice.

A sudden hush fell on the little group around the table. Bill took a drink of water and choked, and his wife's eyes filled with tears, so that she dared not wink. To them it was unutterably sad to see this aged creature calling up the stairway for her mother.

But little Caroline, whose soul was still a flower-bed of imaginings, understood better. "She's making believe her mother is up there," she whispered. "I guess she thinks this is her mother's house and she's glad about it."

Janey did not permit herself to be diverted from the business of eating. She kept right on.

In a moment or two Betty turned back with the remark: "I guess she'll come down pretty soon. She knows it's supper-time."

She glanced at Janey, hesitated a moment, and added: "When mother comes down Janey can move along and we can fix a place for her right next to me."

"Certainly. Of course we can," Bill assented, and Betty's old face beamed.

"The boys ought to be here," she went on, "but they have such a long ways to drive. I haven't seen 'em in a good while—Hiram and John and Andrew and Joseph. I hope they'll come."

"We'll feed 'em if they drive in," declared Bill heartily and took another drink of water.

Again Betty seemed satisfied. "Is your white hens layin' good now?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; I brought in six eggs to-day," Dear Heart told her.

"Betty likes white hens," Janey informed them.

"They look pretty walking around on green grass, and ginerally they're good layers," Betty explained her liking for white hens.

While Ruth was crumbing the table and her mother was cutting the pie, Betty got up, saying: "Will you excuse me just a minute. I want to go up-stairs and see if my little children are up there. They ought to come down to supper."

She trotted to the stairway, and went nimbly up, Bill calling after her that she'd better finish her own supper first, hadn't she?

"I won't be gone a minute," she called back.

"Oh, does she really think her children are up there," Dear Heart murmured, "and her mother? Does she think this is her house?"

Janey smiled. "She'll come back after she's called 'em. Betty dreams sometimes. I don't guess they're up there now, do you?"

Dear Heart got up hastily and followed to the stairway. There were three bedrooms above, opening on the hall, and Betty went to each door and looked in and called: "Betty—little Betty—Mamie—Charlie—" Three times, just the same. She called softly and listened after each call—a breathless, intent listening.

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"I wish they'd come, so we could play with 'em," Ruth whispered in Caroline's ear.

"They can't really come. They're only 'maginations," Caroline explained, whispering in return.

"I wish 'maginations came true," Ruth replied.

Janey was busy tying red-and-white candies in the corner of her handkerchief, and Dear Heart ran out to the kitchen and hid her face in the roller towel for as many as ten seconds.

'The dear old thing doesn't see us hardly at all,' she thought. 'She just sees her mother and her children. I wonder—oh, I wonder where those children are. Where are the children of all the old grandmothers and grandfathers that live at the Poor Farm?'

"Dear Heart, will you bring in some more biscuits?" Bill called.

Betty came back down-stairs. "They're hidin' from me," she explained with a little embarrassed laugh. "They won't answer, but they'll soon get tired if I leave 'em alone, and they'll come down to their supper."

"Tum to suppa!" shouted Buddy, pounding on the table with his spoon, and they all laughed again, just as one does at a picture show, when the scene changes suddenly from tragic to comic.

By the time they were all through eating, it was beginning to grow dark.

"My husband usually drives over to take me home, when I've been anywheres," Betty said, with an anxious glance out at the dimming road. "Meby we'd better start along, Janey, and he can pick us up part way."

"Don't be in a hurry; stay and visit a while," Dear Heart urged, and they were persuaded.

With the guileless pleasure of children they showed the rest of their little keepsakes.

"All they've got left, but memories," Dear Heart whispered to Bill.

Betty had a tea-caddy that was doubtless very old, as her great-grandfather, who was a sea-captain, had brought it from China, and Janey had a small picture of herself, treasured from her girlhood. Her smile was there, curving mischievously, but it didn't cave in on the upper lip, and the top of her head gave no evidence of baldness.

"You was some flapper," Bill complimented. "If I'd been around in them days, and Dear Heart hadn't——"

Janey blushed and smiled at Buddy, who found her fascinating, and was leaning against her knees, looking up at her in a solemn enjoyment that amounted almost to rapture. "Did God forget your teeth?" he questioned, and Janey giggled, showing her toothless gums the plainer.

Presently Bill went out and brought his Lizzie round to the front, while Dear Heart buttoned the slender Betty into her brocaded velvet basque and the square Janey into her cutaway coat, and gave each a package of cookies and some lumps of sugar to tie up with her bundle.

"The carriage is at the door," Bill announced, and in a minute they were off, Dear Heart watching the departure with a tear in her eye and a smile on her lip, and the children shouting cheerful goodbys.

"I never rode in a easier carriage," Betty said as the Lizzie bumped cheerfully along over the fairly smooth road. "My husband always would keep good horses."

"They do go nice," Janey agreed, "and the seat's easy, too."

They drew up to the door of the Poor Farm at about nine o'clock, and Bill gallantly helped them out and up the steps. Holding hands again they sidled in, like two children who were not quite sure whether an escapade would be condoned or punished. But the matron smiled—"Well, you've made a day of it"—and their old faces brightened.

"Yes," said Betty with a happy sigh. "We've been home to mother's and seen all the folks and had a awful good visit. She keeps white hens."

"And we had chicken and biscuits," Janey added, smiling her caved-in, moonlike smile over her shoulder, as the two trudged down the hall.

"We'll have a good time to-morrow, tellin' the rest about it, won't we, Janey?" Betty chuckled softly, when they had closed the door on themselves, in the little room they occupied together.

Janey pulled off her cap and nodded her bald head sleepily.

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The "Canary" Murder Case

BY S. S. VAN DINE

Author of "The Benson Murder Case"

XXIV

AN ARREST

(Sunday, p. m., Monday, a. m.; September 16–17)

THE investigation into Skeel's death was pushed with great vigor by the authorities. Doctor Doremus, the Medical Examiner, arrived promptly and declared that the crime had taken place between ten o'clock and midnight. Immediately Vance insisted that all the men who were known to have been intimately acquainted with the Odell girl—Mannix, Lindquist, Cleaver, and Spotswoode—be interviewed at once and made to explain where they were during these two hours. Markham agreed without hesitation, and gave the order to Heath, who at once put four of his men on the task.

Mallory, the detective who had shadowed Skeel the previous night, was questioned regarding possible visitors; but inasmuch as the house where Skeel lived accommodated over twenty roomers, who were constantly coming and going at all hours, no information could be gained through that channel. All that Mallory could say definitely was that Skeel had returned home at about ten o'clock, and had not come out again. The landlady, sobered and subdued by the tragedy, repudiated all knowledge of the affair. She explained that she had been "ill" in her room from dinner-time until we had disturbed her recuperation the next morning. The front door, it seemed, was never locked, since her tenants objected to such an unnecessary inconvenience. The tenants themselves were questioned, but without result: they were not of a class likely to give information to the police, even had they possessed any.

The finger-print experts made a careful examination of the room, but failed to find any marks except Skeel's own. A thorough search through the murdered man's effects occupied several hours; but nothing was discovered that gave any hint of the murderer's identity. A .38 Colt automatic, fully loaded, was found under one of the pillows on the bed; and eleven hundred dollars, in bills of large denomination, was taken from a hollow brass curtain-rod. Also, under a loose board in the hall, the missing steel chisel, with the fissure in the blade, was found. But these items were of no value in solving the mystery of Skeel's death; and at four o'clock in the afternoon the room was closed with an emergency padlock and put under guard.

Markham and Vance and I had remained several hours after our discovery of the body. Markham had taken immediate charge of the case, and had conducted the interrogation of the tenants. Vance had watched the routine activities of the police with unwonted intentness, and had even taken part in the search. He had seemed particularly interested in Skeel's evening clothes, and had examined them garment by garment. Heath had looked at him from time to time, but there had been neither contempt nor amusement in the Sergeant's glances.

At half past two Markham departed, after informing Heath that he would be at the Stuyvesant Club during the remainder of the day; and Vance and I went with him. We had a belated luncheon in the empty grill.

"This Skeel episode rather knocks the foundation from under everything," Markham said dispiritedly, as our coffee was served.

"Oh, no—not that," Vance answered. "Rather, let us say that it has added a new column to the edifice of my giddy theory."

"Your theory—yes. It's about all

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The 'Canary' Murder Case" will be found in "Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors."

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that's left to go on." Markham sighed. "It has certainly received substantiation this morning. . . . Remarkable how you called the turn when Skeel failed to show up."

Again Vance contradicted him.

"You overestimate my little flutter in forensics, Markham dear. You see, I assumed that the lady's strangler knew of Skeel's offer to you. That offer was probably a threat of some kind on Skeel's part; otherwise he wouldn't have set the appointment a day ahead. He no doubt hoped the victim of his threat would become amenable in the meantime. And that money hidden in the curtain-rod leads me to think he was blackmailing the Canary's murderer, and had been refused a further donation just before he phoned you yesterday. That would account, too, for his having kept his guilty knowledge to himself all this time."

"You may be right. But now we're worse off than ever, for we haven't even Skeel to guide us."

"At least we've forced our elusive culprit to commit a second crime to cover up his first, don't y' know. And when we have learned what the Canary's various amorists were doing last night between ten and twelve, we may have something suggestive on which to work.—By the by, when may we expect this thrillin' information?"

"It depends upon what luck Heath's men have. To-night some time, if everything goes well."

It was, in fact, about half past eight when Heath telephoned the reports. But here again Markham seemed to have drawn a blank. A less satisfactory account could scarcely be imagined. Doctor Lindquist had suffered a "nervous stroke" the preceding afternoon, and had been taken to the Episcopal Hospital. He was still there under the care of two eminent physicians whose word it was impossible to doubt; and it would be a week at least before he would be able to resume his work. This report was the only definite one of the four, and it completely exonerated the doctor from any participation in the previous night's crime.

By a curious coincidence neither Mannix, nor Cleaver, nor Spotswoode could furnish a satisfactory alibi. All three of them, according to their statements, had remained at home the night before. The weather had been inclement; and though Mannix and Spotswoode admitted to having been out earlier in the evening, they stated that they had returned home before ten o'clock. Mannix lived in an apartment-hotel, and, as it was Saturday night, the lobby was crowded, so that no one would have been likely to see him come in. Cleaver lived in a small private apartment-house without a door-man or hallboys to observe his movements. Spotswoode was staying at the Stuyvesant Club, and since his rooms were on the third floor, he rarely used the elevator. Moreover, there had been a political reception and dance at the club the previous night, and he might have walked in and out at random a dozen times without being noticed.

"Not what you'd call illuminatin'," said Vance, when Markham had given him this information.

"It eliminates Lindquist, at any rate."

"Quite. And, automatically, it eliminates him as an object of suspicion in the Canary's death also; for these two crimes are part of a whole—integers of the same problem. They complement each other. The latter was conceived in relation to the first—was, in fact, a logical outgrowth of it."

Markham nodded.

"That's reasonable enough. Anyway, I've passed the combative stage. I think I'll drift for a while on the stream of your theory and see what happens."

"What irks me is the disquietin' feeling that positively nothing will happen unless we force the issue. The lad who manœuvred those two obits had real bean in him."

As he spoke Spotswoode entered the room and looked about as if searching for some one. Catching sight of Markham, he came briskly forward, with a look of inquisitive perplexity.

"Forgive me for intruding, sir," he apologized, nodding pleasantly to Vance and me, "but a police officer was here this afternoon inquiring as to my whereabouts last night. It struck me as strange, but I thought little of it until I happened to see the name of Tony Skeel in the

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head-lines of a 'special' to-night and read he had been strangled. I remember you asked me regarding such a man in connection with Miss Odell, and I wondered if, by any chance, there could be any connection between the two murders, and if I was, after all, to be drawn into the affair."

"No, I think not," said Markham. "There seemed a possibility that the two crimes were related; and, as a matter of routine, the police questioned all the close friends of Miss Odell in the hope of turning up something suggestive. You may dismiss the matter from your mind. I trust," he added, "the officer was not unpleasantly importunate."

"Not at all." Spotswoode's look of anxiety disappeared. "He was extremely courteous but a bit mysterious.—Who was this man Skeel?"

"A half-world character and ex-burglar. He had some hold on Miss Odell, and, I believe, extorted money from her."

A cloud of angry disgust passed over Spotswoode's face.

"A creature like that deserves the fate that overtook him."

We chatted on various matters until ten o'clock, when Vance rose and gave Markham a reproachful look.

"I'm going to try to recover some lost sleep. I'm temperamentally unfitted for a policeman's life."

Despite this complaint, however, nine o'clock the next morning found him at the District Attorney's office. He had brought several newspapers with him, and was reading, with much amusement, the first complete accounts of Skeel's murder. Monday was generally a busy day for Markham, and he had arrived at the office before half past eight in an effort to clean up some pressing routine matters before proceeding with his investigation of the Odell case. Heath, I knew, was to come for a conference at ten o'clock. In the meantime there was nothing for Vance to do but read the newspapers; and I occupied myself in like manner.

Punctually at ten Heath arrived, and from his manner it was plain that something had happened to cheer him immeasurably. He was almost jaunty, and his formal, self-satisfied salutation to Vance was like that of a conqueror to a vanquished adversary. He shook hands with Markham with more than his customary punctility.

"Our troubles are over, sir," he said, and paused to light his cigar. "I've arrested Jessup."

It was Vance who broke the dramatic silence following this astounding announcement.

"In the name of Heaven—what for?"

Heath turned deliberately, in no wise abashed by the other's tone.

"For the murder of Margaret Odell and Tony Skeel."

"Oh, my aunt! Oh, my precious aunt!" Vance sat up and stared at him in amazement. "Sweet angels of heaven, come down and solace me!"

Heath's complacency was unshaken.

"You won't need no angels, or aunts either, when you hear what I've found out about this fellow. I've got him tied up in a sack, ready to hand to the jury."

The first wave of Markham's astonishment had subsided.

"Let's have the story, Sergeant."

Heath settled himself in a chair. He took a few moments to arrange his thoughts.

"It's like this, sir. Yesterday afternoon I got to thinking. Here was Skeel murdered, same like Odell, after he'd promised to squeal; and it certainly looked as though the same guy had strangled both of 'em. Therefore, I concluded that there musta been two guys in the apartment Monday night—the Dude and the murderer—just like Mr. Vance has been saying all along. Then I figured that they knew each other pretty well, because not only did the other fellow know where the Dude lived, but he musta been wise to the fact that the Dude was going to squeal yesterday. It looked to me, sir, like they had pulled the Odell job together—which is why the Dude didn't squeal in the first place. But after the other fellow lost his nerve and threw the jewelry away, Skeel thought he'd play safe by turning state's evidence; so he phoned you."

The Sergeant smoked a moment.

"I never put much stock in Mannix and Cleaver and the doc. They weren't the kind to do a job like that, and they cer-

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tainly weren't the kind that would be mixed up with a jailbird like Skeel. So I stood all three of 'em to one side, and began looking round for a bad egg—somebody who'd have been likely to be Skeel's accomplice. But first I tried to figure out what you might call the physical obstacles in the case—that is, the snags we were up against in our reconstruction of the crime."

Again he paused.

"Now, the thing that's been bothering us most is that side door. How did it get unbolted after six o'clock? And who bolted it again after the crime? Skeel musta come in by it before eleven, because he was in the apartment when Spotswoode and Odell returned from the theatre; and he probably went out by it after Cleaver had come to the apartment at about midnight. But that wasn't explaining how it got bolted again on the inside. Well, sir, I studied over this for a long time yesterday, and then I went up to the house and took another look at the door. Young Spively was running the switchboard, and I asked him where Jessup was, for I wanted to ask him some questions. And Spively told me he'd quit his job the day before—Saturday afternoon!"

Heath waited to let this fact sink in.

"I was on my way down-town before the idea came to me. Then it hit me sudden-like; and the whole case broke wide open.—Mr. Markham, nobody but Jessup coulda opened that side door and locked it again—nobody. Figure it out for yourself, sir—though I guess you've pretty well done it already. Skeel couldn't've done it. And there wasn't nobody else to do it."

Markham had become interested, and leaned forward.

"After this idea had hit me," Heath continued, "I decided to take a chance; so I got outa the Subway at the Penn Station, and phoned Spively for Jessup's address. Then I got my first good news: Jessup lived on Second Avenue, right around the corner from Skeel! I picked up a coupla men from the local station, and went to his house. We found him packing up his things, getting ready to go to Detroit. We locked him up, and I took his finger-prints and sent 'em to Dubois. I thought I might get a line on him that way, because crooks don't generally begin with a job as big as the Canary prowl."

Heath permitted himself a grin of satisfaction.

"Well, sir, Dubois nailed him up! His name ain't Jessup at all. The William part is all right, but his real moniker is Benton. He was convicted of assault and battery in Oakland in 1909, and served a year in San Quentin when Skeel was a prisoner there. He was also grabbed as a lookout in a bank robbery in Brooklyn in 1914, but didn't come to trial—that's how we happen to have his finger-prints at Headquarters. When we put him on the grill last night, he said he changed his name after the Brooklyn racket, and enlisted in the army. That's all we could get outa him; but we didn't need any more.—Now, here are the facts: Jessup has served time for assault and battery. He was mixed up in a bank robbery. Skeel was a fellow prisoner of his. He's got no alibi for Saturday night when Skeel was killed, and he lives round the corner. He quit his job suddenly Saturday afternoon. He's husky and strong and could easily have done the business. He was planning his getaway when we nabbed him. *And*—he's the only person who could've unbolted and rebolted that side door Monday night. . . . Is that a case, or ain't it, Mr. Markham?"

Markham sat several minutes in thought.

"It's a good case as far as it goes," he said slowly. "But what was his motive in strangling the girl?"

"That's easy. Mr. Vance here suggested it the first day. You remember he asked Jessup about his feelings for Odell; and Jessup turned red and got nervous."

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Vance. "Am I to be made responsible for any part of this priceless lunacy? . . . True, I pried into the chap's emotions toward the lady; but that was before anything had come to light. I was bein' careful—tryin' to test each possibility as it arose."

"Well, that was a lucky question of yours, just the same." Heath turned back to Markham. "As I see it: Jessup was stuck on Odell, and she told him to trot along and sell his papers. He got all

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worked up over it, sitting there night after night, seeing these other guys calling on her. Then Skeel comes along, and recognizing him, suggests burglarizing Odell's apartment. Skeel can't do the job without help, for he has to pass the phone operator coming and going; and as he's been there before, he'd be recognized. Jessup sees a chance of getting even with Odell and putting the blame on some one else; so the two of 'em cook up the job for Monday night. When Odell goes out Jessup unlocks the side door, and the Dude lets himself into the apartment with his own key. Then Odell and Spotswoode arrive unexpectedly. Skeel hides in the closet, and after Spotswoode has gone, he accidentally makes a noise, and Odell screams. He steps out, and when she sees who he is, she tells Spotswoode it's a mistake. Jessup now knows Skeel has been discovered, and decides to make use of the fact. Soon after Spotswoode has gone, he enters the apartment with a pass-key. Skeel, thinking it's somebody else, hides again in the closet; and then Jessup grabs the girl and strangles her, intending to let Skeel get the credit for it. But Skeel comes out of hiding and they talk it over. Finally they come to an agreement, and proceed with their original plan to loot the place. Jessup tries to open the jewel-case with the poker, and Skeel finishes the job with his chisel. Then they go out. Skeel leaves by the side door, and Jessup rebolts it. The next day Skeel hands the swag to Jessup to keep till things blow over; and Jessup gets scared and throws it away. Then they have a row. Skeel decides to tell everything, so he can get out from under; and Jessup, suspecting he's going to do it, goes round to his house Saturday night and strangles him like he did Odell."

Heath made a gesture of finality and sank back in his chair.

"Clever—deuced clever," murmured Vance. "Sergeant, I apologize for my little outburst a moment ago. Your logic is irreproachable. You've reconstructed the crime beautifully. You've solved the case. . . . It's wonderful—simply wonderful. But it's wrong."

"It's right enough to send Mr. Jessup to the chair."

"That's the terrible thing about logic," said Vance. "It so often leads one irresistibly to a false conclusion."

He stood up and walked across the room and back, his hands in his coat-pockets. When he came abreast of Heath he halted.

"I say, Sergeant; if somebody else could have unlocked that side door, and then rebolted it again after the crime, you'd be willing to admit that it would weaken your case against Jessup—eh, what?"

Heath was in a generous mood.

"Sure. Show me some one else who coulda done that, and I'll admit that maybe I'm wrong."

"Skeel could have done it, Sergeant. And he did do it—without any one knowing it."

"Skeel!—This ain't the age of miracles, Mr. Vance."

Vance swung about and faced Markham.

"Listen! I'm telling you Jessup's innocent." He spoke with a fervor that amazed me. "And I'm going to prove it to you—some way. My theory is pretty complete; it's deficient only in one or two small points; and, I'll confess, I haven't yet been able to put a name to the culprit. But it's the right theory, Markham, and it's diametrically opposed to the Sergeant's. Therefore, you've got to give me an opportunity to demonstrate it before you proceed against Jessup. Now, I can't demonstrate it here; so you and Heath must come with me to the Odell house. It won't take over an hour. But if it took a week, you'd have to come just the same."

He stepped nearer to the desk.

"I know that it was Skeel, and not Jessup, who unbolted that door before the crime, and rebolted it afterward."

Markham was impressed.

"You know this—you know it for a fact?"

"Yes! And I know how he did it!"

XXV

VANCE DEMONSTRATES

(Monday, September 17; 11.30 a. m.)

HALF an hour later we entered the little apartment-house in 71st Street. Despite the plausibility of Heath's case against

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Jessup, Markham was not entirely satisfied with the arrest; and Vance's attitude had sown further seeds of doubt in his mind. The strongest point against Jessup was that relating to the bolting and unbolting of the side door; and when Vance had asserted that he was able to demonstrate how Skeel could have manipulated his own entrance and exit, Markham, though only partly convinced, had agreed to accompany him. Heath, too, was interested, and, though supercilious, had expressed a willingness to go along.

Spively, scintillant in his chocolate-colored suit, was at the switchboard, and stared at us apprehensively. But when Vance suggested pleasantly that he take a ten-minute walk round the block, he appeared greatly relieved, and lost no time in complying.

The officer on guard outside of the Odell apartment came forward and saluted.

"How goes it?" asked Heath. "Any visitors?"

"Only one—a toff who said he'd known the Canary and wanted to see the apartment. I told him to get an order from you or the District Attorney."

"That was correct, officer," said Markham; then, turning to Vance: "Probably Spotswoode—poor devil."

"Quite," murmured Vance. "So persistent! Rosemary and all that. . . . Touchin'."

Heath told the officer to go for a half-hour's stroll; and we were left alone.

"And now, Sergeant," said Vance cheerfully, "I'm sure you know how to operate a switchboard. Be so kind as to act as Spively's understudy for a few minutes—there's a good fellow. . . . But, first, please bolt the side door—and be sure that you bolt it securely, just as it was on the fatal night."

Heath grinned good-naturedly.

"Sure thing." He put his forefinger to his lips mysteriously, and, crouching, tiptoed down the hall like a burlesque detective in a farce. After a few moments he came tiptoeing back to the switchboard, his finger still on his lips. Then, glancing surreptitiously about him with globular eyes, he put his mouth to Vance's ear.

"His-s-s-t!" he whispered. "The door's bolted. G-r-r-r. . . ." He sat down at the switchboard. "When does the curtain go up, Mr. Vance?"

"It's up, Sergeant." Vance fell in with Heath's jocular mood. "Behold! The hour is half past nine on Monday night. You are Spively—not nearly so elegant; and you forgot the mustache—but still Spively. And I am the bedizened Skeel. For the sake of realism, please try to imagine me in chamois gloves and a pleated silk shirt. Mr. Markham and Mr. Van Dine here represent 'the many-headed monster of the pit.'—And, by the by, Sergeant, let me have the key to the Odell apartment: Skeel had one, don't y' know."

Heath produced the key and handed it over, still grinning.

"A word of stage-direction," Vance continued. "When I have departed by the front door, you are to wait exactly three minutes, and then knock at the late Canary's apartment."

He sauntered to the front door and, turning, walked back toward the switchboard. Markham and I stood behind Heath in the little alcove, facing the front of the building.

"Enter Mr. Skeel!" announced Vance. "Remember, it's half past nine." Then, as he came abreast of the switchboard: "Dash it all! You forgot your lines, Sergeant. You should have told me that Miss Odell was out. But it doesn't matter. . . . Mr. Skeel continues to the lady's door . . . thus."

He walked past us, and we heard him ring the apartment bell. After a brief pause, he knocked on the door. Then he came back down the hall.

"I guess you were right," he said, quoting the words of Skeel as reported by Spively; and went on to the front door. Stepping out into the street, he turned toward Broadway.

For exactly three minutes we waited. None of us spoke. Heath had become serious, and his accelerated puffing on his cigar bore evidence of his state of expectancy. Markham was frowning stoically. At the end of the three minutes Heath rose and hurried up the hall, with Markham and me at his heels. In answer to his knock, the apartment door was opened from the inside. Vance was standing in the little foyer.

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"The end of the first act," he greeted us airily. "Thus did Mr. Skeel enter the lady's boudoir Monday night after the side door had been bolted, without the operator's seeing him."

Heath narrowed his eyes, but said nothing. Then he suddenly swung round and looked down the rear passageway to the oak door at the end. The handle of the bolt was in a vertical position, showing that the catch had been turned and that the door was unbolted. Heath regarded it for several moments; then he turned his eyes toward the switchboard. Presently he let out a gleeful whoop.

"Very good, Mr. Vance—very good!" he proclaimed, nodding his head knowingly. "That was easy, though. And it don't take psychology to explain it.—After you rang the apartment bell, you ran down this rear hallway and unbolted the door. Then you ran back and knocked. After that you went out the front entrance, turned toward Broadway, swung round across the street, came in the alley, walked in the side door, and quietly let yourself into the apartment behind our backs."

"Simple, wasn't it?" agreed Vance.

"Sure." The Sergeant was almost contemptuous. "But that don't get you nowhere. Anybody coulda figured it out if that had been the only problem connected with Monday night's operations. But it's the rebolting of that side door, after Skeel had gone, that's been occupying my mind. Skeel might've—*might've*, mind you—got in the way you did. But he couldn't have got out that way, because the door was bolted the next morning. And if there was some one here to bolt the door after him, then that same person could've unbolted the door for him earlier, without his doing the ten-foot dash down the rear hall to unbolt the door himself at half past nine. So I don't see that your interesting little drama helps Jessup out any."

"Oh, but the drama isn't over," Vance replied. "The curtain is about to go up on the next act."

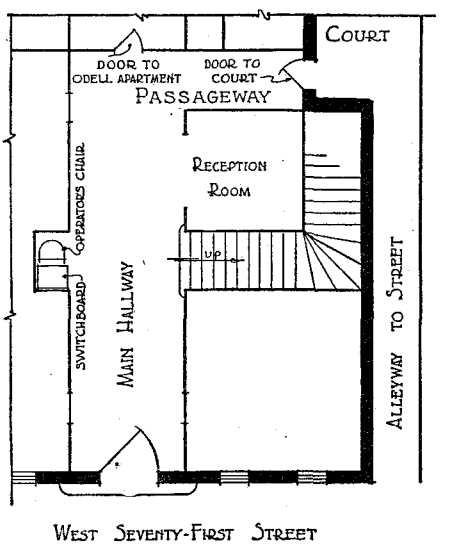
Heath lifted his eyes sharply.

"Yeah?" His tone was one of almost jeering incredulity, but his expression was searching and dubious. "And you're going to show us how Skeel got out and bolted the door on the inside without Jessup's help?"

"That is precisely what I intend to do, my Sergeant."

Heath opened his mouth to speak, but thought better of it. Instead, he merely shrugged his shoulders and gave Markham a sly look.

"Let us repair to the public atrium," proceeded Vance; and he led us into the little reception-room diagonally opposite to the switchboard. This room, as I have explained, was just beyond the staircase, and along its rear wall ran the little passageway to the side door. (A glance at the accompanying diagram will clarify the arrangement.)



Vance shepherded us ceremoniously to chairs, and cocked his eye at the Sergeant.

"You will be so good as to rest here until you hear me knock at the side door. Then come and open it for me." He went toward the archway. "Once more I personate the departed Mr. Skeel; so picture me again *en grande tenue*—sartorially radiant. . . . The curtain ascends."

He bowed and, stepping from the reception-room into the main hall, disappeared round the corner into the rear passageway.

Heath shifted his position restlessly and gave Markham a questioning, troubled look.

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"Will he pull it off, sir, do you think?" All jocularity had gone out of his tone.

"I can't see how." Markham was scowling. "If he does, though, it will knock the chief underpinning from your theory of Jessup's guilt."

"I'm not worrying," declared Heath. "Mr. Vance knows a lot; he's got ideas. But how in hell——?"

He was interrupted by a loud knocking on the side door. The three of us sprang up simultaneously and hurried round the corner of the main hall. The rear passageway was empty. There was no door or aperture of any kind on either side of it. It consisted of two blank walls; and at the end, occupying almost its entire width, was the oak door which led to the court. Vance could have disappeared only through that oak door. And the thing we all noticed at once—for our eyes had immediately sought it—was the horizontal position of the bolt-handle. This meant that the door was bolted.

Heath was not merely astonished—he was dumfounded. Markham had halted abruptly, and stood staring down the empty passageway as if he saw a ghost. After a momentary hesitation Heath walked rapidly to the door. But he did not open it at once. He went down on his knees before the lock and scrutinized the bolt carefully. Then he took out his pocket-knife and inserted the blade into the crack between the door and the casing. The point halted against the inner moulding, and the edge of the blade scraped upon the circular bolt. There was no question that the heavy oak casings and mouldings of the door were solid and well fitted, and that the bolt had been securely thrown from the inside. Heath, however, was still suspicious, and, grasping the door-knob, he tugged at it violently. But the door held firmly. At length he threw the bolt-handle to a vertical position and opened the door. Vance was standing in the court, placidly smoking and inspecting the brickwork of the alley wall.

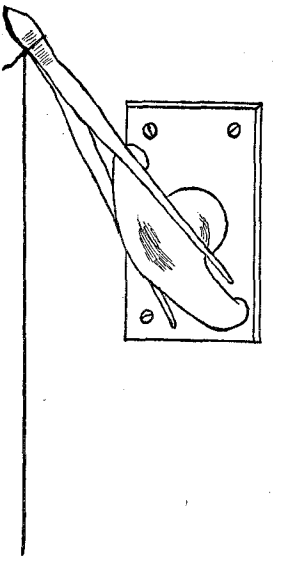
"I say, Markham," he remarked, "here's a curious thing. This wall, d' ye know, must be very old. It wasn't built in these latter days of breathless efficiency. The beauty-loving mason who erected it laid the bricks in Flemish bond instead of the Running—or Stretcher—bond of our own restless age. And up there a bit"—he pointed toward the rear yard—"is a Rowlock and Checkerboard pattern. Very neat and very pretty—more pleasing even than the popular English Cross bond. And the mortar joints are all V-tooled. . . . Fancy!"

Markham was fuming.

"Damn it, Vance! I'm not building brick walls. What I want to know is how you got out here and left the door bolted on the inside."

"Oh, that!" Vance crushed out his cigarette and re-entered the building. "I merely made use of a bit of clever criminal mechanism. It's very simple, like all truly effective appliances—oh, simple beyond words. I blush at its simplicity. . . . Observe!"

He took from his pocket a tiny pair of tweezers to the end of which was tied a piece of purple twine about four feet long. Placing the tweezers over the vertical bolt-handle, he turned them at a very slight angle to the left and then ran the twine under the door so that about a foot of it projected over the sill. Stepping into the court, he closed the door. The



tweezers still held the bolt-handle as in a vise, and the string extended straight to the floor and disappeared under the door into the court. The three of us stood watching the bolt with fascinated atten-

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tion. Slowly the string became taut, as Vance gently pulled upon the loose end outside; and then the downward tug began slowly but surely to turn the bolt-handle. When the bolt had been thrown and the handle was in a horizontal position, there came a slight jerk on the string. The tweezers were disengaged from the bolt-handle, and fell noiselessly to the carpeted floor. Then as the string was pulled from without, the tweezers disappeared under the crack between the bottom of the door and the sill.

"Childish, what?" commented Vance, when Heath had let him in. "Silly, too, isn't it? And yet, Sergeant dear, that's how the deceased Tony left these premises last Monday night. . . . But let's go into the lady's apartment, and I'll tell you a story. I see that Mr. Spively has returned from his promenade; so he can resume his telephonic duties and leave us free for a *causerie*."

"When did you think up that hocus-pocus with the tweezers and string?" demanded Markham irritably, when we were seated in the Odell living-room.

"I didn't think it up at all, don't y' know," Vance told him carelessly, selecting a cigarette with annoying deliberation. "It was Mr. Skeel's idea. Ingenious lad—eh, what?"

"Come, come!" Markham's equanimity was at last shaken. "How can you possibly know that Skeel used this means of locking himself out?"

"I found the little apparatus in his evening clothes yesterday morning."

"What!" cried Heath belligerently. "You took that outa Skeel's room yesterday during the search, without saying anything about it?"

"Oh, only after your ferrets had passed it by. In fact, I didn't even look at the gentleman's clothing until your experienced searchers had inspected it and relocked the wardrobe door. Y' see, Sergeant, this little thingumbob was stuffed away in one of the pockets of Skeel's dress waistcoat, under the silver cigarette-case. I'll admit I went over his evening suit rather lovin'ly. He wore it, y' know, on the night the lady departed this life, and I hoped to find some slight indication of his collaboration in the event. When I found this little eyebrow-plucker, I hadn't the slightest inkling of its significance. And the purple twine attached to it bothered me frightfully, don't y' know. I could see that Mr. Skeel didn't pluck his eyebrows; and even if he had been addicted to the practice, why the twine? The tweezers are a delicate little gold affair—just what the ravishin' Margaret might have used; and last Tuesday morning I noticed a small lacquer tray containing similar toilet accessories on her dressing-table near the jewel-case.—But that wasn't all."

He pointed to the little vellum waste-basket beside the escritoire, in which lay a large crumpled mass of heavy paper.

"I also noticed that piece of discarded wrapping-paper stamped with the name of a well-known Fifth Avenue novelty shop; and this morning, on my way downtown, I dropped in at the shop and learned that they make a practice of tying up their bundles with purple twine. Therefore, I concluded that Skeel had taken the tweezers and the twine from this apartment during his visit here that eventful night. . . . Now, the question was: Why should he have spent his time tying strings to eyebrow-pluckers? I confess, with maidenly modesty, that I couldn't find an answer. But this morning when you told of arresting Jessup, and emphasized the rebolting of the side door after Skeel's departure, the fog lifted, the sun shone, the birds began to sing. I became suddenly mediumistic: I had a psychic seizure. The whole *modus operandi* came to me—as they say—in a flash. . . . I told you, Markham old thing, it would take spiritualism to solve this case."

XXVI

RECONSTRUCTING THE CRIME

(Monday, September 17; noon)

WHEN Vance finished speaking, there was several minutes' silence. Markham sat deep in his chair glaring into space. Heath, however, was watching Vance with a kind of grudging admiration. The corner-stone in the foundation of his case against Jessup had been knocked out, and the structure he had built was tottering precariously. Markham realized this, and the fact played havoc with his hopes.

"I wish your inspirations were more

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helpful," he grumbled, turning his gaze upon Vance. "This latest revelation of yours puts us back almost to where we started from."

"Oh, don't be pessimistic. Let us face the future with a bright eye. . . . Want to hear my theory?—it's fairly bulging with possibilities." He arranged himself comfortably in his chair. "Skeel needed money—no doubt his silk shirts were running low—and after his unsuccessful attempt to extort it from the lady a week before her demise, he came here last Monday night. He had learned she would be out, and he intended to wait for her; for she had probably refused to receive him in the custom'ry social way. He knew the side door was bolted at night, and, as he didn't want to be seen entering the apartment, he devised the little scheme of unbolting the door for himself under cover of a futile call at half past nine. The unbolting accomplished, he returned *via* the alleyway, and let himself into the apartment at some time before eleven. When the lady returned with an escort, he quickly hid in the clothes-closet, and remained there until the escort had departed. Then he came forth, and the lady, startled by his sudden appearance, screamed. But, on recognizing him, she told Spotswoode, who was now hammering at the door, that it was all a mistake. So Spotswoode ran along and played poker. A financial discussion between Skeel and the lady—probably a highly acrimonious tiff—ensued. In the midst of it the telephone rang, and Skeel snatched off the receiver and said the Canary was out. The tiff was resumed; but presently another suitor appeared on the scene. Whether he rang the bell or let himself in with a key I can't say—probably the latter, for the phone operator was unaware of his visit. Skeel hid himself a second time in the closet, and luckily took the precaution of locking himself in. Also, he quite naturally put his eye to the keyhole to see who the second intruder was."

Vance pointed to the closet door.

"The keyhole, you will observe, is on a line with the davenport; and as Skeel peered out into the room he saw a sight that froze his blood. The new arrival—in the midst, perhaps, of some endearing sentence—seized the lady by the throat and proceeded to throttle her. . . . Imagine Skeel's emotions, my dear Markham. There he was, crouching in a dark closet, and a few feet from him stood a murderer in the act of strangling a lady! *Pauvre Antoine!* I don't wonder he was petrified and speechless. He saw what he imagined to be maniacal fury in the strangler's eyes; and the strangler must have been a fairly powerful creature, whereas Skeel was slender and almost undersized. . . . No, *merci*. Skeel wasn't having any. He lay doggo. And I can't say that I blame the beggar, what?"

He made a gesture of interrogation.

"What did the strangler do next? Well, well; we'll probably never know, now that Skeel, the horrified witness, has gone to his Maker. But I rather imagine he got out that black document-box, opened it with a key he had taken from the lady's hand-bag, and extracted a goodly number of incriminating documents. Then, I fancy, the fireworks began. The gentleman proceeded to wreck the apartment in order to give the effect of a professional burglary. He tore the lace on the lady's gown and severed the shoulder-strap; snatched her orchid corsage and threw it in her lap; stripped off her rings and bracelets; and tore the pendant from its chain. After that he upset the lamp, rifled the escritoire, ransacked the Boule cabinet, broke the mirror, overturned the chairs, tore the draperies. . . . And all the time Skeel kept his eye glued to the keyhole with fascinated horror, afraid to move, terrified lest he be discovered and sent to join his erstwhile *inamorata;* for by now he was no doubt thoroughly convinced that the man outside was a raving lunatic.—I can't say that I envy Skeel his predicament: it was ticklish, y' know. Rather!—And the devastation went on. He could hear it even when the operations had passed from out his radius of vision. And he himself was caught like a rat in a trap, with no means of escape. A harrowin' situation—my word!"

Vance smoked a moment, and then shifted his position slightly.

"Y' know, Markham, I imagine that the worst moment in the whole of Skeel's checkered career came when that mys-

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terious wrecker tried to open the closet door behind which he was crouching. Fancy! There he was cornered, and not two inches from him stood, apparently, a homicidal maniac trying to get to him, rattling that thin barricade of white pine. . . . Can you picture the blighter's relief when the murderer finally released the knob and turned away? It's a wonder he didn't collapse from the reaction. But he didn't. He listened and watched in a sort of hypnotic panic, until he heard the invader leave the apartment. Then, weak-kneed and in a cold sweat, he came forth and surveyed the battle-field."

Vance glanced about him.

"Not a pretty sight—eh, what? And there on the davenport reclined the lady's strangled body. That corpse was Skeel's dominant horror. He staggered to the table to look at it, and steadied himself with his right hand—that's how you got your finger-prints, Sergeant. Then the realization of his own position suddenly smote him. Here he was alone with a murdered person. He was known to have been intimate with the lady; and he was a burglar with a record. Who would believe that he was innocent? And though he had probably recognized the man who had negotiated the business, he was in no position to tell his story. Everything was against him—his sneaking in, his presence at the house at half past nine, his relations with the girl, his profession, his reputation. He hadn't a chance in the world. . . . I say, Markham, would *you* have credited his tale?"

"Never mind that," retorted Markham. "Go on with your theory." He and Heath had been listening with rapt interest.

"My theory from this point on," resumed Vance, "is what you might term self-developing. It proceeds on its own inertia, so to speak.—Skeel was confronted by the urgent problem of getting away and covering up his tracks. His mind in this emergency became keen and highly active: his life was forfeit if he didn't succeed. He began to think furiously. He could have left by the side door at once without being seen; but then, the door would have been found unbolted. And this fact, taken in connection with his earlier visit that night, would have suggested his manner of unbolting the door. . . . No, that method of escape wouldn't do—decidedly it wouldn't do. He knew he was likely, in any event, to be suspected of the murder, in view of his shady association with the lady and his general character. Motive, place, opportunity, time, means, conduct, and his own record—all were against him. Either he must cover up his tracks, don't y' know, or else his career as a Lothario was at an end. A sweet dilemma! He realized, of course, that if he could get out and leave that side door bolted on the inside, he'd be comparatively safe. No one could then explain how he had come in or gone out. It would establish his only possible alibi—a negative one, to be sure; but, with a good lawyer, he could probably make it hold. Doubtless he searched for other means of escape, but found himself confronted with obstacles on every hand. The side door was his only hope. How could it be worked?"

Vance rose and yawned.

"That's my caressin' theory. Skeel was caught in a trap, and with his shrewd, tricky brain he figured his way out. He may have roamed up and down these two rooms for hours before he hit on his plan; and it's not unlikely that he appealed to the Deity with an occasional 'Oh, my God!' As for his using the tweezers, I'm inclined to think the mechanism of the idea came to him almost immediately.—Y' know, Sergeant, this locking of a door on the inside is an old trick. There are any number of recorded cases of it in the criminal literature of Europe. Indeed, in Professor Hans Gross's handbook of criminology there's a whole chapter on the devices used by burglars for illegal entries and exits.* But all such devices have had to do with the locking—not the bolting—of doors. The principle, of course, is the same, but the technic is different. To lock a door on the inside, a needle, or strong slender pin, is inserted through the bow of the key, and pulled downward with a string. But on the side door of this house there is no lock and key; nor is there a bow in the bolt-handle.—Now, the resourceful Skeel, while pacing nervously about, looking for some-

* The treatise referred to by Vance was *Handbuch für Untersuchungsrichter als System der Kriminalistik.*

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thing that might offer a suggestion, probably espied the tweezers on the lady's dressing-table—no lady nowadays is without these little eyebrow-pluckers, don't y' know—and immediately his problem was solved. It remained only to test the device. Before departing, however, he chiselled open the jewel-case which the other chap had merely dinted, and found the solitaire diamond ring that he later attempted to pawn. Then he erased, as he thought, all his finger-prints, forgetting to wipe off the inside door-knob of the closet, and overlooking the hand-mark on the table. After that, he let himself out quietly, and rebolted the side door the same as I did, stuffing the tweezers in his waistcoat-pocket and forgetting them."

Heath nodded his head oracularly.

"A crook, no matter how clever he is, always overlooks something."

"Why single out crooks for your criticism, Sergeant?" asked Vance lazily. "Do you know of anybody in this imperfect world who doesn't always overlook something?" He gave Heath a benignant smile. "Even the police, don't y' know, overlooked the tweezers."

Heath grunted. His cigar had gone out, and he relighted it slowly and thoroughly.

"What do you think, Mr. Markham?"

"The situation doesn't become much clearer," was Markham's gloomy comment.

"My theory isn't exactly a blindin' illumination," said Vance. "Yet I wouldn't say that it left things in pristine darkness. There are certain inferences to be drawn from my vagaries. To wit: Skeel either knew or recognized the murderer; and once he had made good his escape from the apartment and had regained a modicum of self-confidence, he undoubtedly blackmailed his homicidal confrère. His death was merely another manifestation of our *inconnu's* bent for ridding himself of persons who annoyed him. Furthermore, my theory accounts for the chiselled jewel-case, the finger-prints, the unmolested closet, the finding of the gems in the refuse-tin—the person who took them really didn't want them, y' know—and Skeel's silence. It also explains the unbolting and bolting of the side door."

"Yes," sighed Markham. "It seems to clarify everything but the one all-important point—the identity of the murderer."

"Exactly," said Vance. "Let's go to lunch."

Heath, morose and confused, departed for Police Headquarters; and Markham, Vance, and I rode to Delmonico's, where we chose the main dining-room in preference to the grill.

"The case now would seem to centre in Cleaver and Mannix," said Markham, when we had finished our luncheon. "If your theory that the same man killed both Skeel and the Canary is correct, then Lindquist is out of it, for he certainly was in the Episcopal Hospital Saturday night."

"Quite," agreed Vance. "The doctor is unquestionably eliminated. . . . Yes; Cleaver and Mannix—they're the allurin' twins. Don't see any way to go beyond them." He frowned and sipped his coffee. "My original quartet is dwindling, and I don't like it. It narrows the thing down too much—there's no scope for the mind, as it were, in only two choices. What if we should succeed in eliminating Cleaver and Mannix? Where would we be—eh, what? Nowhere—simply nowhere. And yet, one of the quartet is guilty; let's cling to that consolin' fact. It can't be Spotswoode and it can't be Lindquist. Cleaver and Mannix remain: two from four leaves two. Simple arithmetic, what? The only trouble is, this case isn't simple. Lord, no!—I say, how would the equation work out if we used algebra, or spherical trigonometry, or differential calculus? Let's cast it in the fourth dimension—or the fifth, or the sixth. . . ." He held his temples in both hands. "Oh, promise, Markham—promise me that you'll hire a kind, gentle keeper for me."

"I know how you feel. I've been in the same mental state for a week."

"It's the quartet idea that's driving me mad," moaned Vance. "It wrings me to have my tetrad lopped off in such brutal fashion. I'd set my young trustin' heart on that quartet, and now it's only a pair. My sense of order and proportion has been outraged. . . . I want my quartet."

"I'm afraid you'll have to be satisfied

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with two of them," Markham returned wearily. "One of them can't qualify, and one is in bed. You might send some flowers to the hospital, if it would cheer you any."

"One is in bed—one is in bed," repeated Vance. "Well, well—to be sure! And one from four leaves three. More arithmetic. Three! . . . On the other hand, there is no such thing as a straight line. All lines are curved; they transcribe circles in space. They look straight, but they're not. Appearances, y' know—so deceptive! . . . Let's enter the silence, and substitute mentation for sight."

He gazed up out of the great windows into Fifth Avenue. For several moments he sat smoking thoughtfully. When he spoke again, it was in an even, deliberate voice.

"Markham, would it be difficult for you to invite Mannix and Cleaver and Spotswoode to spend an evening—this evening, let us say—in your apartment?"

Markham set down his cup with a clatter, and regarded Vance narrowly.

"What new harlequinade is this?"

"Fie on you! Answer my question."

"Well—of course—I might arrange it," replied Markham hesitantly. "They're all more or less under my jurisdiction at present."

"So that such an invitation would be rather in line with the situation—eh, what? And they wouldn't be likely to refuse you, old dear—would they?"

"No; I hardly think so. . . ."

"And if, when they had assembled in your quarters, you should propose a few hands of poker, they'd probably accept, without thinking the suggestion strange?"

"Probably," said Markham, nonplussed at Vance's amazing request. "Cleaver and Spotswoode both play, I know; and Mannix doubtless knows the game. But why poker? Are you serious, or has your threatened dementia already overtaken you?"

"Oh, I'm deuced serious." Vance's tone left no doubt as to the fact. "The game of poker, d' ye see, is the crux of the matter. I knew Cleaver was an old hand at the game; and Spotswoode, of course, played with Judge Redfern last Monday night. So that gave me a basis for my plan. Mannix, we'll assume, also plays."

He leaned forward, speaking earnestly.

"Nine-tenths of poker, Markham, is psychology; and if one understands the game, one can learn more of a man's inner nature at a poker table in an hour than during a year's casual association with him. You rallied me once when I said I could lead you to the perpetrator of any crime by examining the factors of the crime itself. But naturally I must know the man to whom I am to lead you; otherwise I cannot relate the psychological indications of the crime to the culprit's nature. In the present case, I know the kind of man who committed the crime; but I am not sufficiently acquainted with the suspects to point out the guilty one. However, after our game of poker, I hope to be able to tell you who planned and carried out the Canary's murder." *

Markham gazed at him in blank astonishment. He knew that Vance played poker with amazing skill, and that he possessed an uncanny knowledge of the psychological elements involved in the game; but he was unprepared for the latter's statement that he might be able to solve the Odell murder by means of it. Yet Vance had spoken with such undoubted earnestness that Markham was impressed. I knew what was passing in his mind almost as well as if he had voiced his thoughts. He was recalling the way in which Vance had, in a former murder case, put his finger unerringly on the guilty man by a similar process of psychological deduction. And he was also telling himself that, however incomprehensible and seemingly extravagant Vance's requests were, there was always a fundamentally sound reason behind them.

"Damn it!" he muttered at last. "The whole scheme seems idiotic. . . . And yet, if you really want a game of poker

* Recently I ran across an article by Doctor George A. Dorsey, professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago, and author of "Why We Act Like Human Beings," which bore intimate testimony to the scientific accuracy of Vance's theory. In it Doctor Dorsey said: "Poker is a cross-section of life. The way a man behaves in a poker game is the way he behaves in life. . . . His success or failure lies in the way his physical organism responds to the stimuli supplied by the game. . . . I have studied humanity all my life from the anthropologic and psychological viewpoint. And I have yet to find a better laboratory exercise than to observe the manners of men as they see my raise and come back at me. . . . The psychologist's verbalized, visceral, and manual behaviors are functioning at their highest in a poker game. . . . I can truthfully say that I learned about men from poker."

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with these men, I've no special objection. It'll get you nowhere—I'll tell you that beforehand. It's stark nonsense to suppose that you can find the guilty man by such fantastic means."

"Ah, well," sighed Vance, "a little futile recreation will do us no harm."

"But why do you include Spotswoode?"

"Really, y' know, I haven't the slightest notion—except, of course, that he's one of my quartet. And we'll need an extra hand."

"Well, don't tell me afterward that I'm to lock him up for murder. I'd have to draw the line. Strange as it may seem to your layman's mind, I wouldn't care to prosecute a man, knowing that it was physically impossible for him to have committed the crime."

"As to that," drawled Vance, "the only obstacles that stand in the way of physical impossibilities are material facts. And material facts are notoriously deceivin'. Really, y' know, you lawyers would do better if you ignored them entirely."

Markham did not deign to answer such heresy, but the look he gave Vance was most expressive.

XXVII

A GAME OF POKER

(Monday, September 17; 9 p. m.)

VANCE and I went home after lunch, and at about four o'clock Markham telephoned to say that he had made the necessary arrangements for the evening with Spotswoode, Mannix, and Cleaver. Immediately following this confirmation Vance left the house, and did not return until nearly eight o'clock. Though I was filled with curiosity at so unusual a proceeding, he refused to enlighten me. But when, at a quarter to nine, we went downstairs to the waiting car, there was a man I did not know in the tonneau; and I at once connected him with Vance's mysterious absence.

"I've asked Mr. Allen to join us tonight," Vance vouchsafed, when he had introduced us. "You don't play poker, and we really need another hand to make the game interestin', y' know. Mr. Allen, by the by, is an old antagonist of mine."

The fact that Vance would, apparently without permission, bring an uninvited guest to Markham's apartment amazed me but little more than the appearance of the man himself. He was rather short, with sharp, shrewd features; and what I saw of his hair beneath his jauntily tipped hat was black and sleek, like the painted hair on Japanese dolls. I noted, too, that his evening tie was enlivened by a design of tiny white forget-me-nots, and that his shirt-front was adorned with diamond studs.

The contrast between him and the immaculately stylish and meticulously correct Vance was aggressively evident. I wondered what could be the relationship between them. Obviously it was neither social nor intellectual.

Cleaver and Mannix were already on hand when we were ushered into Markham's drawing-room, and a few minutes later Spotswoode arrived. The amenities of introduction over, we were soon seated comfortably about the open log fire, smoking, and sipping very excellent Scotch high-balls. Markham had, of course, accepted the unexpected Mr. Allen cordially, but his occasional glances in the latter's direction told me he was having some difficulty in reconciling the man's appearance with Vance's sponsorship.

A tense atmosphere lay beneath the spurious and affected affability of the little gathering. Indeed, the situation was scarcely conducive to spontaneity. Here were three men each of whom was known to the others to have been interested in the same woman; and the reason for their having been brought together was the fact that this woman had been murdered. Markham, however, handled the situation with such tact that he largely succeeded in giving each one the feeling of being a disinterested spectator summoned to discuss an abstract problem. He explained at the outset that the "conference" had been actuated by his failure to find any approach to the problem of the murder. He hoped, he said, by a purely informal discussion, divested of all officialism and coercion, to turn up some suggestion that might lead to a fruitful line of inquiry. His manner was one of friendly appeal, and when he finished

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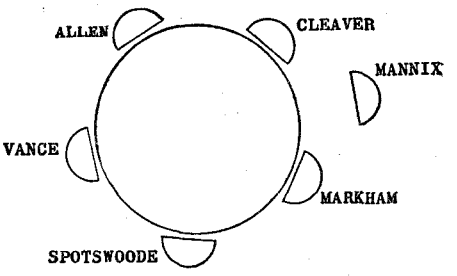
speaking the general tension had been noticeably relaxed.

During the discussion that followed I was interested in the various attitudes of the men concerned. Cleaver spoke bitterly of his part in the affair, and was more self-condemnatory than suggestive. Mannix was voluble and pretentiously candid, but beneath his comments ran a strain of apologetic wariness. Spotswoode, unlike Mannix, seemed loath to discuss the matter, and maintained a consistently reticent attitude. He responded politely to Markham's questions, but he did not succeed entirely in hiding his resentment at thus being dragged into a general discussion. Vance had little to say, limiting himself to occasional remarks directed always to Markham. Allen did not once speak, but sat contemplating the others with a sort of canny amusement.

The entire conversation struck me as utterly futile. Had Markham really hoped to garner information from it, he would have been wofully disappointed. I realized, though, that he was merely endeavoring to justify himself for having taken so unusual a step, and to pave the way for the game of poker which Vance had requested. When the time came to broach the subject, however, there was no difficulty about it.

It was exactly eleven o'clock when he made the suggestion. His tone was gracious and unassuming; but by couching his invitation in terms of a personal request, he practically precluded declination. But his verbal strategy, I felt, was unnecessary. Both Cleaver and Spotswoode seemed genuinely to welcome the opportunity of dropping a distasteful discussion in favor of playing cards; and Vance and Allen, of course, concurred instantly. Mannix alone declined. He explained that he knew the game only slightly, and disliked it; though he expressed an enthusiastic desire to watch the others. Vance urged him to reconsider, but without success; and Markham finally ordered his man to arrange the table for five.

I noticed that Vance waited until Allen had taken his place, and then dropped into the chair at his right. Cleaver took the seat at Allen's left. Spotswoode sat at Vance's right; and then came Markham. Mannix drew up his chair midway behind Markham and Cleaver. Thus:



Cleaver first named a rather moderate limit, but Spotswoode at once suggested much larger stakes. Then Vance went still higher, and as both Markham and Allen signified their agreement, his figure was accepted. The prices placed on the chips somewhat took my breath away, and even Mannix whistled softly.

That all five men at the table were excellent players became obvious before the game had progressed ten minutes. For the first time that night Vance's friend Allen seemed to have found his *milieu* and to be wholly at ease.

Allen won the first two hands, and Vance the third and fourth. Spotswoode then had a short run of good luck, and a little later Markham took a large jackpot which put him slightly in the lead. Cleaver was the only loser thus far; but in another half-hour he had succeeded in recovering a large portion of his losses. After that Vance forged steadily ahead, only to relinquish his winning streak to Allen. Then for a while the fortunes of the game were rather evenly distributed. But later on both Cleaver and Spotswoode began to lose heavily. By half past twelve a grim atmosphere had settled over the party; for so high were the stakes, and so rapidly did the betting pyramid, that even for men of means—such as all these players undoubtedly were—the amounts which continually changed hands represented very considerable items.

Just before one o'clock, when the fever of the game had reached a high point, I saw Vance glance quickly at Allen and pass his handkerchief across his forehead. To a stranger the gesture would have ap-

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peared perfectly natural; but, so familiar was I with Vance's mannerisms, I immediately recognized its artificiality. And simultaneously I noticed that it was Allen who was shuffling the cards preparatory to dealing. Some smoke from his cigar evidently went into his eye at this moment, for he blinked, and one of the cards fell to the floor. Quickly retrieving it, he reshuffled the deck and placed it before Vance to cut.

The hand was a jack-pot, and there was a small fortune in chips already on the table. Cleaver, Markham, and Spotswoode passed. The decision thus reached Vance, and he opened for an unusually large amount. Allen at once laid down his hand, but Cleaver stayed. Then Markham and Spotswoode both dropped out, leaving the entire play between Vance and Cleaver. Cleaver drew one card, and Vance, who had opened, drew two. Vance made a nominal wager, and Cleaver raised it substantially. Vance in turn raised Cleaver, but only for a small amount; and Cleaver again raised Vance —this time for an even larger sum than before. Vance hesitated, and called him. Cleaver exposed his hand triumphantly.

"Straight flush—jack high," he announced. "Can you beat that?"

"Not on a two-card draw," said Vance ruefully. He put his cards down to show his openers. He had four kings.

About half an hour later Vance again took out his handkerchief and passed it across his forehead. As before, I noted that it was Allen's deal, and also that the hand was a jack-pot which had been twice sweetened. Allen paused to take a drink of his high-ball and to light his cigar. Then, after Vance had cut the cards, he dealt them.

Cleaver, Markham, and Spotswoode passed, and again Vance opened, for the full amount of the pot. No one stayed except Spotswoode; and this time it was a struggle solely between him and Vance. Spotswoode asked for one card; and Vance stood pat. Then there followed a moment of almost breathless silence. The atmosphere seemed to me to be electrically charged, and I think the others sensed it too, for they were watching the play with a curiously strained intentness. Vance and Spotswoode, however, appeared frozen in attitudes of superlative calm. I watched them closely, but neither revealed the slightest indication of any emotion.

It was Vance's first bet. Without speaking he moved a stack of yellow chips to the centre of the table—it was by far the largest wager that had been made during the game. But immediately Spotswoode measured another stack alongside of it. Then he coolly and deftly counted the remainder of his chips, and pushed them all forward with the palm of his hand, saying quietly:

"The limit."

Vance shrugged almost imperceptibly.

"The pot, sir, is yours." He smiled pleasantly at Spotswoode, and put down his hand face up, to establish his openers. He had held four aces!

"Gad! That's poker!" exclaimed Allen, chuckling.

"Poker?" echoed Markham. "To lay down four aces with all that money at stake?"

Cleaver also grunted his astonishment, and Mannix pursed his lips disgustedly.

"I don't mean any offense, y' understand, Mr. Vance," he said. "But looking at that play from a strictly business standpoint, I'd say you quit too soon."

Spotswoode glanced up.

"You gentlemen wrong Mr. Vance," he said. "He played his hand perfectly. His withdrawal, even with four aces, was scientifically correct."

"Sure it was," agreed Allen. "Oh, boy! What a battle that was!"

Spotswoode nodded and, turning to Vance, said:

"Since the exact situation is never likely to occur again, the least I can do, by way of showing my appreciation of your remarkable perception, is to gratify your curiosity.—I held nothing."

Spotswoode put down his hand and extended his fingers gracefully toward the upturned cards. There were revealed a five, six, seven, and eight of clubs, and a knave of hearts.

"I can't say that I follow your reasoning, Mr. Spotswoode," Markham confessed. "Mr. Vance had you beaten—and he quit."

"Consider the situation," Spotswoode replied, in a suave, even voice. "I most

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certainly would have opened so rich a pot, had I been able to, after Mr. Cleaver and you had passed. But since I nevertheless stayed after Mr. Vance had opened for so large an amount, it goes without saying that I must have had either a four-straight, a four-flush, or a four-straight-flush. I believe I may state without immodesty that I am too good a player to have stayed otherwise. . . ."

"And I assure you, Markham," interrupted Vance, "that Mr. Spotswoode is too good a player to have stayed unless he had actually had a four-straight-flush. That is the only hand he would have been justified in backing at the betting odds of two to one.—You see, I had opened for the amount in the pot, and Mr. Spotswoode had to put up half the amount of the money on the table in order to stay—making it a two-to-one bet.—Now, these odds are not high, and any non-opening hand smaller than a four-straight-flush would not have warranted the risk. As it was, he had, with a one-card draw, two chances in forty-seven of making a straight-flush, nine chances in forty-seven of making a flush, and eight chances in forty-seven of making a straight; so that he had nineteen chances in forty-seven—or more than one chance in three—of strengthening his hand into either a straight-flush, a flush, or a straight."

"Exactly," assented Spotswoode. "However, after I had drawn my one card, the only possible question in Mr. Vance's mind was whether or not I had made my straight-flush. If I had not made it—or had merely drawn a straight or a flush—Mr. Vance figured, and figured rightly, that I would not have seen his large bet and also have raised it the limit. To have done so, in those circumstances, would have been irrational poker. Not one player in a thousand would have taken such a risk on a mere bluff. Therefore, had Mr. Vance not laid down his four aces when I raised him, he would have been foolhardy in the extreme. It turned out, of course, that I was actually bluffing; but that does not alter the fact that the correct and logical thing was for Mr. Vance to quit."

"Quite true," Vance agreed. "As Mr. Spotswoode says, not one player in a thousand would have wagered the limit without having filled his four-flush, knowing I had a pat hand. Indeed, one might almost say that Mr. Spotswoode, by doing so, has added another decimal point to the psychological subtleties of the game; for, as you see, he analyzed my reasoning, and carried his own reasoning a step further."

Spotswoode acknowledged the compliment with a slight bow; and Cleaver reached for the cards and began to shuffle them. But the tension had been broken, and the game was not resumed.

Something, however, seemed to have gone wrong with Vance. For a long while he sat frowning at his cigarette and sipping his high-ball in troubled abstraction. At last he rose and walked to the mantel, where he stood studying a Cézanne water-color he had given Markham years before. His action was a typical indication of his inner puzzlement.

Presently, when there came a lull in the conversation, he turned sharply and looked at Mannix.

"I say, Mr. Mannix"—he spoke with only casual curiosity—"how does it happen you've never acquired a taste for poker? All good business men are gamblers at heart."

"Sure they are," Mannix replied, with pensive deliberation. "But poker, now, isn't my idea of gambling—positively not. It's got too much science. And it ain't quick enough for me—it hasn't got the kick in it, if you know what I mean. Roulette's my speed. When I was in Monte Carlo last summer I dropped more money in ten minutes than you gentlemen lost here this whole evening. But I got action for my money."

"I take it, then, you don't care for cards at all."

"Not to play games with." Mannix had become expansive. "I don't mind betting money on the draw of a card, for instance. But no two out of three, y' understand. I want my pleasures to come rapid." And he snapped his thick fingers several times in quick succession to demonstrate the rapidity with which he desired to have his pleasures come.

Vance sauntered to the table and carelessly picked up a deck of cards.

"What do you say to cutting once for a thousand dollars?"

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Mannix rose instantly. "You're on!"

Vance handed the cards over, and Mannix shuffled them. Then he put them down and cut. He turned up a ten. Vance cut, and showed a king.

"A thousand I owe you," said Mannix, with no more concern than if it had been ten cents.

Vance waited without speaking, and Mannix eyed him craftily.

"I'll cut with you again—two thousand this time. Yes?"

Vance raised his eyebrows. "Double? . . . By all means." He shuffled the cards, and cut a seven.

Mannix's hand swooped down and turned a five.

"Well, that's three thousand I owe you," he said. His little eyes had now narrowed into slits, and he held his cigar clamped tightly between his teeth.

"Like to double it again—eh, what?" Vance asked. "Four thousand this time?"

Markham looked at Vance in amazement, and over Allen's face there came an expression of almost ludicrous consternation. Every one present, I believe, was astonished at the offer, for obviously Vance knew that he was giving Mannix tremendous odds by permitting successive doubling. In the end he was sure to lose. I believe Markham would have protested if at that moment Mannix had not snatched the cards from the table and begun to shuffle them.

"Four thousand it is!" he announced, putting down the deck and cutting. He turned up the queen of diamonds. "You can't beat that lady—positively not!" He was suddenly jovial.

"I fancy you're right," murmured Vance, and he cut a trey.

"Want some more?" asked Mannix, with good-natured aggressiveness.

"That's enough." Vance seemed bored. "Far too excitin'. I haven't your rugged constitution, don't y' know."

He went to the desk and made out a check to Mannix for a thousand dollars. Then he turned to Markham and held out his hand.

"Had a jolly evening and all that sort of thing. . . . And, don't forget: we lunch together to-morrow. One o'clock at the club, what?"

Markham hesitated. "If nothing interferes."

"But really, y' know, it mustn't," insisted Vance. "You've no idea how eager you are to see me."

He was unusually silent and thoughtful during the ride home. Not one explanatory word could I get out of him. But when he bade me good night he said: "There's a vital part of the puzzle still missing, and until it's found none of it has any meaning."

XXVIII

THE GUILTY MAN

(Tuesday, September 18; 1 p.m.)

VANCE slept late the following morning, and spent the hour or so before lunch checking a catalogue of ceramics which were to be auctioned next day at the Anderson Galleries. At one o'clock we entered the Stuyvesant Club and joined Markham in the grill.

"The lunch is on you, old thing," said Vance. "But I'll make it easy. All I want is a rasher of English bacon, a cup of coffee, and a *croissant*."

Markham gave him a mocking smile.

"I don't wonder you're economizing after your bad luck of last night."

Vance's eyebrows went up.

"I rather fancied my luck was most extr'ordin'ry."

"You held four of a kind twice, and lost both hands."

"But, y' see," blandly confessed Vance, "I happened to know both times exactly what cards my opponents held."

Markham stared at him in amazement.

"Quite so," Vance assured him. "I had arranged before the game, d' ye see, to have those particular hands dealt." He smiled benignly. "I can't tell you, old chap, how I admire your delicacy in not referring to my rather unique guest, Mr. Allen, whom I had the bad taste to introduce so unceremoniously into your party. I owe you an explanation and an apology. Mr. Allen is not what one would call a charming companion. He is deficient in the patrician elegancies, and his display of jewelry was a bit vulgar—though I infinitely preferred his diamond studs to his piebald tie. But Mr. Allen has his points—decidedly he has his points. He ranks

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with Andy Blakely, Canfield, and Honest John Kelly as an indoor soldier of fortune. In fact, our Mr. Allen is none other than Doc Wiley Allen, of fragrant memory."

"Doc Allen! Not the notorious old crook who ran the Eldorado Club?"

"The same. And, incidentally, one of the cleverest card manipulators in a once lucrative but shady profession."

"You mean this fellow Allen stacked the cards last night?" Markham was indignant.

"Only for the two hands you mentioned. Allen, if you happen to remember, was the dealer both times. I, who purposely sat on his right, was careful to cut the cards in accordance with his instructions. And you really must admit that no stricture can possibly attach to my deception, inasmuch as the only beneficiaries of Allen's manipulations were Cleaver and Spotswoode. Although Allen did deal me four of a kind on each occasion, I lost heavily both times."

Markham regarded Vance for a moment in puzzled silence, and then laughed good-naturedly.

"You appear to have been in a philanthropic mood last night. You practically gave Mannix a thousand dollars by permitting him to double the stakes on each draw. A rather quixotic procedure, I should say."

"It all depends on one's point of view, don't y' know. Despite my financial losses—which, by the by, I have every intention of charging up to your office budget—the game was most successful. . . . Y' see, I attained the main object of my evening's entertainment."

"Oh, I remember!" said Markham vaguely, as if the matter, being of slight importance, had for the moment eluded his memory. "I believe you were going to ascertain who murdered the Odell girl."

"Amazin' memory! . . . Yes, I let fall the hint that I might be able to clarify the situation to-day."

"And whom am I to arrest?"

Vance took a drink of coffee and slowly lit a cigarette.

"I'm quite convinced, y' know, that you won't believe me," he returned, in an even, matter-of-fact voice. "But it was Spotswoode who killed the girl."

"You don't tell me!" Markham spoke with undisguised irony. "So it was Spotswoode! My dear Vance, you positively bowl me over. I would telephone Heath at once to polish up his handcuffs, but, unfortunately, miracles—such as strangling persons from across town—are not recognized possibilities in this day and age. . . . Do let me order you another *croissant*."

Vance extended his hands in a theatrical gesture of exasperated despair.

"For an educated, civilized man, Markham, there's something downright primitive about the way you cling to optical illusions. I say, y' know, you're exactly like an infant who really believes that the magician generates a rabbit in a silk hat, simply because he sees it done."

"Now you're becoming insulting."

"Rather!" Vance pleasantly agreed. "But something drastic must be done to disentangle you from the Lorelei of legal facts. You're so deficient in imagination, old thing."

"I take it that you would have me close my eyes and picture Spotswoode sitting up-stairs here in the Stuyvesant Club and extending his arms to 71st Street. But I simply couldn't do it. I'm a commonplace chap. Such a vision would strike me as ludicrous; it would smack of a hasheesh dream. . . . You yourself don't use *Cannabis indica*, do you?"

"Put that way, the idea does sound a bit supernatural. And yet: *Certum est quia impossibile est.* I rather like that maxim, don't y' know; for, in the present case, the impossible is true. Oh, Spotswoode's guilty—no doubt about it. And I'm going to cling tenaciously to that apparent hallucination. Moreover, I'm going to try to lure you into its toils, for your own—as we absurdly say—good name is at stake. As it happens, Markham, you are at this moment shielding the real murderer from publicity."

Vance had spoken with the easy assurance that precludes argument; and from the altered expression on Markham's face I could see he was moved.

"Tell me," he said, "how you arrived at your fantastic belief in Spotswoode's guilt."

Vance crushed out his cigarette and folded his arms on the table.

"We begin with my quartet of possi-

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bilities—Mannix, Cleaver, Lindquist, and Spotswoode. Realizing, as I did, that the crime was carefully planned with the sole object of murder, I knew that only some one hopelessly ensnared in the lady's net could have done it. And no suitor outside of my quartet could have been thus enmeshed, or we would have learned of him. Therefore, one of the four was guilty. Now, Lindquist was eliminated when we found out that he was bedridden in a hospital at the time of Skeel's murder; for obviously the same person committed both crimes——"

"But," interrupted Markham, "Spotswoode had an equally good alibi for the night of the Canary's murder. Why eliminate one and not the other?"

"Sorry, but I can't agree with you. Being prostrated at a known place surrounded by incorruptible and disinterested witnesses, both preceding and during an event, is one thing; but being actually on the ground, as Spotswoode was that fatal evening, within a few minutes of the time the lady was murdered, and then being alone in a taxicab for fifteen minutes or so following the event—that is another thing. No one, as far as we know, actually saw the lady alive after Spotswoode took his departure."

"But the proof of her having been alive and spoken to him is incontestable."

"Granted. I admit that a dead woman doesn't scream and call for help, and then converse with her murderer."

"I see." Markham spoke with sarcasm. "You think it was Skeel, disguising his voice."

"Lord, no! What a priceless notion! Skeel didn't want any one to know he was there. Why should he have staged such a masterpiece of idiocy? That certainly isn't the explanation. When we find the answer it will be reasonable and simple."

"That's encouraging," smiled Markham. "But proceed with your reasons for Spotswoode's guilt."

"Three of my quartet, then, were potential murderers," Vance resumed. "Accordingly, I requested an evening of social relaxation, that I might put them under the psychological microscope, as it were. Although Spotswoode's ancestry was wholly consistent with his having been the guilty one, nevertheless I confess I thought that Cleaver or Mannix had committed the crime; for, by their own statements, either of them could have done it without contradicting any of the known circumstances of the situation. Therefore, when Mannix declined your invitation to play poker last night, I put Cleaver to the first test. I wigwagged to Mr. Allen, and he straightway proceeded to perform his first feat of prestidigitation."

Vance paused and looked up.

"You perhaps recall the circumstances? It was a jack-pot. Allen dealt Cleaver a four-straight-flush and gave me three kings. The other hands were so poor that every one else was compelled to drop out. I opened; and Cleaver stayed. On the draw, Allen gave me another king, and gave Cleaver the card he needed to complete his straight-flush. Twice I bet a small amount, and each time Cleaver raised me. Finally I called him, and, of course, he won. He couldn't help but win, d' ye see. He was betting on a sure-thing. Since I opened the pot and drew two cards, the highest hand I could possibly have held would have been four of a kind. Cleaver knew this, and having a straight-flush, he also knew, before he raised my bet, that he had me beaten. At once I realized that he was not the man I was after."

"By what reasoning?"

"A poker-player, Markham, who would bet on a sure-thing is one who lacks the egotistical self-confidence of the highly subtle and supremely capable gambler. He is not a man who will take hazardous chances and tremendous risks, for he possesses, to some degree, what the psychoanalysts call an inferiority complex, and instinctively he grasps at every possible opportunity of protecting and bettering himself. In short, he is not the ultimate, unadulterated gambler. And the man who killed the Odell girl was a supreme gambler who would stake everything on a single turn of the wheel, for, in killing her, that is exactly what he did. And only a gambler whose paramount self-confidence would make him scorn, through sheer egotism, to bet on a sure-thing, could have committed such a crime.—Therefore, Cleaver was eliminated as a suspect."

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Markham was now listening intently.

"The test to which I put Spotswoode a little later," Vance went on, "had originally been intended for Mannix, but he was out of the game. That didn't matter, however, for, had I been able to eliminate both Cleaver and Spotswoode, then Mannix would undoubtedly have been the guilty man. Of course I would have planned something else to substantiate the fact; but, as it was, that wasn't necess'ry. . . . The test I applied to Spotswoode was pretty well explained by the gentleman himself. As he said, not one player in a thousand would have wagered the limit against a pat hand, when he himself held nothing. It was tremendous—superb! It was probably the most remarkable bluff ever made in a game of poker. I couldn't help admiring him when he calmly shoved forward all his chips, knowing, as I did, that he held nothing. He staked everything, d' ye see, wholly on his conviction that he could follow my reasoning step by step and, in the last analysis, outwit me. It took courage and daring to do that. And it also took a degree of self-confidence which would never have permitted him to bet on a sure-thing. The psychological principles involved in that hand were identical with those of the Odell crime. I threatened Spotswoode with a powerful hand—a pat hand—just as the girl, no doubt, threatened him; and instead of compromising—instead of calling me or laying down—he outreached me; he resorted to one supreme *coup*, though it meant risking everything. . . . My word, Markham! Can't you see how the man's character, as revealed in that amazing gesture, dovetails with the psychology of the crime?"

Markham was silent for a while; he appeared to be pondering the matter.

"But you yourself, Vance, were not satisfied at the time," he submitted at length. "In fact, you looked doubtful and worried."

"True, old dear. I was no end worried. The psychological proof of Spotswoode's guilt came so dashed unexpectedly—I wasn't looking for it, don't y' know. After eliminating Cleaver I had a *parti pris*, so to speak, in regard to Mannix; for all the material evidence in favor of Spotswoode's innocence—that is, the seeming physical impossibility of his having strangled the lady—had, I admit, impressed me. I'm not perfect, don't y' know. Being unfortunately human, I'm still susceptible to the malicious animal magnetism about facts and appearances, which you lawyer chaps are continuously exuding over the earth like some vast asphyxiating effluvium. And even when I found that Spotswoode's psychological nature fitted perfectly with all the factors of the crime, I still harbored a doubt in regard to Mannix. It was barely possible that he would have played the hand just as Spotswoode played it. That is why, after the game was over, I tackled him on the subject of gambling. I wanted to check his psychological reactions."

"Still, he staked everything on one turn of the wheel, as you put it."

"Ah! But not in the same sense that Spotswoode did. Mannix is a cautious and timid gambler as compared with Spotswoode. To begin with, he had an equal chance and an even bet; whereas Spotswoode had no chance at all—his hand was worthless. And yet Spotswoode wagered the limit on a pure bit of mental calculation. That was gambling in the higher ether. On the other hand, Mannix was merely tossing a coin, with an even chance of winning. Furthermore, no calculation of any kind entered into it; there was no planning, no figuring, no daring. And, as I have told you from the start, the Odell murder was premeditated and carefully worked out with shrewd calculation and supreme daring. . . . And what true gambler would ask an adversary to double a bet on the second flip of the coin, and then accept an offer to redouble on the third flip? I purposely tested Mannix in that way, so as to preclude any possibility of error. Thus I not only eliminated him—I expunged him, eradicated him, wiped him out utterly. It cost me a thousand dollars, but it purged my mind of any lingering doubt. I then knew, despite all the contr'ry material indications, that Spotswoode had done away with the lady."

"You make your case theoretically plausible. But, practically, I'm afraid I can't accept it." Markham was more impressed, I felt, than he cared to admit.

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"Damn it, man!" he exploded after a moment. "Your conclusion demolishes all the established landmarks of rationality and sane credibility.—Just consider the facts." He had now reached the argumentative stage of his doubt. "You say Spotswoode is guilty. Yet we know, on irrefutable evidence, that five minutes after he came out of the apartment the girl screamed and called for help. He was standing by the switchboard, and, accompanied by Jessup, he went to the door and carried on a brief conversation with her. She was certainly alive then. Then he went out the front door, entered a taxicab, and drove away. Fifteen minutes later he was joined by Judge Redfern as he alighted from the taxicab in front of the club here—nearly forty blocks away from the apartment-house! It would have been impossible for him to have made the trip in less time; and, moreover, we have the chauffeur's record. Spotswoode simply did not have either the opportunity or the time to commit the murder between half past eleven and ten minutes of twelve when Judge Redfern met him. And, remember, he played poker in the club here until three in the morning—hours after the murder took place."

Markham shook his head with emphasis.

"Vance, there's no human way to get round those facts. They're firmly established; and they preclude Spotswoode's guilt as effectively and finally as though he had been at the North Pole that night."

Vance was unmoved.

"I admit everything you say," he rejoined. "But, as I have stated before, when material facts and psychological facts conflict, the material facts are wrong. In this case, they may not actually be wrong, but they're deceptive."

"Very well, *magnus Apollo!*" The situation was too much for Markham's exacerbated nerves. "Show me how Spotswoode could have strangled the girl and ransacked the apartment, and I'll order Heath to arrest him."

"'Pon my word, I can't do it," expostulated Vance. "Omniscience was denied me. But—deuce take it!—I think I've done rather well in pointing out the culprit. I never agreed to expound his technic, don't y' know."

"So! Your vaunted penetration amounts only to that, does it? Well, well! Here and now I become a professor of the higher mental sciences, and I pronounce solemnly that Doctor Crippen murdered the Odell girl. To be sure, Crippen's dead; but that fact doesn't interfere with my newly adopted psychological means of deduction. Crippen's nature, you see, fits perfectly with all the esoteric and recondite indications of the crime. To-morrow I'll apply for an order of exhumation."

Vance looked at him with waggish reproachfulness, and sighed.

"Recognition of my transcendent genius, I see, is destined to be posthumous. *Omnia post obitum fingit majora vetustas.* In the meantime I bear the taunts and jeers of the multitude with a stout heart. My head is bloody, but unbowed."

He looked at his watch, and then seemed to become absorbed with some line of thought.

"Markham," he said, after several minutes, "I've a concert at three o'clock, but there's an hour to spare. I want to take another look at that apartment and its various approaches. Spotswoode's trick—and I'm convinced it was nothing more than a trick—was enacted there; and if we are ever to find the explanation, we shall have to look for it on the scene."

I had got the impression that Markham, despite his emphatic denial of the possibility of Spotswoode's guilt, was not entirely unconvinced. Therefore, I was not surprised when, with only a half-hearted protest, he assented to Vance's proposal to revisit the Odell apartment.

XXIX

BEETHOVEN'S "ANDANTE"

(Tuesday, September 16; 2 p. m.)

LESS than half an hour later we again entered the main hall of the little apartment building in 71st Street. Spively, as usual, was on duty at the switchboard. Just inside the public reception-room the officer on guard reclined in an easy chair, a cigar in his mouth. On seeing the District Attorney, he rose with forced alacrity.

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"When you going to open things up, Mr. Markham?" he asked. "This rest-cure is ruinin' my health."

"Very soon I hope, officer," Markham told him. "Any more visitors?"

"Nobody, sir." The man stifled a yawn.

"Let's have your key to the apartment. —Have you been inside?"

"No, sir. Orders were to stay out here."

We passed into the dead girl's living-room. The shades were still up, and the sunlight of midday was pouring in. Nothing apparently had been touched: not even the overturned chairs had been righted. Markham went to the window and stood, his hands behind him, surveying the scene despondently. He was laboring under a growing uncertainty, and he watched Vance with a cynical amusement which was far from spontaneous.

Vance, after lighting a cigarette, proceeded to inspect the two rooms, letting his eyes rest searchingly on the various disordered objects. Presently he went into the bathroom and remained several minutes. When he came out he carried a towel with several dark smudges on it.

"This is what Skeel used to erase his finger-prints," he said, tossing the towel on the bed.

"Marvellous!" Markham rallied him. "That, of course, convicts Spotswoode."

"Tut, tut! But it helps substantiate my theory of the crime." He walked to the dressing-table and sniffed at a tiny silver atomizer. "The lady used Coty's *Chypre*," he murmured. "Why *will* they all do it?"

"And just what does that help substantiate?"

"Markham dear, I'm absorbing atmosphere. I'm attuning my soul to the apartment's vibrations. Do let me attune in peace. I may have a visitation at any moment—a revelation from Sinai, as it were."

He continued his round of investigation, and at last passed out into the main hall, where he stood, one foot holding open the door, looking about him with curious intentness. When he returned to the living-room, he sat down on the edge of the rosewood table, and surrendered himself to gloomy contemplation. After several minutes he gave Markham a sardonic grin.

"I say! This *is* a problem. Dash it all, it's uncanny!"

"I had an idea," scoffed Markham, "that sooner or later you'd revise your deductions in regard to Spotswoode."

Vance stared idly at the ceiling.

"You're devilish stubborn, don't y' know. Here I am trying to extricate you from a deuced unpleasant predicament, and all you do is to indulge in caustic observations calculated to damp my youthful ardor."

Markham left the window and seated himself on the arm of the davenport facing Vance. His eyes held a worried look.

"Vance, don't get me wrong. Spotswoode means nothing in my life. If he did this thing, I'd like to know it. Unless this case is cleared up, I'm in for an ungodly walloping by the newspapers. It's not to my interests to discourage any possibility of a solution. But your conclusion about Spotswoode is impossible. There are too many contradictory facts."

"That's just it, don't y' know. The contradict'ry indications are far too perfect. They fit together too beautifully; they're almost as fine as the forms in a Michelangelo statue. They're too carefully co-ordinated, d' ye see, to have been merely a haphazard concatenation of circumstances. They signify conscious design."

Markham rose and, slowly returning to the window, stood looking out into the little rear yard.

"If I could grant your premise that Spotswoode killed the girl," he said, "I could follow your syllogism. But I can't very well convict a man on the grounds that his defense is too perfect."

"What we need, Markham, is inspiration. The mere contortions of the sibyl are not enough." Vance took a turn up and down the room. "What really infuriates me is that I've been outwitted. And by a manufacturer of automobile accessories! . . . It's most humiliatin'."

He sat down at the piano and played the opening bars of Brahms's *Capriccio* No. 1.

"Needs tuning," he muttered; and, sauntering to the Boule cabinet, he ran

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his finger over the marquetry. "Pretty and all that," he said, "but a bit fussy. Good example, though. The deceased's aunt from Seattle should get a very fair price for it." He regarded a pendent girandole at the side of the cabinet. "Rather nice, that, if the original candles hadn't been supplanted with modern frosted bulbs." He paused before the little china clock on the mantel. "Gingerbread. I'm sure it kept atrocious time." Passing on to the escritoire, he examined it critically. "Imitation French Renaissance. But rather dainty, what?" Then his eye fell on the waste-paper basket, and he picked it up. "Silly idea," he commented, "—making a basket out of vellum. The artistic triumph of some lady interior decorator, I'll wager. Enough vellum here to bind a set of Epictetus. But why ruin the effect with hand-painted garlands? The æsthetic instinct has not as yet invaded these fair States—decidedly not."

Setting the basket down, he studied it meditatively for a moment. Then he leaned over and took from it the piece of crumpled wrapping-paper to which he had referred the previous day.

"This doubtless contained the lady's last purchase on earth," he mused. "Very touchin'. Are you sentimental about such trifles, Markham? Anyway, the purple string round it was a godsend to Skeel. . . . What knickknack, do you suppose, paved the way for the frantic Tony's escape?"

He opened the paper, revealing a broken piece of corrugated cardboard and a large square dark-brown envelope.

"Ah, to be sure! Phonograph records." He glanced about the apartment. "But, I say, where did the lady keep the bally machine?"

"You'll find it in the foyer," said Markham wearily, without turning. He knew that Vance's chatter was only the outward manifestation of serious and perplexed thinking; and he was waiting with what patience he could muster.

Vance sauntered idly through the glass doors into the little reception-hall, and stood gazing abstractedly at a console phonograph of Chinese Chippendale design which stood against the wall at one end. The squat cabinet was partly covered with a prayer-rug, and upon it sat a polished bronze flower-bowl.

"At any rate, it doesn't look phonographic," he remarked. "But why the prayer-rug?" He examined it casually. "Anatolian—probably called a Cæsarian for sale purposes. Not very valuable—too much on the Oushak type. . . . Wonder what the lady's taste in music was. Victor Herbert, doubtless." He turned back the rug and lifted the lid of the cabinet. There was a record already on the machine, and he leaned over and looked at it.

"My word! The *Andante* from Beethoven's C-Minor Symphony!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "You know the movement, of course, Markham. The most perfect *Andante* ever written." He wound up the machine. "I think a little good music might clear the atmosphere and volatilize our perturbation, what?"

Markham paid no attention to his banter; he was still gazing dejectedly out of the window.

Vance started the motor, and placing the needle on the record, returned to the living-room. He stood staring at the davenport, concentrating on the problem in hand. I sat in the wicker chair by the door waiting for the music. The situation was getting on my nerves, and I began to feel fidgety. A minute or two passed, but the only sound which came from the phonograph was a faint scratching. Vance looked up with mild curiosity, and walked back to the machine. Inspecting it cursorily, he once more set it in operation. But though he waited several minutes, no music came forth.

"I say! That's deuced queer, y' know," he grumbled, as he changed the needle and rewound the motor.

Markham had now left the window, and stood watching him with good-natured tolerance. The turn-table of the phonograph was spinning, and the needle was tracing its concentric revolutions; but still the instrument refused to play. Vance, with both hands on the cabinet, was leaning forward, his eyes fixed on the silently revolving record with an expression of amused bewilderment.

"The sound-box is probably broken," he said. "Silly machines, anyway."

"The difficulty, I imagine," Markham

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chided him, "lies in your patrician ignorance of so vulgar and democratic a mechanism.—Permit me to assist you."

He moved to Vance's side, and I stood looking curiously over his shoulder. Everything appeared to be in order, and the needle had now almost reached the end of the record. But only a faint scratching was audible.

Markham stretched forth his hand to lift the sound-box. But his movement was never completed.

At that moment the little apartment was filled with several terrifying treble screams, followed by two shrill calls for help. A cold chill swept my body, and there was a tingling at the roots of my hair.

After a short silence, during which the three of us remained speechless, the same feminine voice said in a loud, distinct tone: "*No; nothing is the matter. I'm sorry. . . . Everything is all right. . . . Please go home, and don't worry.*"

The needle had come to the end of the record. There was a slight click, and the automatic device shut off the motor. The almost terrifying silence that followed was broken by a sardonic chuckle from Vance.

"Well, old dear," he remarked languidly, as he strolled back into the living-room, "so much for your irrefutable facts!"

There came a loud knocking on the door, and the officer on duty outside looked in with a startled face.

"It's all right," Markham informed him in a husky voice. "I'll call you when I want you."

Vance lay down on the davenport and took out another cigarette. Having lighted it, he stretched his arms far over his head and extended his legs, like a man in whom a powerful physical tension had suddenly relaxed.

"'Pon my soul, Markham, we've all been babes in the woods," he drawled. "An incontrovertible alibi—my word! If the law supposes that, as Mr. Bumble said, the law is a ass, a idiot.—Oh, Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alley-bi! . . . Markham, I blush to admit it, but it's you and I who've been the unutterable asses."

Markham had been standing by the instrument like a man dazed, his eyes riveted hypnotically on the telltale record. Slowly he came into the room and threw himself wearily into a chair.

"Those precious facts of yours!" continued Vance. "Stripped of their carefully disguised appearance, what are they?—Spotswoode prepared a phonograph record—a simple enough task. Every one makes 'em nowadays——"

"Yes. He told me he had a workshop at his home on Long Island where he tinkered a bit."

"He really didn't need it, y' know. But it facilitated things, no doubt. The voice on the record is merely his own in falsetto—better for the purpose than a woman's, for it's stronger and more penetrating. As for the label, he simply soaked it off of an ordin'ry record, and pasted it on his own. He brought the lady several new records that night, and concealed this one among them. After the theatre he enacted his gruesome little drama and then carefully set the stage so that the police would think it was a typical burglar's performance. When this had been done, he placed the record on the machine, set it going, and calmly walked out. He had placed the prayer-rug and bronze bowl on the cabinet of the machine to give the impression that the phonograph was rarely used. And the precaution worked, for no one thought of looking into it. Why should they? . . . Then he asked Jessup to call a taxicab—everything quite natural, y' see. While he was waiting for the car the needle reached the recorded screams. They were heard plainly: it was night, and the sounds carried distinctly. Moreover, being filtered through a wooden door, their phonographic *timbre* was well disguised. And, if you'll note, the enclosed horn is directed toward the door, not three feet away."

"But the synchronization of his questions and the answers on the records . . . ?"

"The simplest part of it. You remember Jessup told us that Spotswoode was standing with one arm on the switch-board when the screams were heard. He merely had his eye on his wrist-watch. The moment he heard the cry, he calculated the intermission on the record, and put his question to the imagin'ry lady at

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just the right moment to receive the record's response. It was all carefully figured out beforehand; he no doubt rehearsed it in his laborat'ry. It was deuced simple, and practically proof against failure. The record is a large one—twelve-inch diameter, I should say—and it requires about five minutes for the needle to traverse it. By putting the screams at the end, he allowed himself ample time to get out and order a taxicab. When the car at last came, he rode direct to the Stuyvesant Club, where he met Judge Redfern and played poker till three. If he hadn't met the Judge, rest assured he would have impressed his presence on some one else so as to have established an alibi."

Markham shook his head gravely.

"Good God! No wonder he importuned me on every possible occasion to let him visit this apartment again. Such a damning piece of evidence as that record must have kept him awake at night."

"Still, I rather fancy that if I hadn't discovered it, he would have succeeded in getting possession of it as soon as your *sergent-de-ville* was removed. It was annoyin' to be unexpectedly barred from the apartment, but I doubt if it worried him much. He would have been on hand when the Canary's aunt took possession, and the retrieving of the record would have been comparatively easy. Of course the record constituted a hazard, but Spotswoode isn't the type who'd shy at a low bunker of that kind. No; the thing was planned scientifically enough. He was defeated by sheer accident."

"And Skeel?"

"He was another unfortunate circumstance. He was hiding in the closet there when Spotswoode and the lady came in at eleven. It was Spotswoode whom he saw strangle his erstwhile *amoureuse* and rifle the apartment. Then, when Spotswoode went out, he came forth from hiding. He was probably looking down at the girl when the phonograph emitted its blood-chilling wails. . . . My word! Fancy being in a cold funk, gazing at a murdered woman, and then hearing piercing screams behind you! It was a bit too much even for the hardened Tony. I don't wonder he forgot all caution and put his hand on the table to steady himself. . . . And then came Spotswoode's voice through the door, and the record's answer. This must have puzzled Skeel. I imagine he thought for a moment he'd lost his reason. But pretty soon the significance of it dawned on him; and I can see him grinning to himself. Obviously he knew who the murderer was—it would not have been in keeping with his character had he failed to learn the identities of the Canary's admirers. And now there had fallen into his lap, like manna from heaven, the most perfect opportunity for blackmail that any such charmin' young gentleman could desire. He doubtless indulged himself with roseate visions of a life of opulence and ease at Spotswoode's expense. When Cleaver phoned a few minutes later, he merely said the lady was out, and then set to work planning his own departure."

"But I don't see why he didn't take the record with him."

"And remove from the scene of the crime the one piece of unanswerable evidence? . . . Bad strategy, Markham. If he himself had produced the record later, Spotswoode would simply have denied all knowledge of it, and accused the blackmailer of a plot. Oh, no; Skeel's only course was to leave it, and apply for an enormous settlement from Spotswoode at once. And I imagine that's what he did. Spotswoode no doubt gave him something on account and promised him the rest anon, hoping in the meantime to retrieve the record. When he failed to pay, Skeel phoned you and threatened to tell everything, thinking to spur Spotswoode to action. . . . Well, he spurred him—but not to the action desired. Spotswoode probably met him by appointment last Saturday night, ostensibly to hand over the money, but, instead, throttled the chap. Quite in keeping with his nature, don't y' know. . . . Stout fella, Spotswoode."

"The whole thing . . . it's amazing."

"I shouldn't say that, now. Spotswoode had an unpleasant task to perform, and he set about it in a cool, logical, forthright, businesslike manner. He had decided that his little Canary must die for his peace of mind: she'd probably made herself most annoyin'. So he arranged the date—like any judge passing

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sentence on a prisoner at the bar—and then proceeded to fabricate an alibi. Being something of a mechanic, he arranged a mechanical alibi. The device he chose was simple and obvious enough—no tortuosities or complications. And it would have succeeded but for what the insurance companies piously call an act of God. No one can foresee accidents, Markham: they wouldn't be accidental if one could. But Spotswoode certainly took every precaution that was humanly possible. It never occurred to him that you would thwart his every effort to return here and confiscate the record; and he couldn't anticipate my taste in music, nor know that I would seek solace in the tonal art. Furthermore, when one calls on a lady, one doesn't expect that another suitor is going to hide himself in the clothes-press. It isn't done, don't y' know. . . . All in all, the poor johnny was beaten by a run of abominable luck."

"You overlook the fiendishness of the crime," Markham reproached him tartly.

"Don't be so confoundedly moral, old thing. Every one's a murderer at heart. The person who has never felt a passionate hankering to kill some one is without emotions. And do you think it's ethics or theology that stays the average person from homicide? Dear no! It's lack of courage—the fear of being found out, or haunted, or cursed with remorse. Observe with what delight the people *en masse*—to wit, the state—put men to death, and then gloat over it in the newspapers. Nations declare war against one another on the slightest provocation, so they can, with immunity, vent their lust for slaughter. Spotswoode, I'd say, is merely a rational animal with the courage of his convictions."

"Society unfortunately isn't ready for your nihilistic philosophy just yet," said Markham. "And during the intervening transition human life must be protected."

He rose resolutely, and going to the telephone, called up Heath.

"Sergeant," he ordered, "get a John-Doe warrant and meet me immediately at the Stuyvesant Club. Bring a man with you—there's an arrest to be made."

"At last the law has evidence after its own heart," chirped Vance, as he lazily donned his top-coat and picked up his hat and stick. "What a grotesque affair your legal procedure is, Markham! Scientific knowledge—the facts of psychology—mean nothing to you learned Solons. But a phonograph record—ah! There, now, is something convincing, irrefragable, final, what?"

On our way out Markham beckoned to the officer on guard.

"Under no conditions," he said, "is any one to enter this apartment until I return—not even with a signed permit."

When we had entered the taxicab, he directed the chauffeur to the club.

"So the newspapers want action, do they? Well, they're going to get it. . . . You've helped me out of a nasty hole, old man."

As he spoke, his eyes turned to Vance. And that look conveyed a profounder gratitude than any words could have expressed.

XXX

THE END

(Tuesday, September 18; 3.30 p. m.)

It was exactly half past three when we entered the rotunda of the Stuyvesant Club. Markham at once sent for the manager, and held a few words of private conversation with him. The manager then hastened away, and was gone about five minutes.

"Mr. Spotswoode is in his rooms," he informed Markham, on returning. "I sent the electrician up to test the light bulbs. He reports that the gentleman is alone, writing at his desk."

"And the room number?"

"Three forty-one." The manager appeared perturbed. "There won't be any fuss, will there, Mr. Markham?"

"I don't look for any." Markham's tone was chilly. "However, the present matter is considerably more important than your club."

"What an exaggerated point of view!" sighed Vance when the manager had left us. "The arrest of Spotswoode, I'd say, was the acme of futility. The man isn't a criminal, don't y' know; he has nothing in common with Lombroso's *Uomo Delinquente*. He's what one might term a philosophic behaviorist."

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Markham grunted but did not answer. He began pacing up and down agitatedly, keeping his eyes expectantly on the main entrance. Vance sought a comfortable chair, and settled himself in it with placid unconcern.

Ten minutes later Heath and Snitkin arrived. Markham at once led them into an alcove and briefly explained his reason for summoning them.

"Spotswoode's up-stairs now," he said. "I want the arrest made as quietly as possible."

"Spotswoode!" Heath repeated the name in astonishment. "I don't see——"

"You don't have to see—yet," Markham cut in sharply. "I'm taking all responsibility for the arrest. And you're getting the credit—if you want it. That suit you?"

Heath shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all right with me . . . anything you say, sir." He shook his head uncomprehendingly. "But what about Jessup?"

"We'll keep him locked up. Material witness."

We ascended in the elevator and emerged at the third floor. Spotswoode's rooms were at the end of the hall, facing the Square. Markham, his face set grimly, led the way.

In answer to his knock Spotswoode opened the door and, greeting us pleasantly, stepped aside for us to enter.

"Any news yet?" he asked, moving a chair forward.

At this moment he got a clear view of Markham's face in the light, and at once he sensed the minatory nature of our visit. Though his expression did not alter, I saw his body suddenly go taut. His cold, indecipherable eyes moved slowly from Markham's face to Heath and Snitkin. Then his gaze fell on Vance and me, who were standing a little behind the others, and he nodded stiffly.

No one spoke; yet I felt that an entire tragedy was somehow being enacted, and that each actor heard and understood every word.

Markham remained standing, as if reluctant to proceed. Of all the duties of his office, I knew that the arrest of malefactors was the most distasteful to him. He was a worldly man, with the worldly man's tolerance for the misfortunes of evil. Heath and Snitkin had stepped forward and now waited with passive alertness for the District Attorney's order to serve the warrant.

Spotswoode's eyes were again on Markham.

"What can I do for you, sir?" His voice was calm and without the faintest quaver.

"You can accompany these officers, Mr. Spotswoode," Markham told him quietly, with a slight inclination of his head toward the two imperturbable figures at his side. "I arrest you for the murder of Margaret Odell."

"Ah!" Spotswoode's eyebrows lifted mildly. "Then you have—discovered something?"

"The Beethoven *Andante*."

Not a muscle of Spotswoode's face moved; but after a short pause he made a barely perceptible gesture of resignation.

"I can't say that it was wholly unexpected," he said evenly, with the tragic suggestion of a smile; "especially as you thwarted every effort of mine to secure the record. But then . . . the fortunes of the game are always uncertain." His smile faded, and his manner became grave. "You have acted generously toward me, Mr. Markham, in shielding me from the *canaille;* and because I appreciate that courtesy I should like you to know that the game I played was one in which I had no alternative."

"Your motive, however powerful," said Markham, "cannot extenuate your crime."

"Do you think I seek extenuation?" Spotswoode dismissed the imputation with a contemptuous gesture. "I'm not a schoolboy. I calculated the consequences of my course of action, and after weighing the various factors involved, decided to risk it. It was a gamble, to be sure; but it's not my habit to complain about the misfortunes of a deliberately planned risk. Furthermore, the choice was practically forced upon me. Had I not gambled in this instance, I stood to lose heavily nevertheless."

His face grew bitter.

"This woman, Mr. Markham, had demanded the impossible of me. Not content with bleeding me financially, she demanded legal protection, position, so-

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cial prestige—such things as only my name could give her. She informed me I must divorce my wife and marry her. I wonder if you apprehend the enormity of that demand? . . . You see, Mr. Markham, I love my wife, and I have children whom I love. I will not insult your intelligence by explaining how, despite my conduct, such a thing is entirely possible. . . . And yet, this woman commanded me to wreck my life and crush utterly those I held dear, solely to gratify her petty, ridiculous ambition! When I refused, she threatened to expose our relations to my wife, to send her copies of the letters I had written, to sue me publicly—in fine, to create such a scandal that, in any event, my life would be ruined, my family disgraced, my home destroyed."

He paused and drew a deep inspiration.

"I have never been partial to half-way measures," he continued impassively. "I have no talent for compromise. Perhaps I am a victim of my heritage. But my instinct is to play out a hand to the last chip—to force whatever danger threatens. And for just five minutes, a week ago, I understood how the fanatics of old could, with a calm mind and a sense of righteousness, torture their enemies who threatened them with spiritual destruction. . . . I chose the only course which might save those I love from disgrace and suffering. It meant taking a desperate risk. But the blood within me was such that I did not hesitate, and I was fired by the agony of a tremendous hate. I staked my life against a living death, on the remote chance of attaining peace. And I lost."

Again he smiled faintly.

"Yes—the fortunes of the game. . . . But don't think for a minute that I am complaining or seeking sympathy. I have lied to others perhaps, but not to myself. I detest a whiner—a self-excuser. I want you to understand that."

He reached to the table at his side and took up a small limp-leather volume.

"Only last night I was reading Wilde's 'De Profundis.' Had I been gifted with words, I might have made a similar confession. Let me show you what I mean so that, at least, you won't attribute to me the final infamy of cravenness."

He opened the book, and began reading in a voice whose very fervor held us all silent:

"'I brought about my own downfall. No one, be he high or low, need be ruined by any other hand than his own. Readily as I confess this, there are many who will, at this time at least, receive the confession sceptically. And although I thus mercilessly accuse myself, bear in mind that I do so without offering any excuse. Terrible as is the punishment inflicted upon me by the world, more terrible is the ruin I have brought upon myself. . . . In the dawn of manhood I recognized my position. . . . I enjoyed an honored name, an eminent social position. . . . Then came the turning-point. I had become tired of dwelling on the heights—and descended by my own will into the depths. . . . I satisfied my desires wherever it suited me, and passed on. I forgot that every act, even the most insignificant act, of daily life, in some degree, makes or unmakes the character; and every occurrence which transpires in the seclusion of the chamber will some day be proclaimed from the housetops. I lost control of myself. I was no longer at the helm, and knew it not. I had become a slave to pleasure. . . . One thing only is left to me—complete humility.'"

He tossed the book aside.

"You understand now, Mr. Markham?"

Markham did not speak for several moments.

"Do you care to tell me about Skeel?" he at length asked.

"That swine!" Spotswoode sneered his disgust. "I could murder such creatures every day and regard myself as a benefactor of society. . . . Yes, I strangled him, and I would have done it before, only the opportunity did not offer. . . . It was Skeel who was hiding in the closet when I returned to the apartment after the theatre, and he must have seen me kill the woman. Had I known he was behind that locked closet door, I would have broken it down and wiped him out then. But how was I to know? It seemed natural that the closet might have been kept locked—I didn't give it a second thought. . . . And the next night he telephoned me to the club here. He

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had first called my home on Long Island, and learned that I was staying here. I had never seen him before—didn't know of his existence. But, it seems, he had equipped himself with a knowledge of my identity—probably some of the money I gave to the woman went to him. What a muck-heap I had fallen into! . . . When he phoned, he mentioned the phonograph, and I knew he had found out something. I met him in the Waldorf lobby, and he told me the truth: there was no doubting his word. When he saw I was convinced, he demanded so enormous a sum that I was staggered."

Spotswoode lit a cigarette with steady fingers.

"Mr. Markham, I am no longer a rich man. The truth is, I am on the verge of bankruptcy. The business my father left me has been in a receiver's hands for nearly a year. The Long Island estate on which I live belongs to my wife. Few people know these things, but unfortunately they are true. It would have been utterly impossible for me to raise the amount Skeel demanded, even had I been inclined to play the coward. I did, however, give him a small sum to keep him quiet for a few days, promising him all he asked as soon as I could convert some of my holdings. I hoped in the interim to get possession of the record and thus spike his guns. But in that I failed; and so, when he threatened to tell you everything, I agreed to bring the money to his home late last Saturday night. I kept the appointment, with the full intention of killing him. I was careful about entering, but he had helped me by explaining when and how I could get in without being seen. Once there, I wasted no time. The first moment he was off his guard I seized him—and gloried in the act. Then, locking the door and taking the key, I walked out of the house quite openly, and returned here to the club.—That's all, I think."

Vance was watching him musingly.

"So when you raised my bet last night," he said, "the amount represented a highly important item in your exchequer."

Spotswoode smiled faintly.

"It represented practically every cent I had in the world."

"Astonishin'! . . . And would you mind if I asked you why you selected the label of Beethoven's *Andante* for your record?"

"Another miscalculation," the man said wearily. "It occurred to me that if any one should, by any chance, open the phonograph before I could return and destroy the record, he wouldn't be as likely to want to hear the classics as he would a more popular selection."

"And one who detests popular music had to find it! I fear, Mr. Spotswoode, that an unkind fate sat in at your game."

"Yes. . . . If I were religiously inclined, I might talk poppycock about retribution and divine punishment."

"I'd like to ask you about the jewelry," said Markham. "It's not sportsmanlike to do it, and I wouldn't suggest it, except that you've already confessed voluntarily to the main points at issue."

"I shall take no offense at any question you desire to ask, sir," Spotswoode answered. "After I had recovered my letters from the document-box, I turned the rooms upside down to give the impression of a burglary—being careful to use gloves, of course. And I took the woman's jewelry for the same reason. Parenthetically, I had paid for most of it. I offered it as a sop to Skeel, but he was afraid to accept it; and finally I decided to rid myself of it. I wrapped it in one of the club newspapers and threw it in a waste-bin near the Flatiron Building."

"You wrapped it in the morning *Herald*," put in Heath. "Did you know that Pop Cleaver reads nothing but the *Herald?*"

"Sergeant!" Vance's voice was a cutting reprimand. "Certainly Mr. Spotswoode was not aware of that fact—else he would not have selected the *Herald*."

Spotswoode smiled at Heath with pitying contempt. Then, with an appreciative glance at Vance, he turned back to Markham.

"An hour or so after I had disposed of the jewels I was assailed by the fear that the package might be found and the paper traced. So I bought another *Herald* and put it on the rack." He paused. "Is that all?"

Markham nodded.

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"Thank you—that's all; except that I must now ask you to go with these officers."

"In that case," said Spotswoode quietly, "there's a small favor I have to ask of you, Mr. Markham. Now that the blow has fallen, I wish to write a certain note—to my wife. But I want to be alone when I write it. Surely you understand that desire. It will take but a few moments. Your men may stand at the door—I can't very well escape. . . . The victor can afford to be generous to that extent."

Before Markham had time to reply, Vance stepped forward and touched his arm.

"I trust," he interposed, "that you won't deem it necess'ry to refuse Mr. Spotswoode's request."

Markham looked at him hesitantly.

"I guess you've pretty well earned the right to dictate, Vance," he acquiesced.

Then he ordered Heath and Snitkin to wait outside in the hall, and he and Vance and I went into the adjoining room. Markham stood, as if on guard, near the door; but Vance, with an ironical smile, sauntered to the window and gazed out into Madison Square.

"My word, Markham!" he declared. "There's something rather colossal about that chap. Y' know, one can't help admiring him. He's so eminently sane and logical."

Markham made no response. The drone of the city's mid-afternoon noises, muffled by the closed windows, seemed to intensify the ominous silence of the little bedchamber where we waited.

Then came a sharp report from the other room.

Markham flung open the door. Heath and Snitkin were already rushing toward Spotswoode's prostrate body, and were bending over it when Markham entered. Immediately he wheeled about and glared at Vance, who now appeared in the doorway.

"He's shot himself!"

"Fancy that," said Vance.

"You—you knew he was going to do that?" Markham spluttered.

"It was rather obvious, don't y' know."

Markham's eyes flashed angrily.

"And you deliberately interceded for him—to give him the opportunity?"

"Tut, tut, my dear fellow!" Vance reproached him. "Pray don't give way to conventional moral indignation. However unethical—theoretically—it may be to take another's life, a man's own life is certainly his to do with as he chooses. Suicide is his inalienable right. And under the paternal tyranny of our modern democracy, I'm rather inclined to think it's about the only right he has left, what?"

He glanced at his watch and frowned.

"D' ye know, I've missed my concert, bothering with your beastly affairs," he complained amiably, giving Markham an engaging smile; "and now you're actually scolding me. 'Pon my word, old fellow, you're deuced ungrateful!"

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

As John Galsworthy is one of the few living writers who seem permanent, it is well to call attention to the new Grove Edition of his works, attractive volumes at a low price. Mr. Galsworthy is a literary artist, not a prophet, propagandist, or teacher; but it is impossible to read any one of his books without learning things worth knowing.

Many beautiful, expensive, limited editions of classic and modern authors have appeared during the last year; Joseph Conrad and Stephen Crane have been thus honored, and the Julian Edition of Shelley in ten volumes will make those who do not own it break the tenth commandment; but among all these flowers of the press, the most gorgeous book I have seen is a folio called "The Work of John S. Sargent, R.A.," with introductions by J. B. Manson and Mrs. Meynell. This is limited to 360 copies for Great Britain and America, and in the language of catalogues, will be "much sought after by collectors." The plates are numerous and splendid—in fact, this one volume gives the average man an excellent idea of the range and quality of the greatest portrait-painter of our times. Such a book is almost too good to be true, but then, so was Sargent. America may be the most crass, crude, materialistic, vulgar country in the world, so much so that our young intellectuals have to go away and live among the French peasantry; but as something quite good came out of Nazareth, so Whistler and Sargent were both Americans. A French critic in a French magazine called Whistler the greatest painter of the nineteenth century; and as a maker of portraits, Sargent is in the front rank with Velasquez. The wind bloweth where it listeth; genius is unaware of geography.

To turn from art to science, one of the most important contributions to the study of anthropology is a work in four volumes called "The Science of Society," by William Graham Sumner and Albert Galloway Keller. Mr. Keller is Sumner's most distinguished pupil and heir; in a straightforward and frank prefatory note, he explains the genesis of this work, and the method employed in the tabulation of data. An enormous amount of research is evident, but it has not clogged the style, which is beautifully clear.

"Revolt in the Desert," by T. E. Lawrence, whatever that may mean, is of course unique. Far away and long ago, in the time of Ecclesiastes, a weary book-reviewer complained "of making many books there is no end"; what would he say to-day? Yet "Revolt in the Desert" is not only unlike any other book I have read, it seems as if it were the first book to appear after the invention of printing. There is a strange freshness about it, as if the life in the desert came naturally into print without any literary tradition.

"Laughter of Omnipotence," by James H. Wallis, is a slender book of actual poems. They are original, betray considerable thinking and meditation, and are well wrought.

In these days every man thinks every other man ought to be a farmer. Therefore I recommend a charming novel by the accomplished story-teller Ben Ames Williams, called "Immortal Longings." When Whittier published "Snow Bound," two-thirds of the financiers in New York were attacked by homesickness; and if this novel does not make many men in metropolitan sky-scrapers look with longing toward Maine, I shall be surprised. Life is better than the means of life.

W. B. Maxwell has written so good a novel in "Bevan Yorke" that it is a pity it isn't better. It suffers from wordiness and overmuch elaboration; it is a good illustration of professional literary craftsmanship devoid of inspiration. The

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odious woman who poses as a mental savior is no doubt accurately drawn; for this age, so sceptical of true religion, is virgin soil for every cheap faker. Never in human history have there been so many gulls, eager to swallow the most appalling nonsense. Many false prophets have gone out into the world. Apart from this moral, there is another to be drawn from "Bevan Yorke"; if a man wishes happiness, contentment, security, peace of mind in which to do his chosen work, he should, as H. L. Mencken says, practise absolute monogamy.

Lee Dodd's brief and eminently readable book, "The Golden Complex," is an analysis of these troublous times, in the form of genial satire. He politely suggests that the idealistic view of the world may just possibly have some truth in it. If you wish to leave a room, it really is more convenient to open the door than to try to push your head through the wall. When Carlyle did the spade-work preliminary to writing a biography of Oliver Cromwell, he said to himself, "Every one has tried to explain Cromwell's religious attitude by speculating on the nature of the mask he chose to wear; what if it should turn out to be no mask at all, but the man's own face?" Thus to those who are floundering around in the vain endeavor to explain God out of human fear, etc., etc., what if after all there should be God?

To those who still read the novels of George Eliot I take pleasure in recommending a new work of biography and literary criticism, called "George Eliot and her Times. A Victorian Study." The author is Elizabeth S. Haldane, sister of Lord Haldane, and her book is a sound piece of work. The personality and character of the famous novelist are clearly set forth, and we are given an unpretentious but discerning interpretation of each of her books. In discussing the education that George Eliot received as a child, how refreshing it is to read what Miss Haldane has to say of her teacher:

> Miss Rebecca Franklin was a woman of considerable intellectual power. In such a woman we have an example of the old-fashioned preceptress of the best sort—ignorant of science, geometry or psychology—untrained to teach, and yet a real inspirer.

And what more can we ask for? To these good ladies the child was simply the less-developed grown-up person who required no special treatment excepting that allowance had to be made for her limitations.

I heard the late Professor Boyesen say that he and George Henry Lewes and Turgenev were debating the question, which is George Eliot's best novel? Boyesen said "Middlemarch," Lewes said "Daniel Deronda," Turgenev said "The Mill on the Floss." I agree with the great Russian; though there are times when I prefer "The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton" to all the rest of the author's productions. George Eliot was lacking in physical charm. Professor Boyesen said that if you could imagine a "very sad horse" you would see her face clearly.

A scholarly book, written in a disarmingly frank style, is "Some New Light on Chaucer," by the linguistic expert, Professor John M. Manly, of the University of Chicago. He is one of the most erudite English scholars in the world; but his scholarship has not quenched his enthusiasm nor choked his style. This book is at once informing and informal. I am mildly shocked to see that Doctor Manly places Chaucer above Milton as "next to Shakespeare." I had supposed that Milton was as secure in his second place as was Shakespeare in his first, and it will be remembered that Gray, who was a good judge, placed Milton on an equality with Shakespeare. Doctor Manly assumes that every one agrees that Chaucer is one of the three, but this is really not so. There are many who would give Wordsworth the third place, some who would give it to Keats, and some who would give it to Browning. However this may be, I agree with Landor, who said that of all the English poets *who interpreted men and women* the first three are Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Browning.

To go from men to birds (a subject in which I have a fresh interest, for although I am strongly pro-cat, I have just set up a parrot), a wholly delightful book on birds for children is "Birds in Rhyme," by Julius King, with bird paintings by B. W. King. I know at this moment of no better low-priced book adapted for the purpose of interesting boys and girls in birds.

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Large colored pictures with verses attached are given of the king-fisher, robin, meadowlark, and many other familiar creatures. This is exactly the book you have been looking for, isn't it?

As I like to talk with my readers not only on earthly but on heavenly themes, let me suggest that during these summer months you look in the southern skies at night and in the glorious constellation Scorpio you will find the planet Saturn. His rings are spread wide open and well exposed; so borrow a look through somebody's telescope and see this unique phenomenon. Saturn not only has rings, he has nine moons; all revolve in the same direction, except one. This particular one, which I have named George Bernard Shaw, moves in precisely the opposite direction to his fellows.

The death of the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York is a cause for general mourning. It made a magnificent record. I shall remember to my last day the performance of Granville-Barker's "The Madras House," and of Galsworthy's "The Mob." Miss Alice Lewisohn deserves the gratitude of all lovers of the theatre.

It is melancholy also to record the dissolution of the New York Drama League, in which Mrs. Arthur Dodge has done so much valuable work.

But to offset these casualties, there is the successful experiment in Repertory made by Eva Le Gallienne and also by the New York Theatre Guild, the healthy growth of Little Theatres all over the United States, and the triumph of the Repertory Theatre in Boston. Mr. Otto Kahn, in an address last December in that institution, called it "the battle of Bunker Hill in the fight for a better American stage." The Boston *Herald* gave it a commendatory editorial, called "Hail, Macbeth!" in which its presentation of that tragedy was heartily praised. It is only fair to add that I received a letter from one man who said that he "got nothing at all" from this Repertory performance. This is as it should be, for you can never get unanimity of opinion on matters of art. The Repertory Theatre Workshop, which is a school of drama connected with this institution, is doing fine and progressive work.

One of the best Shakespearian scholars in America is the distinguished novelist, Charles D. Stewart, of Hartford, Wis. I recommend to all who are interested in puzzling passages in the plays, Mr. Stewart's valuable and fascinating book, "Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare." I am deeply gratified that a remark of mine in the May issue of this magazine should have drawn the following comment from such an authority:

"Is any work of art flawless?" Why—yes. The Rugged Pyrrhus which you so shrewdly bring in will do for a sample. A thing is flawless in the proportion that it performs the function which it is intended to perform. In a work of fiction, a novel or drama, illusion must be achieved by some means if it is to be a work of art. It must seem real even if it is not. Well, then, here comes in Hamlet, a creation of Shakespeare's, with these lines about The Rugged Pyrrhus in his mind. Hamlet himself is but a character, a make-believe person in a play; and this is but a stage that he is standing on. He is only a—but wait a minute. What is that he is saying? He has these lines about Pyrrhus in his mind; and as he can hardly do them justice, not being an actor, he turns to the itinerant player who has just appeared on the scene and asks whether he, an *actor*, cannot remember the words and recite them as they should be. With moving force and effect the actor does. And afterwards, Hamlet, thinking of his own great affliction, a *real* tragedy, berates himself that he cannot work himself up to moving passion like this itinerant actor, "this Player here," whose only grief is an imaginary one about one "Hecuba."

I daresay that about this time the critical theatre-goer has forgotten all about his first impression that Hamlet is but a make-believe person, an actor in disguise; for how can he be that and at the same time be talking in such terms to a real actor?

Is not this a fine stroke of illusion? Is it not the very last word in dramaturgy? Certainly we cannot sit long before such a play till we have accepted Hamlet as a person of the actual world, and his grief and affliction a most moving fact. As the passage about Pyrrhus is intended to have this effect, a most important function, and as it performs it perfectly, why is it not a perfect work of art? The passage itself is one

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of rich vocables and marvellous simulations of the expressed ideas. It is rhetoric *par excellence*.

But, say some, who look no further than rhetoric, it is not perfect. Here arises an entirely different question— Is plum pudding perfect? It is not perfect; it is too rich. You cannot make a whole meal of it, a complete diet. For the same reason you could not write a whole play in such a style as this anent the Rugged Pyrrhus. It is too rich. And Shakespeare, although he would be able, does not. He observes a due proportion.

From Edwin T. Reed, of Oregon State Agricultural College.

. . . I have just been looking through the Copeland Reader—and it was this that recalled what you said in the April SCRIBNER'S—for some of the old favorites he used to read. Among the Bible selections I do not find The Valley of Dry Bones that used to make my hair stand on end when "Copey" read it, but there is Jael in her tent with the deadly hammer and nail, and there is Cushi running to David at the gate, and the king going up to the chamber over the gate, "and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absolom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" I shall never forget that, and the robust sorrow that Copeland put into it. For I never knew what eloquence was in the Bible till I heard Copeland read it. Yes, I'm sure he was the best reader that *I* ever heard.

From the Honorable Arthur S. Hardy.

I am reminded of an incident which occurred in my West Point section room of mathematics. The Professor of Mathematics, Church (known as "Stinky," I know not why) had entered the room—an inquisitor more dreaded than the instructor, and had asked why the plus sign (+) became (=) in passing through zero (o). No one could tell except Rawson, who when asked in his turn said he didn't *know*, but could *guess*.

Yielding fatally to the curiosity excited by this reply, the Professor said: "Well, as nobody knows, let us at least have your guess, Mr. Rawson." So far as I am aware Rawson's sole claim to immortality rests on his famous answer: "Because the crosspiece got knocked off in getting through."

Having solicited the reply, the Professor could not send Rawson to his quarters in arrest for impertinence.

Townsend Scudder, 3d, of the Yale English Department, sends me two interesting epitaphs.

(Inscription on slab covering the grave of Isaak Walton, Winchester Cathedral.)

HERE RESTETH THE BODY OF
MR. ISAAC WALTON
WHO DYED THE 15TH OF DECEMBER
1683

Alas he'es gone before
Gone to returne noe more:
Our parting breasts aspire
After their aged Sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety yeares, and past,
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done,
Crown'd with eternall blisse,
We wish our souls with his.

Votis modestis sic
flerunt liberi

A laconic inscription on a tomb in Vevey, Switzerland:

LOUIS BONJOUR
1841–1896
AU REVOIR

If, on leaving a shop in Paris, you say "Bon Jour," the person addressed says "Au Revoir," but if you say "Au Revoir" he will say "Bon Jour." Parisians dislike parrot-talk.

There once died a man who had a fanatical hatred of verbosity, and to please him, they inscribed on his tombstone:

THORPS'
CORPSE

The Reverend Oliver W. Means, of Hartford, Conn., proves to me that there are some children who can profitably be brought up on Milton.

Prof. Henry L. Chapman of Brunswick, Maine, for many years the head of the English Department in Bowdoin College, was a charming man of genuine literary quality, and Mrs. Chapman was an attractive woman of distinction and good sense. Both Prof. and Mrs. Chapman have been dead for many years, but they had an only child, a son, formerly in business in New York,

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but now, I believe, connected with the *Youth's Companion* of Boston.

The writer knew the Chapmans well, and it must have been somewhat more than twenty-five years ago that he chanced to meet Mrs. Chapman on the train from Augusta to Portland. Mrs. Chapman chatted pleasantly about many things, and happened to remark that the day before she was reading aloud to her son from Milton's "Paradise Lost." At that time the son was perhaps twelve or thirteen years of age. When the writer expressed a mild surprise, and asked why she selected "Paradise Lost" for reading aloud to the boy; Mrs. Chapman replied, that she had been in the habit of reading to her son ever since he was old enough to listen to her, that this was the third time she had read "Paradise Lost" through to her boy, and that he was fascinated by the poem "Because it was so full of action."

Among the innumerable comments on the glorious feat of the aviator Lindbergh, one of the most interesting is in a letter from Doctor Neil Campbell Stevens, of Glen Cove, Long Island.

Could any event have taken place that would have given more pain to our young intellectuals than the feat of Lindbergh?

Lindbergh! How must the name itself jar their sensitive ears. Here is a young man entering the ranks of the Immortals overnight, who comes from the detested Middle West, who lived on one of its Main Streets perhaps, whose father was one of those uncultured Congressmen, and whose mother was a school-teacher. Could any environment be more commonplace or more uninspiring?

Still worse the young man neither smokes, drinks, dances or gambles, nor does he seem to desire to express his instincts! The motive for his deed apparently was neither lust nor greed. He does not appear to be harassed by complexes, inhibitions, repressions, sensuality, or by that profound sense of futility, which he should have to enter the class of the modern hero.

And most horrible of all he lives like a Puritan! He goes two days and a night on a sandwich and a glass of water.

By what right shall this young man, who has captivated the imagination and veneration of mankind, who has brought two countries closer together in friendship and respect than ever before, by what right shall he reduce to absurdity all the fundamental principles of the 'New Psychology'? Does he not richly merit their abuse and vilification, their mud-throwing, the usual innuendo, irony and cheap sarcasm, of which they have become the masters? Never fear we shall hear plenty later on, and as they have done to the memory of Washington and Emerson, so will they endeavor to belittle the heroism and besmirch the character of this gentle youth.

From an octogenarian in Toronto, Canada:

. . . Speaking of the English in some districts of England using W for V, I was born in a remote Essex village and lived most of my days there until I was twenty-three years old. Our parish had 1,000 inhabitants and I verily believe at least 800 of them would have said a thing was "wery wexatious," "wery wexing," they would have "wisitors" and "Weat and Winegar" were commonly used; indeed my grandmother who was from Northampton used to say there was no letter "v" in the Essex alphabet.

From Doctor I. A. Mitchell, of Cincinnati:

Your last paragraph, quoting from Rev. Dr. J. H. Holmes, makes my "blood boil!" Looking for dirt in any age, will reveal it. And this is only 1927 out of that acclaimed "1920–30" dirty decade. And your: "One redeeming thought is that we recognize its justice," is not an icy addenda. How would you like to have lived in the Middle Ages; the Child Crusade period; or, any age or decade of the past; and, living then, behold its "superior idealism" and cleanness of thought and living. I'm sure Alfred S. Dashiell, having looked into the hearts of this Decade, would join me, in shaming such a statement.

Why not see this decade, as any other, human, with all human expressiveness, good and bad, dirty and clean, frank and secretive, daring and cowardly and a million other contrasts. To call this decade the "Dirty Decade" is rankest, unthinking, ignorance of life now and always.

A correspondent sends me the following tale from St. Louis:

Of four of their institutions St. Louisians are inordinately proud—their Municipal Opera, Art Museum, Free Library and Zoological Gardens. The first of these is self supporting; this tale concerns only the last three. As showing their love for art, literature, and natural history, our citizens, some

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years ago, voted by large majorities to burden themselves with special taxes for their support, the proceeds to go directly from the tax collector into the institutional treasuries. Thus provided with unfailing incomes adequate not only for support but, growing greater year by year as assessments increased, permitting additions and improvements, the institutions have flourished. It is popularly supposed that they had forever been placed, both in managements and support beyond the reach of impairing political fingers. Then, this year, an ingenious city-employed lawyer discovered a way to circumvent the will of the people as expressed in the law, and turn the proceeds of the special taxes into the general fund for use at the pie-counter. Sixteen out of twenty aldermen passed the circumventing ordinance, the Mayor approving. Did the people notice it! The volume of the raging, if it could have been made audible, would have disturbed the calm of the nation! Only the immediate bringing of suit to carry the matter before the highest court has temporarily subdued the uproar.

But one Alderman has ventured a justification: "What," said he, "do they want of more books when the library is chock full of books unused!" Whereat St. Louis enjoyed a great laugh; but its anger was in nowise appeased.

NOMINATIONS FOR THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

By Helen F. Watson, of Northfield, Minn. "Isn't there an epidemic, or a pandemic, of *nostalgia* among present-day writers? In one recent novel the heroine has four attacks of it. She really should have myopia, as it is also popular."

By Eugene H. Lehman, of Tarrytown, N. Y. "Is there anything we can do to prevent camp directors and others from using . . . the self-contradictory union of words, *canoe hike?* At any rate, if this expression is awarded first place in the Ignoble Prize, perhaps others will shudder as do I when they hear and see it."

By Susie M. Gaskins, of Front Royal, Va.: "The *twisted* or *crooked* smile and the *throaty* voice that I have seen frequently mentioned presumably as an asset of the heroine."

From a logician in Springfield, Mass.:

The much misused and misapplied phrase "The play's the thing." Any careful reader of "Hamlet" knows that this phrase was merely used in connection with the particular play with which he sought "to catch the conscience of the king"; but there has been an insistent and persistent and, to me, very irritating attempt on the part of many writers to make it appear that this is an isolated boosting by Shakespeare of "the *play*" in its generic sense.

From Charles Flammer, of San Francisco:

All of us have our pet aversions in actions as well as in written expressions. Two of mine are the wrong use of the word *because* for *that*, and the misuse of *or* for *nor*.

You introduced me to Fowler's "A Dictionary of Modern English Usage," and I'm grateful to you for the introduction. The book has earned the high praise you gave it. Of my first pet aversion, Fowler writes:

"After such openings as The reason is, The reason why . . . is, the clause containing the reason must not begin with because, but with that."

And of Nor he says:

"Nor is a word that should come into our minds as we repeat the General Confession. Most of us in our time have left undone those things which we ought to have done (i. e. failed to put in nor when it was wanted) and done those things which we ought not to have done (i. e. thrust it in when there was no room for it)."

Our pet aversions are always with us, so you can believe, when I read your very interesting review of Turgenev . . . that these . . . stood out like the Statue of Liberty in your city.

In the third paragraph of your article you say "never for the purpose of scoring off his victim, or for theatrical distortion." You intended the word *nor* in place of *or*.

Then "One of the reasons why Turgenev's exposition never satisfied anybody was because he was." Fowler would say, "One of the reasons why Turgenev's exposition never satisfied anybody is that he was," and isn't this the more elegant way of saying it? You see not only is *because* changed to *that*, but the tense is changed from the past to the present. And why not, since the reason for the action applies to-day as much as it did during Turgenev's life, and it is the reason why, in the present time, you are attempting to explain.

As a foot-note to the above, I would suggest that instead of saying "one of the reasons why Turgenev's exposition

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never satisfied," we might profitably omit the word "why."

From Massachusetts comes the following contribution:

It would seem that any one competent to compile a dictionary, would avoid some of the obvious absurdities claiming to be standard of proper orthography. Take the compound words ending in *meter* as a suffix, indicating the measure of the thing represented by the prefix, as in thermo-meter, baro-meter, micrometer. To be sure, the pronunciation of these and similar words, sounds as if the suffix was "ometer," but when the letter *o* does *not* appear in the prefix, it has no business there at all. For example, take the words speed-o-meter, audiometer, cyclometer, pedometer, and many others like them. If these are correct, why not taxiometer, altiometer, periometer? When a word was needed to describe things pertaining to Venice, what possible reason could there be for cutting out the letters "ic," and substituting "et"? Is not Venician a more obvious spelling? If I felt like spending time enough, I could add pages of such comment but I forbear.

From J. C. Meem, of Brooklyn, N. Y.:

In "As I Like It," January SCRIBNER'S, you quote from Archibald Marshall's "The Allbrights," page one, "An English family at breakfast is an affair of great significance." . . .

It seems to me that while the assembling of a family at breakfast or the breakfasting of an English family may be an affair, an English family cannot be one whether it is eating breakfast or tobogganing down Mt. Everest.

From Frank W. Clancy, of Santa Fé, New Mexico:

I begin to fear that your war against two recent atrocities in our language, will meet with defeat. They are the misuse of meticulous and intrigue. I have seen these words even in recent advertisements, which are usually written in good English. I have just noticed two "intriguing" words to which I will briefly call your attention.

In a recent issue of the *National Geographic Magazine*, Mr. Herbert Corey has a very interesting article about things in Mexico, written in the first person, and at one place, he speaks of generously offering to some one a slice of cold fried egg, which had ceased to "intrigue" him, and in another magazine, I think it is *Harpers*, Mr. Brailsford, who appears to be an Englishman, speaks of conflict or mixture of temperament and environment which might serve for the making of an "intriguing drama." I have heretofore thought that this misuse of intrigue and intriguing was an American monstrosity. Is it possible that it has also invaded the language of our Motherland?

I know it would be useless for any one to ask you to desist, no matter how useless your struggle may seem to be, because you are, like myself, what is called in Texas, a "damyankee," which, as my friend, Dan Moody, now Governor of Texas, told me was one word, and it is undoubtedly the fact that a "damyankee" is so "sot" in disposition, that he never recedes from any fight once undertaken. The name of that Governor has strong indications of Yankee ancestry, but when I suggested that to him, he did not seem to be all responsive, and I discover that he was born in Texas.

A copy-reader on the San Francisco *Examiner* sends me the following justification of the word *flay*:

The word FLAY as used in newspaper head-lines was submitted for your Ignoble Prize in the May issue of your magazine. It was proposed by a California woman who doubtless has read it in this newspaper, *The Examiner*.

Permit a blackball to be cast, please.

The head-line to which your correspondent objected was an indefinite one—SENATOR FLAYS RIVAL. That, of course, is too indefinite to be a good headline. There are—or ought to be—96 senators. He should have been named, the flayer.

But the word FLAY is essential to our business.

Here is our problem:

What happens is: Senator William E. Borah excoriates the Permanent Court of International Justice, or whatever its name is.

We have to tell that story in a 96-point line, eight columns wide, counting 24 letters and spaces. So we write:

BORAH FLAYS WORLD COURT

a good line, well within the count. *Flay* is an excellent synonym for *Excoriate*. That is, Borah strips the hide off the World Court.

If we don't use 96-point headlines, Gothic-type, the circulation manager tells us the paper will not be sold, and if the paper is not sold, it will not be read, and if the paper is not read, no one will know what Senator Borah says, and the Republic will fall.

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From R. P. Fales, of Chicago:

I name for the Ignoble Prize all magazines that play hide-and-go-seek with their readers by tucking away somewhere in the front or back sections the interesting bits of information about their current contributors that most readers would be glad to read in connection with the articles—if they could find them. But no, they must be hid away like jam on the top shelf of a dark closet. Perhaps the publishers are moved by a laudable desire to provide innocent diversion for their readers, now that the vogue of the cross-word puzzle has waned. One might master the system of a single magazine, but if he reads several, each of which hides its biographical notes in a different corner, he becomes bewildered. Usually I find the notes, if at all, after I have finished reading everything else in the magazine, which is a good deal like being introduced to the guests after the party is over. The next great moral reform should be to induce magazine publishers to print what they have to say about a contributor either immediately under the author's name or as a foot-note. Radical, I know, but the voice of the proletariat has spoken, and its message is: We want our gravy with the meat, not served separately at a buffet at the opposite end of the room.

New members of the Faery Queene Club: Mrs. Marion Hall Clark, of Montezuma, Iowa. Mrs. Mary Temple Robinson, of Waterloo, Neb.; George Henry Danforth. Miss Alice M. Waterman, of Brattleboro, Vt., who calls attention to the fact that our modern colloquial word "booze" has good Spenserian authority.

Mr. Allen E. Whiting, a Yale graduate, entered the Fano Club not through the strait and narrow gate, but over the wall, which in this instance calls for commendation. He found the church which contains the picture closed because of an earthquake, so he climbed in through a window.

Nearly one hundred years before the founding of the Fano and Faery Queene Clubs, the Pickwick Club started on its immortal pilgrimage. It is pleasant to note that the centenary of this organization was fittingly observed. On Friday the 13th of May, in defiance of superstition, an old-fashioned stage-coach, filled with men in the correct costumes, left the Golden Cross Hotel at Charing Cross and rolled to Rochester, precisely as happened on May 13, 1827. Pickwick is more real than many historical characters, only he developed in a more admirable manner than is usually observable in actual life. When we first meet him, he seems like the prototype of a president of a Rotary Club, as imagined by Sinclair Lewis; indeed there are many similarities between the Pickwick Club as first described and the Rotary as conceived by its enemies. But both Pickwick and his club develop in a manner that indicates one of many differences between Charles Dickens and our popular American novelist.

Counting them up the other day, I find I have 9,872 reasons for gratitude to Benjamin Franklin, of which I will mention one. He invented bi-focal eye-glasses. While I was engaged in deep meditation on this thought, I received a letter from C. N. Abernethy, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Abernethy is a realtor, and is as unlike Babbitt as a lion is unlike a tobacco-worm. He writes: "Seems to me you wear bi-focals. Let's get up an agitation in 'As I Like It' about the use of glasses in golf. Should bi-focals be worn, or distance-glasses or tinted lenses, with or without ear-holts and horn, composition or metal frames? One can cover a big field, and all of these items are for debate and each has its adherents."

Bi-focals should never be worn in golf, only distance-glasses; and there should always be ear-holts, and never pinch-nosers. The only possible advantage in bi-focals would be the added penalty for looking up, but as all players look up some of the time, and some players look up all of the time, the bi-focals would merely stiffen an already severe penalty. We know that the late Edward Everett Hale never played golf, for his motto was "Look up, not down." If golf were a spiritual game, we should all be experts. I am still composing my treatise on golf, which is to be called "Thirty Years of Looking Up." The chapter on bunkers is being written by a Trappist Monk.

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THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WHERE shall the student go when he wishes to come in contact with really representative examples of the eighteenth-century British painters? "To England" would seem to be the obvious reply, and it would hold, no doubt, if the student were to have the run of certain private collections. But how otherwise he would fare may be judged from certain passages in Sir Walter Armstrong's little book in the Ars Una series:

> Reynolds is not well represented in our public galleries.
>
> It is impossible to reach a complete idea of Gainsborough's powers from our public collections.
>
> Romney has been still less fortunate than Reynolds and Gainsborough in his fight for publicity. Scarcely any picture showing him quite at his best has won its way into a national collection.
>
> Hoppner has been even more unlucky than Ramsay in failing to make his proper entry into the nation's collections. No idea of his powers can be formed from the National or the Portrait Gallery, and he is almost entirely absent from the provincial museums.
>
> With regard to the national collections, the same unhappy story has to be told about Lawrence as about so many other English masters. He is quite inadequately represented in our public museums.

Master William Blair.
From the painting by Sir Henry Raeburn.

Of course these drastic statements have to be received with certain reservations, for the national collections in England are not utterly devoid of examples of the historic leaders just cited. But that these examples are not of what I might call the canonical order remains emphatically true, so as I revert to the question asked at the outset I offer another reply. It is that instead of going to London the student should travel in exactly the opposite direction, and examine the collection formed by the late Henry E. Huntington at Pasadena, in California. There he will find in unique fulness a true representation of the British tradition. There are only about forty canvases in the group, but they are uniformly of astonishing quality.

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DOCTOR HALE'S article in the July number of this magazine gave a full account of the Huntington foundation, with special reference to the library, but his allusions to the art gallery were brief, so I may therefore go in some detail into its character. It is unique, as I have already remarked, and in more senses than one. For one thing the collection was

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brought together in comparatively few years. At the foot of each description in the catalogue runs the legend, Acquired from Sir Joseph Duveen, and that redoubtable individual would appear to have achieved something like a tour-de-force in his service to Mr. Huntington. Ransacking the private collections of Great Britain, he literally stopped at nothing. From the Duke of Westminster, for example, in 1921, he bought Gainsborough's Blue Boy and Sir Joshua's Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse. They had seemed immovable monuments in a nation's artistic patrimony. Now they dwell on the Pacific coast! These two renowned masterpieces, surrounded by others of the same school, establish within our borders, in something like splendor, perhaps the world's most imposing memorial to the painter of an epoch. Unique? It is, to my mind, one of the most piquant episodes in the history of connoisseurship. Mr. Huntington was in love with the eighteenth-century British painters, and having resolved to assemble them under his roof, he adopted the highest standard and steadfastly adhered to it. It must have amused him as he meditated amongst his treasures to realize that no historian of the subject could forego the long journey to California. There in very truth he had recreated one of the seats of artistic tradition.

Diana, Viscountess Crosbie.
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

What is tradition? I have ventured to define it before in these pages as simply the tribute which the genuine artist pays to the wisdom of the finer spirits in the art of all ages. There is nothing of academic formula about it, there is nothing in it to obstruct the artist's free expression of himself. It is in this sense that the eighteenth-century British masters embody tradition. The Royal Academy was there but it imposed no routine upon the particular practitioners we have now to consider, and even though you may trace some nominally conventional strains in them, the genius pervading them is in no wise academic, but in each case remains essentially personal. They bear the stamp of a period. They mirror a fashion. They use more or less a common denominator of design. But they enforce the everlasting truth that an artist is known by the individual ability

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and quality he puts into his work. A point of view is not necessarily a formula. From it an artist, though he may stand on a ground common to others, may use his own vision, and his craftsmanship, too, will reveal only the pressure of his own inviolable hand.

Mrs. Henry Beaufoy.

From the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

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LET us touch first upon this matter of the point of view. For a long time in the history of British portrait-painting it is closely allied with the carriage and demeanor of the royal court. The raciest earthiness of the Georgian epoch could not dislocate the gait of the aristocracy when it was on parade before the painters. And the latter, in the epoch of Mr. Huntington's masters, were not only vividly conscious of that gait but had in the back of their minds a peculiar sensitiveness to what Van Dyck had done in his registration of it. In the sixth of his Discourses Reynolds alludes to "the place which Van Dyck, all things considered, so justly holds as the first of portrait-painters." Tacit repetitions of this judgment recur again and again in the master's pages. His view permeated all the studios. There was danger in it, to be sure, one phase of which Reynolds himself thus touches upon:

> The great variety of excellent portraits with which Van Dyck has enriched this nation, we are not content to admire for their real excellence, but extend our approbation even to the dress which happened to be the fashion of that age. We all very well remember how common it was a few years ago for portraits to be drawn in this fantastic dress; and this custom is not yet entirely laid aside. By this means it must be acknowledged very ordinary pictures acquired something of the air and effect of the works of Van Dyck, and appeared, therefore, at first sight to be better pictures than they really were.

The fragment points to the peril of superficial emulation, but I cite this chiefly to underline the fact that the eighteenth-century British masters escaped it. Costume counted with them, counted enormously, but it was the costume of their age and it happened to be intrinsically effective. What they received from Van Dyck was not a pat-

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tern of dress but a fillip to mood and taste. In carrying on his tradition they carried on just his elegance and stateliness, and they adjusted the key to their own time. Incidentally each painter tinctured a portrait with his own idiosyncrasy.

Jane, Countess of Harrington.
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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THIS is notably so in the case of Reynolds. The powers of *ordonnance* in him which smack so much of the academy were really an inborn part of him. The grand style was in his blood, as the man's whole history clearly shows, and his Italian travels, with an instinctively studious habit of mind, only confirmed in him a predestined impulse. Mr. Huntington's leading specimen, the Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, was never painted by an academician with a formula but by an observer of nature. She was wont to say that she had fixed the attitude herself, and this is borne out by the easy felicity of the composition. What Sir Joshua did was by the sinewy force of his touch to lift the whole thing to a higher power. Mrs. Siddons adopted the pose in response to his request to "graciously bestow upon me some idea of the Tragic Muse." But we may be sure that it was his genius that pulled the whole fabric together. It has been said that the portrait is reminiscent of the Isaiah in the Sistine Chapel, and that Reynolds would never have painted it just as it is if Michael-Angelo hadn't painted before him. Perhaps. But I go back to my conception of tradition. It is with no sacrifice of originality that Sir Joshua pays tribute to Michael-Angelo. It was from his own inner sense of things that he drew the majestic grace, the unity of design, which are his salient contributions to an era. It is this personal distinction of his that shines forth from all the ten paintings from his brush in the Huntington Collection. It is hard to say which is the more striking in the Diana, Viscountess Crosbie, the gracious movement of the figure or the serene balance of the design. The artist sees his subject steadily and sees it whole, as a bit of nature and as a work of art. So it is again in the almost dramatically imposing Jane,

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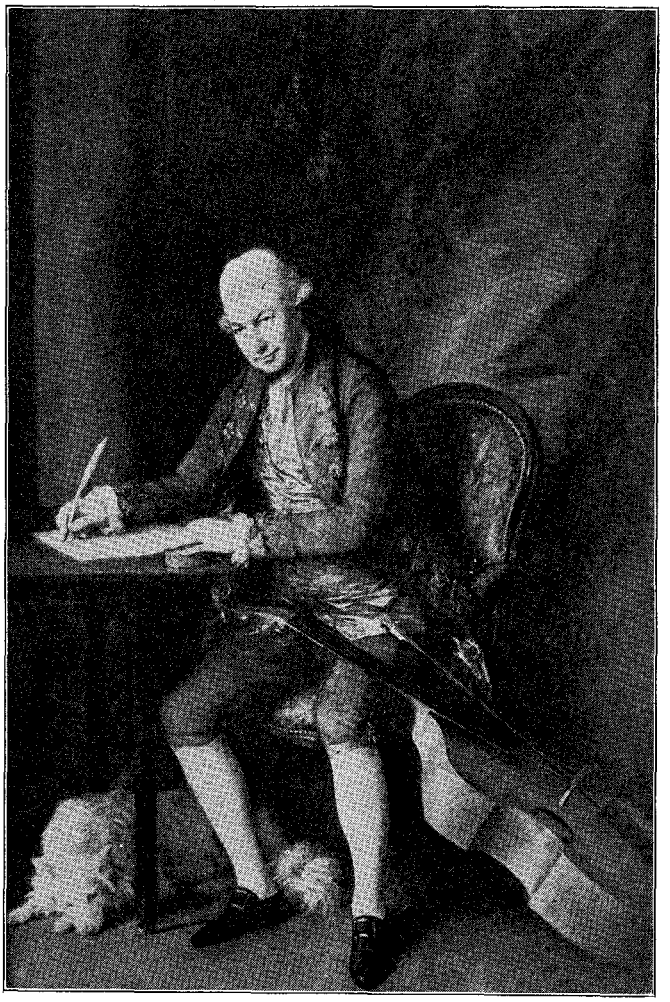
Countess of Harrington, in the classical Mrs. Edwin Lascelles, and in that incomparable Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, which is classical, too, and at the same time romantically intimate. There are Sir Joshuas in the collection, like the exquisite profile of the little girl, The Honorable Theresa Parker, which are intensely modern in their fresh spontaneity. But the master was most himself when he was painting in the formal vein of his period, not dashing off a study but building up a court portrait. He is the great constructive type of his school, and in that rôle in Pasadena he is superb.



Charles Frederick Abel.

From the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

GAINSBOROUGH, I imagine, could have bent Reynolds's bow in the matter of pondered composition if he had chosen, but he hadn't the same weighty temperament. It was his gift to be lyrical and light in hand, to respond to nature as whole-heartedly as Sir Joshua, but to give her even greater freedom. There is a pair of full-lengths by him in the Huntington Collection which holds the secret of his art as in a parable. In one member of the pair, Edward, Second Viscount Ligonier, is portrayed standing beside his horse. He is "posed" and so is the animal, but a certain subtle naturalism pervades the group, and when you turn to the full-length of his wife you find that in spite of the pedestal and statue beside which she stands, and the billowing drapery in the background, it is with a fairly unstudied, artless stroke that Gainsborough evokes her lovely presence. Beside the august quality of Reynolds he seems the pure *improvisatore*. He can make a composition with the best of them, as witness the brilliant portrait of the Court Musician, Charles Frederick Abel, but its sound structure is somehow lightened by the careless animation of life itself. Gainsborough is the happy virtuoso in this gallery, as he was indeed in the London of his time. In temperament he is a very different man from the robust moralizing Hogarth, but he is akin

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The Hon. Theresa Parker.
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

to that master in what I may call the gusto of technique. Like Hogarth in The Shrimp Girl, he uses the brush as though it were a magic wand. What, after all, is The Blue Boy if not, technically, a prodigious tour-de-force? The story that he painted the picture in defiance of Sir Joshua's dictum on the subject of blue was long ago exploded, but this portrait, nevertheless, owes much to nothing more or less than a conjurer's skill in showing what he could audaciously do with the tools of his trade. There are nine Gainsboroughs in the Huntington Collection to balance Sir Joshua's ten portraits, and in this instance also the examples are superlative. Besides the Ligonier pair and The Blue Boy the group contains some of the most ravishing portraits of women that Gainsborough ever painted, the Juliana, Lady Petre, the tenderly blithe Mrs. Mears, and that wonderful Mrs. Henry Beaufoy which with its romantic background touches the imagination like some sylvan idyll. Gainsborough was the virtuoso, yes, when he painted Mrs. Beaufoy, but he was a poet, too, as sensitive in feeling as he was in brushwork. There was a kind of gracious emotion in him. When he painted The Cottage Door, the sole landscape of his in the collection, he gave us not only a transcript of the truth but a thing of enchanting beauty. Reynolds at Pasadena has more grandeur, but Gainsborough beats him in sheer flashing beguilement.

ROMNEY, who is numerically a shade stronger than either of them, in his turn makes as personal an appeal. When he is stately, as in the full-lengths of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Milles, he is somewhat colder than Sir Joshua. He savors a little more obviously of artifice. He is not so powerful a type. Neither has he Gainsborough's dexterity, his glancing, gleaming touch. He has, on the other hand, great linear ability, and while he does not make drapery as noble as Reynolds makes it or as shimmeringly delightful as it is in the hands of Gainsborough, he treats it with remarkable adroitness. His special note as it

Mrs. Francis Burton.
From the painting by George Romney.

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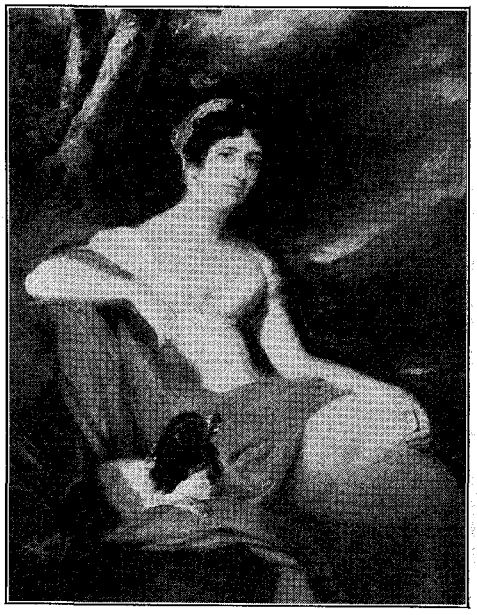
comes out in the Huntington canvases is the note of sentiment, of charm. If there is a weakness anywhere in the eighteenth-century English school, a weakness half suggesting that academic dryness from which I have maintained that the masters are in essence free, it discloses itself in respect to the physiognomies. The typical face in a portrait of that period is not very rich in character. But if there is not pronounced character, there is always a certain witchery in a head by Romney. When I think of his Mrs. Ralph Willett in the Huntington Collection, or the Mrs. Penelope Lee Acton, or The Beckford Children, or the two different studies of Lady Hamilton, or the Mrs. Francis Burton, I think of so many images of delicate beauty, made that much more delicate and alluring by their envelopment in Romney's spirit.



The Hon. Mrs. Cunliffe Offley.
From the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

There are two captivating Hoppners in the gallery, one a great full-length of Mrs. Bedford and her Son, the other a bust portrait of Lady Beauchamp, in which the very fragrance of his art seems to reside. There are three thoroughly representative Lawrences, including that glittering Pinkie which in technical bravura is rivalled only by the same painter's Miss Farren in the Morgan Collection. A good Raeburn is present, and there are two fine pictures by Turner and Constable. On the Constable, A View on the Stour, near Dedham, I am tempted to pause. It is a glorious landscape, one of his masterpieces. But it is not for landscape art that our hypothetical student will turn to the Huntington Collection. He will turn to that collection for the tradition of eighteenth-century British portraiture in its purest estate. In the contemplation of it he will drink deep draughts of pleasure, and if he happens to be a portrait-painter himself he will derive also substantial profit from the encounter. A noble tradition never dies. It is a living, continuing force. There are elements in the portraits at which I have glanced which must always be inspiring, elements of dignity in design, honesty in the construction of

Lady Beauchamp, afterward Marchioness of Hertford.
From the painting by John Hoppner.

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form, purity and distinction in line, taste in color and serenity in spirit. The Huntington Collection recalls us, in short, to some of the stanchest virtues in the art of painting. That is why, for my own part, I doubly value the generosity of the man who formed it and left it to the public.

The Cottage Door.
From the painting by Thomas Gainsborough.

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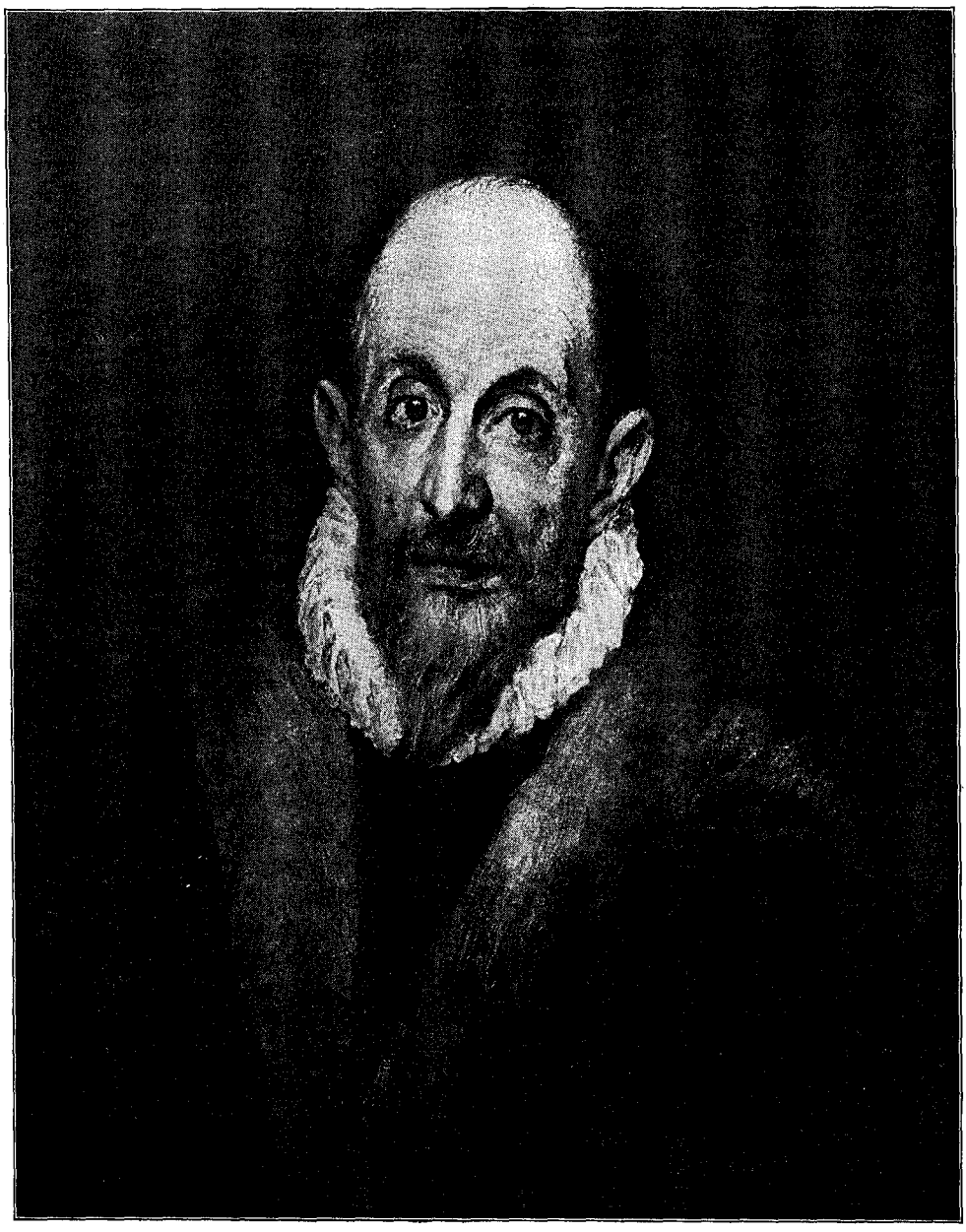

EL GRECO.
From the portrait by himself.

—See "The Field of Art," page 376.

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